Life-altering Choices

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Rating:
Explicit

Archive Warnings:
Graphic Depictions Of Violence, Rape/Non-Con, Underage Sex

Categories:
F/M, M/M, Multi

Fandom:
Harry Potter - J. K. Rowling

Relationships:
Harry Potter & Severus Snape, Harry Potter & Tom Riddle | Voldemort, Harry Potter & Tom Riddle | Voldemort & Severus Snape

Characters:
Harry Potter, Severus Snape, Tom Riddle | Voldemort, Sirius Black, Regulus Black, Draco Malfoy, Lucius Malfoy, Narcissa Black Malfoy, Albus Dumbledore, Hermione Granger, Ron Weasley, Ginny Weasley

Additional Tags:
Dark Harry Potter, Cruel Harry Potter, Sane Tom Riddle, Worldbuilding, Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Slavery, Sexual Slavery, Minor Character Death, Collars, Blood and Gore, Caning, Objectification, Object Insertion, Knifeplay, Piercings, Forced Orgasm, Forced Pregnancy, Torture, Tit Torture, Face Slapping, Forced Prostitution, Boot Worship, Fisting, Ron Weasley Bashing, Molly Weasley Bashing, Ginny Weasley Bashing, Manipulative Albus Dumbledore, Hermione Granger Bashing, Humiliation, Public Humiliation, Public Sex, Punching, Confident Harry Potter, Temporary Character Death, Misogyny, mysogenistic Harry, Top Harry Potter, Top Severus Snape, Murder, Whipping, Misguided Albus Dumbledore, Loss of Virginity, Rough Oral Sex, Anal Fingering, Anal Sex, Vaginal Fingering, Vaginal Sex, Double Penetration, Spitroasting, Face-Fucking, Alternate Universe - Dark, Dark, Threesome - F/M/M, Parent/Child Incest, Bestiality, Figging, Needles, Foursome - F/M/M/M, Burnplay

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Life-altering Choices

by Naduah2412

Summary

Only a tiny detail changes the world of Harry Potter as we know it. Just one event and the life of the boy-who-lived takes a turn in the complete other direction. Follow Harry on his journey to a new life and a future the wizarding world hasn't anticipated. The choices we make determine the person we are. Come and see which choices Harry makes and how they affect his life and the people around him.

Please mind the warnings. The tags and the rating are there for a reason. This story is not for the faint of heart.

Trigger-warnings will also be set in the AN at the beginning of every chapter, if you are unsure.

Edit: The "Underage"-tag was added, as it occured to me, that though all sexual participants are above the age of consent, not all of them are over eighteen. All are at least sixteen.

Author's note before we start

Summary

Only a tiny detail changes the world of Harry Potter as we know it. Just one event and the life of the boy-who-lived takes a turn in the complete other direction. Follow Harry on his journey to a new life and a future the wizarding world hasn't anticipated. The choices we make determine the person we are. Come and see which choices Harry makes and how they affect his life and the people around him.

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The story is already completely written and will be updated twice a week. It is part of a series but it can stand alone. The first sequel is already complete too, the second part/book is at least outlined, but still needs writing, the third and last book is still in the planning stage. Kudos and comments are greatly encouraged. I'd love to hear your opinion but please mind common curtesy and be nice. Factual criticism is also welcome as long as it doesn't decent into trolling. English isn't my first language, so please point out grammar and spelling errors if they occur repeatedly. The story isn't beta read as such, but I had my best friend read over it to find errors in logic and the most obvious typos.

This story contains no real pairing but it has a lot of hetero as well as homosexual and bisexual interactions and intercourse. Though it has BDSM elements this is not a BDSM story as it is non-con. So, again, mind the tags and point missing tags out. I will add them then. It may happen, that I note missing tags and add them on myself, so please check before you read new chapters.

Disclaimer:

I'll write this only once. The world of Harry Potter belongs to J.K. Rowling, I just borrow her characters and play with them to my amusement. I don't make money with my writing. This is pure fan-work from a fan for fans and just for fun.

I do claim the storyline itself, though inspired by various works, it's my interpretation of how the story could've continued after my entrance point. If I quote directly, I'll mark it accordingly and link to the sites I quote from.

I'm well aware, that not everything is exactly new, but as I have no way of knowing, if an idea has already been written down, I apologize in advance, if someone wrote it before me. I did try to be not extremely clichéd and to leave my characters as much in character as I could. My Harry is ooc and he isn't Mr. Nice-guy. Just as a warning.

If you'd like to translate this story into another language, please ask and link to this. Thanks.

PLEASE DON'T COPY TO ANOTHER SITE. Thank you.

And now, this is quite enough from me. Let's start with the story. Enjoy.

Prologue

Prologue

Ministry of Magic, August 2nd 1995

A group of six men in dark robes with the cowl up were waiting in a large, circular room with an archway with a fluttering veil in the middle, as a similar cloaked man stepped through the door. They nodded their head and the tallest spoke: “You’re back. Good.” After a pregnant pause, he continued. “The seers saw the stars aligning. The signs are clear. It will soon begin.”

“So, my mission?” The man, known as Mercury between his peers, asked.

The leader of the group, Diamond, answered solemnly: “You’ll watch the proceedings. You’re not allowed to interfere!” Another pause. “Make our offer, when the time comes.”

“How will I know the right time?” Mercury asked calmly.

“You’ll know, when it seems, as if all is lost. Then the time is right.” Was the cryptic answer. Mercury didn’t expect anything else.

“And the offer?”

“We’ll aid the Dark One in becoming great again, if he accepts our conditions.”

Mercury nodded. The plan was a long time in the making, but he hadn’t known, that he would be the one to deliver the offer. It had started almost fifty years ago, but was halted on that one Samhain-night. “Any special concessions to sweeten the deal?”

Diamond thought a brief moment about it. “Whatever it takes.”

“So, carte blanche?”

“Yes.”

“Good.” Mercury bowed.

Diamond nodded. “Now go, prepare, and watch. And remember, no interference until it’s time. Don’t disappoint us.”

“Have I ever?” It was an arrogant question, but nonetheless true. He had never failed a mission.

Diamond smirked. “Be safe!”

At this clear dismissal Mercury quickly left the so-called Death Chamber and went through a hidden door to an apparition chamber where he disappeared. A moment later he plopped into a dark alley and disillusioned himself. He grimaced at the feeling at raw eggs running down his body and stepped further into the shadows as he watched Harry Potter fighting for his life against Dementors. He sighed, as the boy barely got up his wand. No interference.

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

Trigger warning: implied child abuse

Chapter 1

Number 12, Grimmauld Place, August 5th 1995

Harry looked after Mrs. Weasley, as she bustled in the kitchen, then turned and climbed up the stairs. He had just arrived at Number 12, Grimmauld Place and was tired and hungry and a little confused. What was going on? What was this ominous Order? He turned to the third door on the second floor, just like Mrs. Weasley had described it and turned the knob. Inside he saw Ron and Hermione huddled together, instantly going quiet as he walked in the room. Hermione sprang up and hurried over to hug him, but he took a step back. He didn't want to be touched. Everything hurt thanks to Vernon and his last beating before the Order whisked him away.

"Harry! Finally, you are here. How are you? Oh, it's terrible business with the ministry, but I researched everything and they can't punish you for defending your life! Dumbledore was terrible upset, but he will make it right. You'll see. Have you done your homework yet? You shouldn't leave it to the last day this time, you know. It's so much and this is an important year. I'm not sure, I'll be able to help you, I'll need to study so much more!" Hermione rambled without a breath. Harry was always amazed how much she could talk without needing to breathe.

"Give a bloke a break, Hermione, he has just arrived!" Ron grinned and turned to Harry. "Hey, mate, long time, no see." He went to give Harry a pad on the shoulder, but Harry took another step back so that he was nearly out of the door again. Ron frowned. "What's wrong?"

Harry crossed his arms in front of him. "Oh, nothing!" he said sarcastically. "Just my best friends, hanging out together, while I was stuck at the Dursleys, without news! I was the one who saw Cedric being murdered, I was the one who saw Voldemort coming out of a cauldron and I was the one who fought for his life! And then I was dumped at the Dursleys without news, no communication from

anyone, just a single joined letter from my friends which told me nothing of WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON!!!" Harry shouted and glared at his friends. "Four weeks I was stuck, while you had fun with each other!"

"That's not true, Harry!" Hermione defended. "I'm just here for two weeks and it wasn't fun! We were cleaning this awful house, we're not allowed outside and we don't get to know what the Order is working on!"

"But you were together, safe and well fed, while I was worked to the bone, beaten and starved and attacked by Dementors!" Harry yelled.

"Oh, come of it, mate!" Ron scoffed. "It couldn't be that bad! I'm sure, you're exaggerating. You always do, and for what? To get a bit of pity! Dumbledore wouldn't send you back, if it was that bad. So, stop whining! And just so you know, Dumbledore made us swear we wouldn't tell you vital information in letters, it's dangerous! They could've been intercepted!"

"What the fuck? EXAGGARATING? Are you dumb?" Harry shouted disbelieving.

Ron's face turned thunderous. "DON'T CALL ME DUMB!"

"Then don't spout such nonsense! Or do you think I wear these rags voluntarily and like to nearly starve to death every summer?" Harry couldn't quite believe, what he was hearing.

"Your parents left you a fortune, you could buy new clothes and your own food just fine! Instead, you whine about how unfair everything is and burden my family every summer. Do you have any idea, how much my parents struggle to feed another mouth every summer? No, of course not! You don't care!" Ron had turned an ugly shade of red, that clashed horrible with his hair. "Besides, Dumbledore thinks, you are just fine. He said, you could have other clothes, but you didn't want to and after Hogwarts' feasts, you don't like the food of the Dursleys!"

Harry reared back as if Ron had slapped him. "And you believe him?"

"Of course, why wouldn't I?" Ron asked dumbly.

"And you have to agree, that he is right, Harry! Really, you should have offered the Weasleys compensation for your stay every summer!" Hermione told him earnestly.

“Did you do that, Hermione? You were at the Weasleys every summer, too!” Harry asked her offended. Then turned to Ron. “How do you explain the summer before second year then?”

Hermione snorted. “I wasn’t nearly as long at the burrow as you! You were there for weeks, I was only there for a few days!” Then answered for Ron. “Obviously your temper got in the way, again. Of course, they grounded you for being disrespectful and ruining their dinner party! If you just would stay calm, you wouldn’t be in so much trouble every year! If you had stayed at home, the Dementors couldn’t have reached you, but in a huff, you had to wander the streets and endanger your cousin and yourself! That’s, what Dumbledore said. Now you have to face the consequences! Perhaps it would be better, if they expelled you! I would finally have a quiet year and could study in peace for my OWLs! You don’t like the stares of our classmates and you don’t do your homework anyway!”

“And if your relatives are this bad, why did you save your cousin?” Ron interjected. “Admit it, Harry, you’re just an attention seeking brat, just like the papers write!”

Abruptly Harry turned around. “I don’t need to listen to this rubbish! If this is, what you really think, then I don’t need you. Consider this friendship over!” he choked out. Suppressing the tears, that threatened to fall, Harry stormed out of the room and slammed the door. He ran to the stairs, ignored the twins shout and stormed in the direction of the door. He needed to get out of this house and damned be the consequences. He’d nearly reached the door, but before he could open it, a strong hand landed on his shoulder. Turning around, Harry opened his mouth to shout at whoever was there, just to gasp a sob. “Sirius!”

“Shhh, it’ll be alright. I heard the fight and came to check on you!” Sirius wrapped his arms around way to bony shoulders and tried to comfort Harry as best he could. After a few minutes, Harry calmed down. “Now, leaving isn’t a good idea right now, but we can go upstairs and I show you your room.” Harry nodded hesitantly and together they made their way to the third floor. “Come, this is the family floor, and you are family!” Sirius opened second door on the right and said: “Here we are. It’s not much, the house is old, but the sheets are clean.” He winked at Harry and stepped inside.

Harry looked around. Sirius was right, everything looked old, but of good quality. The room was gloomy, the furniture was a dark wood, Harry didn’t know, a dark green carpet and curtains in the same color.

There was a double bed with white sheets and a dark green comforter, a wardrobe, a chest with drawers and under the window stood a desk and a stool. On the far wall was a bookcase, but it was empty. The room was clean, as far as he could see, but it was obvious, that it was empty for a long time. Even if it was old, dark and gloomy, it was the best room, Harry had ever stayed in outside of Hogwarts. “I don’t have to share with Ron?” Harry asked in a small voice.

Sirius laughed. “Hell no! After what this little shit said to you? No way, I would force you to share with him. Besides, this is my house and you are my godson! You’re family, so you have to stay on the family floor!” Sirius winked at him. “This was my Aunt Cassie’s room, while she lived here, but we will redecorate it, as soon as we can. It will be fun!”

“Really?” Harry grinned and hugged Sirius again.

“Really. We can start tomorrow. We won’t be able to buy anything, it is too dangerous to leave the house, but I’m sure, there are a lot of things in the attic, you would like. It will be your room and yours alone. You can decorate it as you like. And as soon as this sham of a hearing is over, I will help you with your homework.”

Harry’s heart sank. “And if they expel me?”

Sirius huffed. “I would like to say, they won’t, but with the state of the wizarding world, as it is, I can’t. I won’t lie to you, Harry, the possibility that you’ll be expelled is there. Especially with Fudge’s smear campaign against you, but if this happens, I’ll homeschool you and…”

“Wait a minute, what smear campaign?” Harry interrupted.

“Fudge claims in the papers, that you’re an attention seeking brat, who lies about everything. It went on all summer now and I’m afraid, it won’t stop anytime soon. He doesn’t want to believe, that You-know-who is back and he attacks you and Dumbledore in the papers nearly daily.” Sirius took a deep breath. “Dumbledore went to the *Daily Prophet* and told them, what you reported about the resurrection. And ever since, it is an all-out war in the papers. And I hate to say it, but not many believe Dumbledore and by extension you.”

Sirius looked frustrated and Harry couldn’t blame him. “But you believe me, don’t you?”

“Of course, I believe you!” Sirius looked offended by his question.

“Harry, you’re the single most important person in my life and I will always believe you and I will always be on your side! If this whole hearing goes pear shaped, I will stay at your side. If I could, I would go with you to the ministry, but I would be arrested on sight. If you’d decide afterwards, to leave the country, I would go with you.” Sirius laughed. “Hell, you could decide to join You-know-who and I would be right beside you! Come hell or high water, I’ll have your back!”

Harry gave Sirius a watery smile and hugged him again. “Thanks, Padfoot!”

“You’re welcome.” Sirius took another deep breath and then: “Now, dinner must be ready. You up to some food in the kitchen? Or would you rather stay here? I could bring you something to eat up.”

“The kitchen is fine. I’ll just stay besides you and ignore everyone else.” And that was exactly, what he did.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

The first chapters will set the scene, so please bear with me.

Chapter 2

Ministry of Magic, August 10th 1995

The last few days were gone in a flurry. Sirius, true to his word, helped Harry to redecorate his room and stayed at his side whenever he left his room. Nobody dared to bother Harry, after Sirius dressed down the twins, Remus and Mrs. Weasley for harassing Harry. Ron and Hermione tried a few times to approach him, but Harry just turned around and walked to another room. Their words had cut deep and he wasn't in the mood to further argue or hear their insincere apologies. He wouldn't accept them. Harry had talked a lot with Sirius about what happened and his time at the Dursleys. He discovered, that Sirius had had a similar childhood minus the cupboard. One afternoon Sirius talked about his family and showed Harry the tapestry with his whole family tree and the holes in it. Harry mentioned Regulus' missing death date, but Sirius explained, that the tapestry was probably broken because of his mother's blasting fits.

With a foreboding feeling Harry hugged Sirius extra-long this morning, before he left the house to go to his hearing.

And now here he was. All alone. As always. No one came to defend him or be at his side, the doors were sealed and no one would be able to enter before the hearing was done. They were already halfway through the whole ordeal. Harry had seen Lucius Malfoy in the Wizengamot and just knew, he was screwed, when the man gave him a raised eyebrow and a malicious smile. They had asked him questions and instantly interrupted his answers and Harry asked himself, why he was even here, if they didn't let him get a word in anyway. He tried to hold his temper, he really tried, but he lost it once and told them about the dementors. He got the feeling he had only made it worse for himself. As there was a lull in the procedure, he glanced up at the fifty plum-coloured members of the Wizengamot and asked in a small

voice: “Can’t I just submit my memory of that evening or take Veritaserum?”

The horrible witch in the grisly pink robes giggled a high laugh. “Of course not! You’re underage! Memories can be tempered with and Veritaserum can only be given to you with the consent of your magical guardian! And as your magical guardian isn’t here, we can’t give you any!”

“But I don’t have a magical guardian!” Harry protested.

Fudge scoffed. “Of course, you have, boy! Albus Dumbledore is your magical guardian! I have quite enough with your lies! Obviously, not even Dumbledore is believing your latest exploits, otherwise he would be here, wouldn’t he? Now, your last chance: Do you have any evidence to your claims?” Fudge looked positively giddy as Harry just shook his head numbly. With a triumphant smile he turned to the members of the Wizengamot. “You have heard the ridiculous claims of the boy and seen the evidence of the ministry. Please debate your judgement!”

With this, a privacy ward was raised and Harry was left to silently fume. What else should he have done? Muggles couldn’t see dementors and even if, Dudley would never have defended him nor would have Ms. Figg. And otherwise, there was no one there. He had no evidence to his claim and Fudge wanted to see him burn and out of the way. Harry knew, he had lost even before the trial had begun, because nothing else than a trial this sham of a hearing was. His only hope was, that they would put him on probation and not snap his wand. Sirius had told him, he would homeschool him, if he was expelled, but how would he do this, if Harry hadn’t a wand? Harry closed his eyes and hoped against hope.

Fifteen minutes later, the privacy ward was lowered. Fudge stood up. “Honoured members of the Wizengamot. Have you come to a verdict?” His eyes were glittering and he send Harry a nasty smile.

An old man with short, grey hair stood up and answered: “We have. We find the accused GUILTY!”

Harry’s stomach threatened to turn, but he managed to control himself. A mind-numbing apathy settled around him and he listened to the next words without really taking them in.

“And the punishment?” Fudge asked in a faked grave tone.

“The accused will be expelled from Hogwarts school of Witchcraft and Wizardry and his wand will be snapped. As the accused is a person of interest, a known and now proven liar and so a danger to society, he is additionally sentenced to one year in Azkaban prison!” With this, the grey-haired man retook his seat.

Harry felt like fainting. One year in Azkaban? Sirius' image swam in his mind. Would he even survive one year in Azkaban in his weakened condition? Harry wasn’t sure, but he also wasn’t sure, if he wanted to survive this. With dull eyes, he watched an auror walk to him. The auror laid a hand on his shoulder and took his position behind him.

The awful witch in pink stood up and came down to his floor, to take his wand from him. With a gleeful smile, she took it in both hands and with a sickening *SNAP* his wand was cleanly broken in two halves. A single tear escaped Harry and he whispered: “I didn’t lie…”

~*~*~*~

Albus Dumbledore was furious. He stood outside the sealed doors of courtroom ten and fumed. How dare they? He was two hours early in the building, but the message of the change of time and room hadn’t got to him in time. He had known, that Fudge would try something like this, but he hadn’t known the right courtroom. He had arrived just moments after the doors were sealed and hadn’t had any chance at opening them. And now, he stood here, lost and helpless. Harry was on his own and he just knew, that the boy wouldn’t have a chance to come out of this unharmed. Arabella wrung her hands besides him.

“What do we do now, Albus?”

“I have no idea.” Albus sighed. He knew, Fudge had a vendetta against him and Harry would suffer for this. He’d accepted, that they would lose the advantage of the brother wands. Well, it couldn’t be helped. Not much sense in whining about spilled potion. “We will have to get Harry a new wand, I fear. And he must be homeschooled. I will arrange everything, when I get back to Hogwarts.”

“Do that. The poor boy has been through enough. I still don’t understand, why you left him with Petunia. She is a horrible woman, not to mention this pig of a son of hers. He terrorizes the whole neighbourhood! Albus, please, just promise me, that you won’t send

him back there for a whole year!" Arabella looked pleadingly at him.

Albus sighed. He had considered this. He needed the boy downtrodden and docile, but unbroken. He needed to stand up to Tom after all, before he sacrificed himself for his friends. If he sends him back to Petunia, Harry wouldn't forgive him. But if he played this right, the boy would see him as his saviour and Albus could cement his role as mentor. That would be even better. He nodded. "I won't send him back for the whole year, but he must return in the summer. We need the blood wards for his protection. I think, he should stay at headquarters for the schoolyear and return for the summer as in the last years." Yes, this should work quite nicely.

They waited in silence until the end of the trial. Albus contemplated various scenarios how to educate the boy and not to give him too much freedom at the same time. As the doors opened, he looked up and tried to find Harry. He never came. What was going on? Albus searched more and more frantic every face who left the courtroom. Then he spotted a witch with a vulture on her hat. "Augusta, my dear. Have you seen Harry? I must have missed him."

Augusta Longbottom glared at Albus and hissed: "You didn't just miss him; you abandoned the poor boy!"

Albus frowned, not used to be spoken to in such a manor. "I got the message too late and the doors were already sealed, but surely- "

"The poor boy was all alone without a magical guardian or any other kind of defence! What were you thinking, Albus, letting the boy come all alone?! I couldn't do a single thing! They didn't let him speak, they didn't take him up on the offer of Veritaserum or memories and now he is expelled, his wand is snapped and he is on his way to one year in Azkaban!"

"NO!"

If looks could've killed, Albus would keel over dead. "Yes. They made a precedence out of this poor boy. Fudge pressed for a prison sentence, called him a danger to society and what not. I was outvoted, but I could at least lessen the sentence from five years to one. I said, the boy was just that, a boy, a child and if they insisted on a prison sentence as a disciplinary measure, to give him just a month. Others tried to argue the same, but we weren't enough. One year was the compromise. I hope you're proud of yourself. This is on you and Harry has to suffer the consequences of your idiocy! And now excuse me, I

have to console my grandson!" With that she stormed of.

Albus stood there, shellshocked. How could that happen? It was a simple case of underage magic and not a high crime. Defeated, Albus made his way to the elevators. He had to do some damage control.

~*~*~*~

In the shadows of courtroom ten, a dark figure made his way silently and unseen to the doors, grey eyes shining with determination. It was time.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Trigger warning: implied rape

Chapter 3

Somewhere at the shores of Scotland, August 10th 1995

Harry was trembling when he left the courtroom with the auror. He stood still besides the auror while all the legal proceedings were done, his mind racing with thoughts. How should he survive a year in Azkaban? This was his worst nightmare. Dementors every day without his wand, without any protection, he couldn't imagine it. But he would soon experience it. The shouts of his father, the begging of his mother, her screams and finally, the blinding green light. Over and over again. It'll drive him crazy, he just knew it. When his time was finally up, he would be only a shell, a shadow of himself, if anything of himself was even left. If he survived at all, that was. Harry doubted, that would be the case. He had seen Sirius, after twelve years in that hell hole. But Sirius had his Animagus form and he was innocent. Harry had actually cast the spell and he wasn't an Animagus. Despair threatened to take him over and he hadn't even registered that he'd left the ministry. Only the icy wind and the smell of salt water brought him back enough to acknowledge his surroundings. He was standing next to the auror on a shore, the sea dark and looming ahead, dark clouds in the sky and the high waves rolling against the rock. Even the weather was foreboding.

Harry had never seen the sea, but now he couldn't appreciate it either. He didn't know why they stood there or for how long. Everything was going so fast and at the same time like in slow motion, he had lost all sense of time. But if his rumbling stomach was any indication, it was way after noon, perhaps even early evening. How long had he been at the ministry? Hours for sure. It took an eternity to get through proceedings and out of the building, then the auror apparated him to a point a good two miles down the way and dragged him up here. Harry wondered for a moment, why he was thinking of the time. It wouldn't matter any longer. He wouldn't see daylight for a year, when

they arrived at the prison. His thoughts wandered to Sirius and he just hoped his godfather wouldn't do something foolish.

"Auror Dawlish!" a shout interrupted Harry's musings and as he turned his head, he could see Lucius Malfoy striding to them.

"Lucius" the auror grinned and shook Malfoys hand. "You have it?"

"Of course!" Malfoy took a vial with a sluggish grey potion out of his pocket, then looked disdainfully at Harry. Without a word, he plugged a single hair from Harry's head, dropped it in the potion and shook it. "Milfy!" Malfoy said and a moment later a house elf appeared with a struggling young man. This young man looked remarkable like Harry, his eyes were a lighter shade of green and his cheekbones were slightly higher, but he had the same hight, the same lean, nearly starved body and similar black, messy hair. He even wore rags, similar to what Harry usually wore. They could've been twins. Malfoy immobilised the boy and forced the potion down his throat. The change wasn't remarkable, but to Harry, it was just creepy, as he looked at his doppelganger. Malfoy then took out a pair of round glasses und dumped them on the boy's nose. "He is ready. Hurry, and don't be late!" Then he pulled a handful of Harry's hair from his head and handed it to the auror, while Harry flinched back at the sting.

Dawlish just nodded, glanced at Harry and shoved him at Lucius. Then he took the hair-bushel from Lucius, put it away in a pouch and shoved it in his pocket. This would come in handy, if anyone wanted to visit the boy. Then he grabbed the other boy's arm and made his way back down the road to the pier with the little boat, which would bring them to the island of Azkaban prison. Harry looked after them, then at Lucius, who held his arm in a bruising grip. "Come on, Potter, we are expected!"

~*~*~*~

Lucius Malfoy was a proud man and he had never forgotten nor forgiven, that Potter had thwarted his plan to bring back a young Dark Lord. Naturally he knew, what the diary had been. The Malfoy's library was one of the grandest in regards of dark texts only surpassed by the Black's. And to add insult to injury Potter had stolen his house elf. He'd never liked the damaged creature, but that was beside the point. And when a muggle thief had tried to rob him in South France

at the beginning of the summer, a plan had started to form in his mind. Because said thief looked remarkable like Potter. Perhaps they were even related? The Potter's hadn't always been a beacon of the Light and had abandoned their squibs just like every other pureblood family. So, he took the opportunity and imprisoned the thief in the dungeons of Malfoy Manor, then he returned to his vacation with strict instructions to the house elves to keep the thief alive, but not too well fed. He liked his playthings on the smaller, skinnier side after all. At least the male ones.

The first two weeks of the summer holidays were always reserved for a family vacation, so he indulged his wife and his son. After his return to the Manor, he went straight to the dungeons to play with his new toy. He wanted to hear the boy scream, but disappointingly the boy was mute. Of course, this didn't keep him from using him, after all his tears were delicious and it was always fun to break them in. Using the boy's mouth and imagining it was Potter gave him great pleasure and he spent a lot of time in the dungeons the following days.

Narcissa knew of his tastes but didn't condemn him. As long as he kept his whores private, was the loving, dutiful husband and father in public and a sensible lover to her, he could do with his whores, whatever he wanted. When they started to bore him or were too damaged, he just disposed of them and took a new one. They were just muggles. They didn't matter and no one would care about them.

At a meeting with the minister, he'd learned of Potters mistake. He still remembered it with a fond smile.

"Lucius, how nice of you to join me, I have quite the news for you!" Fudge greeted him with a big smile. "Come on, take a seat, please."

Lucius sat down in the minister's lounge. "Thank you for the invitation, Cornelius, it's always a pleasure to be here." He hid his disgust behind a polite smile and took the offered cup of tea. Fudge was an idiot, but a useful one, so he tried to stay on his good side. It wasn't easy to hide just how much he despised the man. "What news has you in such a good mood?"

"The Potter-boy cast a Patronus Charm in front of muggles! Obviously, he wanted to show off and thought the rules don't apply to him. For this, I will have him expelled! Mark my words!" Fudge grinned and took a sip of his tea.

Lucius thought about it. This could be the opportunity he was waiting for.

He had to speak with his Lord as soon as possible, but now, he had to lay the groundwork to his plan. “Perhaps you should go a bit further?”

Fudge furrowed his brows. “What do you mean?”

“Well, the boy is quite the troublemaker, isn’t he? With his exploits at Hogwarts, he endangers the whole school. Just think of that incident with the flying car or the debacle with Black. And that’s just the tip of the iceberg. I tell you, the stories my Draco tells me, when he is home, are nearly unbelievable. But of course, my Draco is a good boy, he would never lie, so I have to believe them. And Dumbledore is doing nothing to stop this menace! And after Dumbledore managed to remove me from my post at the board of governors, I can’t do anything to rectify this…” Lucius played the part of concerned father to perfection. It wasn’t even a lie, just a slight exaggeration. “And with this… Clearly, the boy is out of control and a danger to society.”

Fudge nodded along. “Clearly, but what should I do, other than to expel him?”

With a faked sigh, Lucius answered: “You could try him as an adult. He did break the statute of secrecy, the penalty for this is five years in Azkaban.”

A crease formed on the minister’s forehead. “Dumbledore would never let this happen. The boy is a minor and Dumbledore is his magical guardian. Besides, the other members of the Wizengamot…”

“…won’t be a problem. I’ll speak with them. With the right arguments, I’m sure, I can convince a majority to see the case our way!” Lucius interrupted. This would cost him, but the gain outweighed the costs. And he surely isn’t hurting for gold. “And for Dumbledore, well, you should make sure, that he isn’t… punctual.” He winked at the minister and took another sip of his now lukewarm tea.

“That could work” Fudge nodded thoughtful. “Yes, let’s do this. Thank you, my friend. You always have the best advice!”

After that, he went back home to speak with his lord. The Dark Lord was quite impressed and promised a great reward, if the plan worked as intended. A reward, nobody else had ever been offered. He would ascend to the Dark Lord's second in command, if he presented him Potter on a silver platter. And so, he had begun the tedious task to smooth talk and bribe his fellow Wizengamot members. Of course, he couldn’t approach everyone. Dumbledore had his people everywhere, but a good majority had been receptable.

He had taken great pleasure in seeing the boy so frustrated throughout the trial and the slow dawning realization, that he would lose. Dolores had been formidable in putting Potter in his place. The face of the brat, when the verdict was spoken and the single tear when his wand was snapped were exquisite. Oh, how would he have liked to break the boy just a bit more before taking him to his lord. But that would be foolish and he wouldn't risk his new position, just so he could fuck the virgin arse of Potter. A pity, but it couldn't be helped. The Dark Lord was waiting.

He grabbed the boy harder and could feel him tremble under his hand, then apparated them away from the shore. At their destination Potter started to shake like a leaf in the wind. One look told Lucius, that apparition clearly wasn't Potter's preferred way of travel. A look on the clock in the receiving room told him, that it was after six in the afternoon and they were late. This whole ordeal had taken longer than planned, but well, he had, what he wanted. He dragged the boy out of the receiving room through the entrance hall and in the direction of the ballroom.

After opening the door, he could see a full meeting in progress. The Dark Lord looked up with a malicious grin and said: "Welcome to Malfoy Manor, Harry Potter, our guest of honour!"

Chapter 4

Chapter 4

Number 12, Grimmauld Place, August 10th 1995

Albus returned to Grimmauld Place frustrated and tired. He had done what he could, but that wasn't much. He had approached Amelia Bones and tried to get her to agree to a house arrest for Harry, but she had sadly shaken her head and told him point blank, that she couldn't change a sentence from the Wizengamot. Her only concession was, that she would make sure, that Harry was in the minimal security ward and as far away from Dementors as he could get. Albus had thanked her and then went to various other Wizengamot members to talk to them. He wanted to get Harry a retrial because he hadn't had a legal guardian at his side, but he was rebuffed on all turns. Everyone who he spoke to told him, that he should've been punctual, if he hadn't wanted his ward punished this harshly. It was his own fault. He tried numerous times, to point out, that he was in the building and that he did get the notification too late, but it was no use. Nobody listened to him. So, he had returned to headquarters to give the Order the news.

Defeated he sat down at the kitchen table and looked around. Sirius was still pacing and throwing him worried looks, Hermione was reading a book, Ronald looked expectingly at him, as did Arthur and Molly and Severus stood looming in a dark corner. "I have grave news." He began. Sirius abruptly stopped his pacing, Hermione looked up from her book and Severus just raised a brow. "I was too late to the trial. They changed the time and location on such a short notice, that I hadn't stood a chance. When I arrived, the doors were sealed…" He took a deep breath and continued: "Without a defence Harry lost even before the trial began. He was expelled from Hogwarts and his wand snapped and- "

"WHAT?" Sirius exploded. "Where is he now?" He looked frantically around.

"Sirius, please, this isn't the worse!" Albus tried to calm down the man. He knew, his next words would devastate all of them. Sirius

looked at him with furrowed brows. “They sentenced Harry to one year in Azkaban prison for being, I quote, ‘a danger to society’.”

“Albus, you have to do something! The poor boy!” Molly was wringing her hands and nearly in tears, while Sirius resumed his pacing, agitated.

Albus sighed. “I tried. I really did. Amelia Bones promised me, that she would make sure, that Harry would be placed in the minimal security ward far away from Dementors. But she was the only one who even listened to me. I’m afraid, there is nothing I can do.” He didn’t know, what they expected from him. He wasn’t a miracle worker and with the political climate as it was, he didn’t have the pull he once had.

“So, you’ll just leave him to rot in prison?” Sirius asked incredulously. “You have to be kidding me! My godson isn’t a criminal! He doesn’t deserve this! He has been through enough already and now this!” He turned accusing eyes on Albus. “This is all your fault! We have to do something!”

“As much as it pains me to admit it, but I think, Black is right!” Severus interjected. Everyone gaped at him. It must be a cold day in hell, if Severus Snape and Sirius Black agreed on something, no less on Harry Potter’s wellbeing. Severus looked hard at him. “If this is all at the moment, headmaster, I’ll go and see, if I can find help with some of my… acquaintances.”

Albus just nodded. “Do that. Thank you, Severus.” With that, Severus left the kitchen.

Sirius gave him a cold look. “Do something, Albus, or I will!” and he followed Severus out.

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“Severus, wait, please!” Sirius shouted after Snape right before he reached the door. Snape turned and raised a brow, but remained silent. “Please, I know, we aren’t friends.” A slight snort. “Okay, we can barely stand each other and it’s my own fault. I know that and I offer you a sincere apology.” At the disbelieving look on Snape's face, he added: “I should’ve done this ages ago. I was immature, arrogant

and a right prick and I'm sorry." Sirius looked him dead in the eye and hoped he could convey his sincerity.

Snape was silent for a few moments, contemplating. "Apology accepted, but this doesn't mean we are friends. What do you want?" His tone only slightly less hostile than usual.

"Harry is all I have left of my family and there isn't *anything* I wouldn't do, to get him back and to safety!" Sirius said in a low voice. He looked Snape dead in the eyes and knew, that he hadn't to spell it out for Snape. He wouldn't even shy away from betrayal.

Snape nodded sharply. "I see. I once made a vow to protect Lily's son…" He didn't need to say more, the implication crystal clear.

Sirius snorted. "Hell really must be freezing over, the both of us agreeing twice in one day." He sobered. "Do what you must. I don't care how you do it or what it will cost me, just bring me my boy back. Whatever you want, you shall have it as long as it is in my power!"

Snape nodded solemnly. "I will need access to your library…" he started, then hissed and looked down on his arm. "This can't mean anything good on a day like this." He muttered, but Sirius heard it anyway.

"You'll have access to the library whenever you need. I'll key you in." Snape looked at him astonished. "Go. And stay safe!" And with that, Snape was gone and Sirius made his way up to the library.

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Ron was shocked at the news. He hadn't thought they would throw Harry in prison. He hadn't even expected that they would snap his wand. Harry was famous and famous people always got away with everything. The same as rich people and Harry was also rich. But they had done both. Ron couldn't wrap his mind around the fact. As Hermione tugged on his shirtsleeve, he looked at her. "Let's go, tell the others!" she said in a subdued voice.

They left the kitchen together and went up to a cleared out sitting room where the twins and Ginny played a game of exploding snap. "Hey guys, what's up?" Ginny asked cheerfully as the card Fred had

played exploded.

“Harry is in prison!” Ron blurted out, still flabbergasted.

“WHAT???”

Hermione sighed and threw him a look, that told him, just how stupid she thought he was, then went on and told the other three, what Professor Dumbledore had told them. Shocked silence dominated the room, when Hermione was finished. A few minutes later Ginny stood up and left the room, tears running down her cheeks. Ron thought, she probably was crying because her plans for Harry were falling apart with him gone. She once had confided in him, that she hoped to marry him one day. Not because she was still madly in love with him, well she couldn’t deny, that she had had crush on him, but she wanted his money and influence to get her a spot on a professional Quidditch team. Now, this influence at least would be quite diminished with a prison sentence. At least he had still his money. Perhaps, he should encourage her to go through with her plan nonetheless. He would think about this later.

The twins looked after Ginny and stood up as well. “We will look how Sirius is taking this news!” and with that they were gone too. That left him with Hermione.

“What now?” Ron asked her.

“I don’t know. I don’t think, that Professor Dumbledore will be able to lessen Harry’s sentence. I mean, he already tried it and with Fudge on a vendetta it doesn’t seem likely.” She sighed. “I just can’t believe, they put him in prison. Honestly, that’s way over the top and unprecedented. I know, I said, I would enjoy a quiet year, but I didn’t mean like that…” She looked stricken and tears shimmered in her eyes. “I said pretty awful things to him and he was so angry at us and now he won’t know how sorry I am until he gets out. I’m not sure he will ever forgive us, Ron. You know, he can hold a grudge and with Dementors near him…”

“Yeah… but the headmaster said, he would be far away from Dementors. I’m sure he will use the time there to think about it and realize, how stupid he was, to be that angry with us just for listening to Professor Dumbledore.” Ron tried to comfort her. He couldn’t understand, why she was this upset. Harry would be fine, he always was. And the minimal security ward couldn’t be that bad, could it? The whole fuss was starting to grate on his nerves and he was

forcefully reminded, that everything was about Harry, again, though he wasn't even here.

"You're probably right." She sighed again.

"Of course, I am. And look on the bright side!" Ron grinned at her. "Finally, a year at Hogwarts without mortal peril. We won't have to constantly look after him and have his back. We can do what we want. Perhaps get to know the others a bit better and find a few more friends, without being dragged in one trouble after the other with him."

Hermione gave him a small smile. "That would be nice. I could finally study in peace and could keep up with my homework, without wondering, if he had done his homework. I won't have to proof read his homework and correct it, then go to him nagging that he has to do it over. No more wasting time in the infirmary waiting for him to get healed, again!"

"Or to wake up." Ron nodded along. He couldn't care less about studying or homework, but he wouldn't tell her that. He wasn't stupid. "He gets an awful lot of injuries at school. I wonder how he gets through his exams." Then he gave her a wink. "Your doing, I guess. Without you, he would've failed every year. He isn't the brightest Lumos in the wand."

Hermione laughed at that. "That's right. And his temper… I still can't understand why he's constantly angry. I mean, seriously, is it too much to ask, that he just stays calm? He lets Snape and Malfoy rile him up and screams constantly at them and then wonders, that he gets detention." She shook her head. "That boy has serious anger issues. I wouldn't be surprised, if one day he loses the plot in his anger and they put him in the Janus Thickey Ward."

Ron snorted. Well, there was a thought. If they played it right and with this criminal record, it wouldn't be too farfetched. Of course, they had to wait, until Harry had married Ginny, perhaps with a baby on the way, but then… If Harry was permanently in St. Mungo's, Ginny would've control of his fortune and he himself would be a rich man. He could have everything he ever dreamed about and could've the prettiest girls at his side. He would've to make sure he would get his cut from Ginny, but that wasn't much of a concern. He would press a vow out of her, before he was going to help her in setting Harry up. This was a good plan.

They sat together in contemplative silence, both of them lost in their dreams.

Neither of them noticed the dark-haired man outside the door fuming over the conversation he overheard.

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Trigger warning: references to child-abuse, depressing thoughts, Major Character Death

Summary in the end-notes.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 5

Malfoy Manor, August 10th 1995

Harry tried to stop abruptly when they entered the ballroom, but Lucius dragged him relentlessly directly in front of Voldemort and forced him to his knees. He could hear the jeering and laughs of the Death Eaters, feel the hard, cold floor beneath him and the trembling of his hands. His scar prickled uncomfortably, increasing slowly to a low burn and he had to resist the urge to press his palms against it. Carefully he looked around for an escape route, but everywhere were men in dark robes. Surprisingly they didn't wear their trademark skull masks. A few he knew from the graveyard, they frequently starred in his nightmares, but there were far more Death Eaters, he didn't know. Some of them, he had seen at the platform, when they dropped of their children, his classmates. They had children his age and younger and stood here, cheering at his impending death. He couldn't bear looking at them any longer, so he turned away.

Just to look in Voldemort's direction. Right next to him stood Snape like a statue of death. He was white as a sheet. With a dark curtain of hair and his traditional black robes he was just missing a skythe. Not a muscle moved on his stony face and he looked dispassionately at Harry. Harry knew with certainty that his professor wouldn't help him just as he knew, that nobody would come to his rescue. Nobody outside knew he was here and Harry doubted that even if they knew, that they would come in time or at all to rescue him. He was alone. As alone as at the graveyard. As alone as all his life. Obviously, he had outlived his usefulness or else Dumbledore would've come to his trial. But he didn't come, nobody came. Because nobody cared and the only

one who cared, would've been arrested on sight. He sent a silent apology to Sirius for everything they missed out on and that they would never be able to rectify this.

At least nobody else would miss him. The professor in front of him would've one dunderhead less to teach, Hermione would finally get her quiet year and could study to her hearts content and Ron wouldn't be in his shadow and needn't be jealous any longer. He wouldn't be a burden to Mr. and Mrs. Weasley. Perhaps the Dursleys would miss their house elf and punching bag but certainly not him. This all shot through his mind in the blink of an eye and he felt a bone deep loneliness.

With a wave of Voldemort's hand and a "Well done, Lucius!" Malfoy left him kneeling in the middle of the ballroom to take his place at Voldemort's side. Harry vaguely registered that Voldemort didn't look quite as he remembered him. He had eyebrows and lips for one and a nose. Harry nearly giggled at that and asked himself if he was going insane with terror. Then he took a closer look at Voldemort. Yes, definitively a nose and his skin was pale, but without scales. He still wasn't a looker, but he had actually improved himself. Harry wondered for a moment, what he had done, but it didn't matter. Nothing mattered anymore. He would die tonight, of that there was no doubt.

Voldemort grinned at him. "How nice of you to join us in our little celebration, Harry!" The Death Eaters around him laughed louder.

With a bravado Harry didn't know where it came from, he answered: "Well, I admit, I didn't expect such a large welcome committee!"

Silence.

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The silence was deafening. And Severus was panicking. He'd started panicking the moment Lucius came into the ballroom with Potter in tow. How had the idiot boy managed to end up with Lucius Malfoy of all people? The outcome of the trial wasn't ideal, but they could've worked with it. But Potter kneeling in front of the Dark Lord? How was he supposed to get the boy out of here without help? He had vowed on his life to protect the boy, but at the moment, he was at his

wits end. He couldn't think of a single thing for the moment, totally consumed by his panic. Outwardly he didn't show it, he knew that, he was a spy long enough, to control his reactions, but inwardly he was freaking out. He tried to calm himself down with slow, measured breaths. He couldn't think in this state. And Potter wasn't helping with his cheek.

Voldemort gave a dry laugh. "We're nothing but generous, as you can see." He opened his arms and indicated at the room at large.

Severus needed time to calm down, time to think, time to plan. But he had anything but time. And then Potter snorted "Sorry, I'm afraid, I'm not dressed for the occasion!" *Good boy, keep the Dark Lord talking*, Severus thought. As long as they talked, Potter was alive and so was Severus. He knew, if he didn't come up with a plan and fast, Potter wouldn't be the only one dying tonight.

With a malicious smile, the Dark Lord vanished Potters robe and shirt. "Oh, I can help you with that!" And there was the next shock for Severus. The boy's upper body was littered with old scars and new bruises. Hand and fist shaped bruises all over his ribcage, stomach and his upper arms in all states of healing as well as scars from a knife and a belt. Severus knew the scars from a belt only too well, he had had enough of them himself until he created a scar removing cream. He had no doubt that the boy had more scars on the back, but he couldn't see them from this angle.

"Thanks, it was a bit warm in here!" Potter grinned a bit deranged and Severus closed his eyes in resignation. Had this insolent brat any idea, what was about to happen to him if the Dark Lord already started to undress him? Apparently not. And Severus had no desire to see the boy tortured and raped before he died. Next to him, Lucius shifted and subtly adjusted himself, so obviously he was alone with this thought.

"Any last words, before we start with our fun activities? A plea to spare your family and friends perhaps? You know me, Harry, I'm a merciful Dark Lord!" his Lord taunted and Severus hoped against hope, that the boy would, for once in his life, hold his tongue. Well, no such luck.

"Oh, now you mentioned it, I actually have a favour to ask." Potter answered nearly playfully. Severus silently marvelled at the guts of this boy, while his thoughts raced, still searching for a solution and a plan to escape.

The Dark Lord snorted. Severus was actually flabbergasted at the noise. “No time like the present, Harry, ask, so that we can proceed!” *Think, Severus, think!* But no answer came to him.

Potter took a deep breath. “Let them suffer! The ones I once called friends and my so-called family. Don’t grant them a quick death! Let them suffer like they let me suffer my whole life. Let the wizarding world and the muggle world burn, for all I care! I suffered the last fourteen years. I know starvation, bone deep loneliness, the sting of a belt and the kiss of a knife to my skin and if you’re really as merciful a Dark Lord as you claim, then you grant me a quick death!” Potter’s eyes nearly glowed with hatred, but it was surprisingly not directed at the Dark Lord.

Severus thoughts came to a screeching hold and he held his breath. The room was utterly silent. You could hear a pin drop. Never, in all his life, had he seen such a beauty like at the moment Harry Potter knelt in front of the Dark Lord and made his demand. And Severus knew in this very moment, that he would follow Potter without regret, because he had utterly failed this boy.

The Dark Lord tilted his head to the side and looked Potter dead in the eyes. “As you wish. *AVADA KEDAVRA*!”

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Deep in the bowels of the ministry of magic, in the hall of prophecies, on a shelf in row ninety-seven a small, crystal-like ball clouded over and went dormant.

Chapter End Notes

Summary: Harry is brought in front of Voldemort. Snape is panicking and thinking of a way to get Harry out, but fails. Voldemort kills Harry.

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

A big thank you to everyone who left kudos. It made me really happy.

I would appreciate a bit of feedback. I know, it's a bit slow at the moment, but I promise, the story will heat up soon.

No trigger warnings for this one. If you think, there should be any, please tell me.

Chapter 6

Harry opened his eyes and blinked. He was in a white fog, where no floor nor ceiling was, no walls, just nothing. For a moment he panicked, then his memories came to him. The trial, the journey to Malfoy Manor, the Death Eater meeting, his last words and the blinding green light. With a deep sigh, he looked around in the nothingness. Well, that was it, nothing but white fog and he standing there, wearing nothing. He felt strangely calm and a sense of peace. He should be upset about his death, but in this aery world, he couldn't be bothered, though all this whiteness and his nakedness weren't really comforting. Closing his eyes again, he wished, there would at least be a room, a train station, a field, anything. And clothes would be nice. When he opened his eyes again, he was in a white train station and wore jeans and a shirt.

"Huh, alright, that was unexpected… And now?" he muttered to himself.

He walked the length of the station, but nothing changed. It seemed, as if he was walking on the spot. When he heard a noise, he whirled around and found the ugliest baby he had ever seen. It whimpered pitifully, then it screamed loudly and vanished in a bright light.

"What the hell was this?"

"A soul-fragment!" A deep voice answered.

Harry turned his head so fast, he heard his neck crick and found himself face to face with a familiar face. Round glasses, brown, kind

eyes, a mischievous smile on his lips and a black nest of hair on his head. James Potter looked exactly like on the photos Harry had in his precious album. Harry opened his mouth, but no sound came out. Then he was distracted from his father by a tinkling laugh.

“Oh sweetheart, don’t look like you have seen a ghost!” laughed Lily Potter with twinkling green eyes.

“Mum… Dad…?!” Harry choked out. Tears threatened to flow over. “Is it over? Will you stay with me?”

“Darling, we never left you!” his mother answered with a soft voice and a knowing smile. “We always watched over you and we are so proud of you. I’m sorry, we couldn’t be there. We wanted to, believe me. I longed to pull you in my arms, when you lay alone in that cupboard, I wanted to hex my sister, her husband and son for everything, they did to you and I will exert my revenge, when they meet me in the afterlife for a very long time. They will suffer!”

“As will so many more!” his father added.

Harry just nodded dumbly. He had a difficult time, wrapping his mind around the fact, that not only were his parents standing right in front of him, but obviously knew everything, what had happened in his life. Uncertainly, he glanced at his parents. They looked just like on the photos. So young, vibrant and alive. Their words were just, what he had longed to hear his whole life, and yet… “How can you be proud of me? I’m not good in school, it’s my fault, Cedric died, that Voldemort has returned, that I died… I’m the biggest failure in history, how can you be proud?” The last words Harry had nearly screamed and then he broke down, sobbing.

Lily wrapped her arms around him. “Oh darling, you are not a failure. Nothing of this was your fault. You were set up to fail. Dumbledore should have known better, than to place you with my sister! He shouldn’t have meddled. Sirius should have taken care of you, like he was supposed to do. And don’t let me start on Severus!”

“What do you mean?” Harry asked, dumbfounded at his mother’s tirade.

“Severus once was my best friend! Instead of belittling you, he should have taken care of you! He vowed to protect you, but how would he do this, if you fear and mistrust him? He is a grown man, but he behaved like a first-class schoolyard bully!” Lily was obviously furious and James laid a calming hand on her shoulder.

Harry was confused. Snape hated him. He had just stood there and let him die. He had done nothing to help him. So, why should he be expected to protect him? But wasn't this the question? Snape had protected him from Remus in third year and he had tried to protect him in first year. With a sigh, he turned to his father. "I don't understand…"

With a kind smile, James seated himself next to Harry on the floor. "What you need to know, is, that I was a right bastard to Severus when we were younger and I do regret, that I bullied him. I understand that now, but when we were children, we were enemies. Just like you and young Malfoy. I was jealous of his friendship with Lily and picked on him right from the start together with my friends. It was four against one. He gave as good as he got and he knew a lot of dark arts, but in the end, I was partly responsible, that he lost your mothers friendship and turned to the Death Eaters. In the end, that caused our death. Severus overheard part of a prophecy and told it to Voldemort. This set this whole thing in motion. When Severus realized, that your mother was in danger, he switched sides and warned Dumbledore. Voldemort thought that you were his prophesied downfall and came to us to kill you. But the killing curse rebounded and a part of him settled in your scar. Your mother's protection contained the soul-fragment and kept you safe. When he used your blood to resurrect himself, he nullified this protection. You should never have been placed with Petunia, but especially not this summer. The blood wards were already weak, but they would have kept the Death Eaters at bay. But Voldemort? He could have come through without a problem." James scowled at that.

"But why did Dumbledore place me with the Dursleys in the first place?", Harry asked confused. He had a hard time following his father's tale and wrapping his mind around the fact, that his father had bullied Snape like Dudley had bullied him.

"To keep you docile!", was his mother's furious answer. "He knew, that Voldemort wasn't completely gone and he suspected, what your scar really was. And in his hybris he thought, this was the only way to ensure, that you would die at the right time of your own free will. This was, in his mind, the only way to get rid of the soul fragment. You see, Voldemort created more than one such fragments and the only known way to get rid of them, is to destroy the container beyond repair."

"The diary…"

“Exactly. But it is not the only way. What Dumbledore doesn’t know is, that there are rituals to cleanse the containers, inanimate or living. The books with these rituals are stashed in the hidden library in the magical part of Vatican. And contrary to Dumbledore’s believe, the soul fragments are not gone, they go back to the main soul. The more fragments you free, the saner Voldemort will be. Because of the fracturing of his soul, he is quite mad. Not quite es mad, as he was at the end of the last war, mind you. The fragment in the diary was half his soul after all and he has it back now. That’s why he gave you a quick death.” Lily gave him a sad smile and pulled him in her arms.

James sighed. “That is not all. He not only pulled his mind apart with these Horcruxes, that’s what the soul-fragments are called, but also his magic. The more parts come back to him, the more stable his magic will get. He always was an extraordinary powerful wizard. I think, that is the reason, he didn’t realize that he crippled his magic.” James pulled a grimace at that and shook his head. “When he came after you, he had roundabout two percent of his soul left. It was so fragile, that the part in you was less than one percent. Now, he has about fifty-two percent. Not really stable, but saner for sure.”

Harry looked disbelieving at his father. “Yeah, right… Erm… you mentioned a prophecy. Do you know, what it said and who gave it?”

“*The One with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches… born to those who have thrice defied him, born as the seventh month dies… and the Dark Lord will mark him as his equal, but he will have power the Dark Lord knows not… and either must die at the hand of the other, for neither can live while the other survives… the one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord will be born as the seventh month dies…(1)*”, his mother recited. “It was given by Sibyll Trelawny in the Hogs Head while she was there for a job interview. Why this interview wasn’t held at Hogwarts, I don’t know. But you were born on July 31st five minutes to midnight in the same year and so the most eligible person fitting the prophecy.”

Harry tried to digest all the information he’d gotten. It was quite mindboggling. Shaking his head, he summarized: “So, if Dumbledore had had the interview at Hogwarts, Snape wouldn’t have heard it and told his master, Voldemort would never have come for us?”

“Oh, we already were targets, love, but… Well, we will never know, how that would have played out…”, Lily sighed and shook her head.

They talked what seemed like hours to Harry, contemplating what

could have been and about everything what happened before and after his parents had died. Lily explained the protections, she'd lain around Harry's crip and how they worked and told him about her dreams that she had for the future. James told him stories about his parents, his friends and his time at Hogwarts. How much of an idiot he often had been and how it had taken years to get in his mother's good graces. Harry relished in the presence of his parents and wished that it would never end. And then, he realized, that he was dead now and it never had to end. His mother had just told him for the fifth time, that she wished, she would've been there for him, when suddenly James clapped his hands. "Enough with the what ifs… Now, we have other things to discuss!"

Harry stared confused at his father. "Like what? I'm dead. We have all eternity to discuss what ifs, if we want to!"

James grinned. "No, you have to make a decision. You can come with us in the afterlife or…"

"Or what?", Harry scoffed.

"Or you can go back and take your revenge!", his father continued.

"Yeah sure, I return to my body and am back here within five minutes. Dad, are you insane? I was on my knees, right in front of Voldemort!" Harry sighed. "And why should I go back? To go to Azkaban for the high crime of defending my life? To get tortured by Voldemort and his Death Eaters? To see my so-called friends and play the hero for undeserving individuals who abandoned me at the drop of a hat?" Harry shook his head. "I don't want to suffer any longer!"

"Oh love!" Lily kissed his head and then looked him in the eyes. "You won't have to suffer any longer! You could let others suffer. Everyone who wronged you, you could take revenge on them."

Harry looked disbelieving at his mother. How could she be this vindictive? "And how?"

With a mischievous grin, James answered: "You could join Voldemort. Make him swear, not to kill you except in self-defense. Study all you can and when the time has come, rule the world as his equal. Make Ron and Hermione pay, let Dumbledore pay and let the Dursleys suffer. Free Sirius and give him hell from me, then let him help you."

"You want me to join Voldemort?", Harry asked with wide eyes.

“To be frank, yes!”

“But he killed you!” Harry shouted.

“Yes, but it was war and we were on the opposing side. By the way, he had the right ideas, when he was a boy, but with his mind fractured, he lost focus. If it hadn’t been for that, I would’ve gladly followed him. But honestly, Harry, you are young. You could do a lot of good for the wizarding world and, of course, for yourself as well. Not everything will be easy, but in the end, it will better the world. And don’t tell me, you never thought of revenge on the Dursleys. They were quite sadistic. You have my blessing to be as equally sadistic!” James said earnestly.

“Don’t you want me with you?” Harry asked in a small voice. He knew it was childish, but he had to ask. Nobody ever really wanted him, well except Sirius perhaps, so he had to hear it from his parents.

“Of course, we want you with us, but not yet, honey. Your father is right, you are too young, to remain here, if you have a choice. You could have a life, find new, better friends, find love and take your revenge. If you’re just a little bit like me, you will find a lot of pleasure in taking revenge in the most sadistic way you can think of…” Lilys grin was positively devious.

“MUM!” Harry exclaimed scandalized and a bit embarrassed, because she was right. In the privacy of his own mind, he had often imagined, what he would like to do to all those girls, who had laughed and gossiped about him. And if he had pleasured himself, while doing this… Well, he was a fifteen your old boy, sue him!

Lily laughed and was soon joined by James. “Don’t be embarrassed, darling, we all have our fantasies.” She winked at him, as Harry turned bright red. Then she sobered. “So, darling, what shall it be? I’m afraid, our time is almost up.”

Harry thought about it. He didn’t want to leave his parents. He had so little time with them, but in the end, they were right. A second chance at living wasn’t given to everyone. He heaved a sigh and looked at them, then nodded. “I’ll go back. Any last advice, before I have to leave?”

James smiled at him. “Don’t trust too easily. You made this mistake already, don’t make it again. Vows of secrecy and loyalty will take you far. You can trust Sirius to always have your back, he will prove it to you. Trust your instincts! If you have a bad feeling, don’t do it!”

“And don’t rush it, you have time. Consider the consequences of your actions. And be a bit more Slytherin. Don’t be lazy in your studies, but be proud of your achievements. Don’t underestimate your opponents. You are a bright young man, don’t let anyone tell you the opposite! And don’t forget: Whatever you do, you have our blessing and we are proud of you.” His mothers’ words let new tears fall, but Harry wasn’t ashamed. No one else had ever told him, that they were proud of him.

He leaned into his mothers’ arms, then stood up. “What do I have to do, to go back?”, he asked uncertainly.

James took him by his shoulders. “You just have to walk on and you will come back to your body. Don’t forget: We will always love and watch over you.”

Harry hugged his father, then his mother. “I love you too”, he whispered. With a heavy sigh, he took a last look at his parent, then turned and walked away.

While he walked, he mulled everything over what his parents had told him. He knew, he’d made mistakes and had trusted the wrong people. Truth be told, he had been afraid to lose his first and only friends, even if Ron’s jealousy and Hermione’s know-it-all-attitude and nagging had grated on his nerves. All the times, they left him behind for one reason or another. He held back in class to appease them both and he hadn’t bothered to look for other friends. He had blindly trusted Hagrid and Dumbledore, even after Hagrid got him in trouble and hadn’t said a word and he learned that Dumbledore had dumped him at the Dursleys. What else didn’t Dumbledore tell him? What else did he do behind his back? How had he never even considered to doubt him bevor the trial? Sighing, he swore to find out, when he was back.

He moved on to his parents’ suggestions. Could he really join Voldemort? What were his goals? If he was honest, he had never bevor thought about it. He just took it at face value, that Voldemort was evil. Well, he did kill his parents and tried multiple times to kill him, so there was that. But what other goals did he have? Another thing, he should find out and soon. He should’ve asked his parents, obviously they knew the goals, but now was too late, wasn’t it? Harry turned his head, but his parents were gone. Well, he would find out some other way. Perhaps he should just ask Voldemort…?

And then, revenge. A malicious grin formed on his mouth. That would be the fun part. He should ask Voldemort for pointers… He huffed a

laugh, then turned back to his musings. He would start with research and find out, who wronged him besides the Dursleys, then he would make a plan. The Dursleys would be the first, but he had time. Everyone thought he was in Azkaban for the next year. He should start to slowly ruin them and when they would least expect it, he would snatch them.

He was lost in his musings for some time, bevor he realized, that he was walking on the spot, but didn't go forward. "I'm ready to go back!", he stated sure of himself and with a blinding light, he was gone from the in-between.

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Voldemort could hear Severus gasp next to him as Potter crumbled, but was distracted from a searing pain in his head. Memories flashed through his mind, but they weren't his.

A lonely boy in a cupboard, wishing himself a happy birthday. The same boy, doing laundry and getting scolded for being not fast enough. A hot frying pan to the head for burning the bacon. Children laughing at him for not having a lunch bag. The stinging of a belt and shouting of a man. A fist to his stomach, then a boot in the same place. Cruel words, cruel fists, a mind-numbing loneliness. The wonders of Hogwarts for the first time. A cruel professor, a pointy-faced boy laughing at him for not having loving parents. A three headed dog, a troll, a monster in the woods, Devils Snare, a giant chess game, a riddle, a mirror…

On and on it went and he realized, these were Potters' memories. But how? Realization dawned, as the pain slowly ebbed away. He dismissed all but Lucius, Severus and Thoros Nott. He didn't need more witnesses to his pain, but these three, he trusted. Potter had been a Horcrux. He'd destroyed one of his Horcruxes! How was this possible?

He groaned. Of course! He had assumed that seven was the most powerful number. But not with a soul! He hadn't put in his equation, that he would half his soul with every Horcrux. His soul must have been unstable, only a small percentage left and when the killing curse rebounded…

A movement and a groan interrupted his thoughts. He looked up at

the same moment as Potter sat up and groaned: “Let’s not do this again, please!” Shocked silence dominated the room, while Potter looked around and then fixed these remarkable green eyes on him. “Well, what do we do now? You could try again, but I’d rather you don’t. I could join you, if you want?” He said playfully, then groaned again and held his head with both hands. “That fucking hurt!”

Bewildered Voldemort stared at Potter and was, quite literally, speechless. But he wasn’t the only one. Severus, Lucius and Thoros seemed as frozen as himself. He had hit Potter with the killing curse, seen him crumble on the floor and he had been dead! But obviously it didn’t take. “How…?”

Potter shrugged and looked a bit put out at him. “I’m not sure. My Mum told me about soul- fragments and that one was in me. I think, your curse killed it, that’s why I’m still alive?” He didn’t sound sure about it, but Voldemort had to admit, that it was a good theory.

Before Voldemort could answer to that, Severus gasped out: “Lily? She was there?”

Potter smirked and nodded. “Oh yes, Professor. She is quite disappointed with you, you know? Thought, you would have honored your vow better than you have. She thought you were a grown man, but you conducted yourself like a first-class schoolyard bully. Her words, not mine. And you will hear about all your failings with me, when you meet her, if you don’t make up for them!”

Every word seemed to hit Severus like a slap to the face and he grew extremely pale. Voldemort wondered, what that was about, but refrained from asking. There would be time for this later. Now, he wanted something else to know: “Gave your mother you the advice to join me?” He sounded quite disbelieving, but he couldn’t help it. It wasn’t every day, that someone came back from the dead.

“It was actually my father, but they both gave me their blessing. Under a few conditions…” Potter shrugged again, which rather annoyed Voldemort.

“What conditions?” Lucius sneered besides him in a condescending tone.

“Well, obviously a vow, preferable an unbreakable one, to not fight or kill each other and for you to reabsorb the horcruxes to restore your sanity!” Potter looked Voldemort directly in the eyes and he could see the determination in them.

“And how, pray tell, should I do this? I would need to feel true remorse to absorb a horcrux and I can guarantee you, that is not possible!”, Voldemort sneered. The audacity of this whelp! He was tempted to kill him on the spot, again, but the temptation to corrupt this boy and then dangle him in front of Dumbledore was stronger.

“My mother told me, there were books on rituals in the hidden library of the Vatican. They describe how to reabsorb the horcruxes without damage of the vessel or the main piece. Or you could simply destroy them beyond repair and they would forcefully return to you. But that should be extremely painful, I’m told, so I wouldn’t recommend this.” Potter said nonchalantly and grinned at that. Voldemort was tempted to throw a Cruciatus at the insolent brat.

He deliberated everything the boy said, he had never heard of this hidden library, but Potter must speak the truth. How else would he know all this? And he could be an asset against Dumbledore and to recruit the younger generation. “Anything else?”

Potters’ grin widened. “You’ll help me with my revenge. On my relatives, for beating, starving and verbally abusing me, on my so-called friends, for betraying me and on Dumbledore for putting the fulfillment of a bullshit prophecy before my wellbeing. Oh, and I want to talk to my godfather about joining as well.”

Voldemort was dumbfounded. He hadn’t thought, Potter had it in him. Slowly, all of the words sank in. “You know the prophecy?” Potter nodded. “Tell me!”

And then the insufferable brat shook his head. “First the vow!”

A deep sigh later: “Alright. The vow for the prophecy, then we will discuss your joining! Severus, you will be our bonder!” Severus was still pale, but a little bit of color had returned to his cheeks and he looked remarkably calm. It was obvious, that he hadn’t expected any of this. They shortly discussed the exact wording of the vow, then swore an Unbreakable Vow. Now neither was able to kill, deliberately harm or ask someone else to do these things to the other and they both sagged in relief. Voldemort hadn’t registered how tense he really had been, after Potters resurrection. And Potter looked equally relieved that he wouldn’t be killed a second time in one evening.

“Now, tell me the prophecy!” And Potter did. And wasn’t it quite the shock? He himself had marked him as his equal? Did this mean, Potter was as powerful as himself? Well, he would test that in time. And if it

was true, he had to make sure, Potter remained on his side and didn't go neutral or abandoned Britain altogether. A small smile formed and he spoke: "Well, we can say, we voided this prophecy completely, didn't we?"

Potter laughed. "That we did." They grinned at each other.

"Now, to you joining me. I don't take underage followers! And I don't take uneducated ones. You will have to complete your OWLs and NEWTs. As you are banned from Hogwarts, you will be tutored here. I will discuss this with my followers and work out a schedule. And I will test you myself!" Potter gulped, but nodded. "You will undergo a health scan! Narcissa is a formidable healer, she will look after you. Don't antagonize her!" Another nod. "Good. If your OWLs are to my satisfaction as well as your progress on your NEWTs, you will undergo initiation on your 17th birthday. You will join my junior ranks. After your NEWTs, you will receive your mark."

"NO!" Harry refused vehemently.

"What?" Voldemort was irritated. He thought the boy wanted to join him?

"I will not take your mark. I will be your equal, as the prophecy stated. I will work with you, but not under you!" Potter jutted out his jaw stubbornly and glared at him.

Voldemort sensed another headache coming and sighed. "We will discuss this at a later time. I'm sure, we will find a compromise to this issue. To your conditions: I will, of course, help with your revenge, I'm sure it will amuse me. But you've got to be patient. Let's say, your relatives on a silver platter as a birthday present on your 17th birthday?"

Potter smirked. "I had hoped, we could prepare them a while before I will kill them? For example, by ruining them financially and their reputation. A bit of starving? Nightmares? Imaginary pains?"

Voldemort grinned deviously. "All right, I like, how you think." Potter grinned back with glittering eyes. "Now, the horcruxes will need time. I'll need to get those books and gather them. Then I will deliberate, if I need to absorb all. I will inform you of the progress."

Potter nodded again. "This is acceptable." A big yawn interrupted him and a loud rumble of his stomach was heard.

“Good, then you are dismissed. A house elf is waiting outside this door. It will bring you to a room. Eat, then rest. We will discuss everything else tomorrow.”

Potter stood up and started to turn to the door, but before he completed the turn he collapsed ungracefully.

(1) Quoted from “Harry Potter and the Order of the Phoenix”, Chapter 37

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

This chapter is the longest so far and a bit theory-heavy, but I needed to explain some things a bit more thoroughly as they will be coming up later in the story again.

No trigger-warnings for this one

Chapter 7

Malfoy Manor, August 10th 1995

Voldemort pressed his fingertips to the bridge of his nose to fend off the oncoming headache. “Lucius, bring our young friend to your wife! Make sure he gets the best treatment she can manage and don’t let anyone know, that he’s here for the time being. I’m not sure yet, how I want to play this.”

“Yes, my Lord.” Lucius levitated Potter out of the ball room and closed the door behind himself.

“Thoros” Voldemort turned to his old schoolfriend. “You’ll find out everything you can about this hidden library in the Vatican and bring me the books Potter talked about. I need to know, if Potter’s theory is sound before I attempt anything in this regard. Dismissed!”

Thoros Nott tilted his head and with a quiet “Yes, my lord” he departed.

Then Voldemort focused his gaze on the last person in the room. “Now to you, my slippery spy!” Severus paled but remained otherwise unaffected on the outside. “You have some explaining to do. But as I know your silver tongue, you won’t get to talk.”

“My lord?” Severus looked uncertain at his lord.

“You will lower your occlumency shields!” And there it was, the panic Voldemort had been waiting for. “You know, I suspected you to play a double game for a while now, Severus, even before my unplanned…

absence. Lower your shields voluntarily and I promise you, I won't kill you on the spot. If you resist, your life is forfeit and I will gain access to your mind forcefully, take what I want, then give you to your fellow Death Eaters before I kill you. The choice is yours!" Voldemort knew, that it wasn't really a choice, but he had need of a potion master with Severus' skill, so he decided to be lenient. Just this once.

Severus closed his eyes, then opened them again and looked at his lord. At his tiny nod, Voldemort drove in. He saw memory after memory of a girl, later young woman with fiery red hair and vibrant green eyes and a pack of four boys. How the girl defended him time after time and the boys tormented him over years. Then there was the scene with the overheard prophecy and the reporting of the same. *So, it wasn't a set up at the time*, Voldemort thought. He saw himself come to the conclusion to target the Potter's and Severus' panic about Lily, his defection to Dumbledore, the utter despair over Lily Potter's death, the vow to protect the boy, his disgust at teaching children. Then the years with the boy and his conflicting feelings, his utter horror to see the boy crumble at his feet and the deep pain the boy's words had brought to the surface. Voldemort withdrew from Severus' mind and looked at him thoughtfully. He could work with this. "I will need a lot of potions in the near future. You will stay here a few days and will brew them for me. Tell Dumbledore, that you aren't available for the next week or two. I don't care what you tell him, but make sure, he doesn't suspect, that the boy is here. How far is your invention of an eye-correcting potion and a scar removing cream along?"

Severus gulped. "The scar removing cream I finished a few years ago, it doesn't work very good on cursed scars, but on normal scars, it works perfectly. The eye-correcting potion is in the testing phase, but I need to work out a few kinks, I hadn't had time for yet."

Voldemort nodded. "Good, you will finish this first, you have three days. I don't want to see the boy with these ugly glasses any longer than I have to. Then you will perfect the cream. We have to remove this lightning bolt completely from the boy's forehead. Nobody outside my trusted ones needs to know that the boy is who he is. Harry Potter will die within a year in Azkaban prison. It'll devastate the old man. We'll need a new name for the boy. After that, you will concentrate on a restoration potion which will undo Wormtail's dilettante work. I'm sick of this body. Reabsorbing my Horcruxes should further restore this body, but I'm sure, it won't be enough. And, of course, you will brew all healing potions Narcissa requires to bring the boy to an acceptable health!"

“Of course, my Lord.” Severus looked as if he couldn’t believe his luck. He was still alive and his lord gave him tasks he actually liked. He loved to brew and invent potions, so this wasn’t a punishment for him, more like a reward.

Voldemort grinned. “Don’t think for a moment, I have forgotten your betrayal! You will approach Sirius Black and tell him, that I grand him an audience to discuss his godson. Don’t tell him, that the boy is here. This will be as much punishment for him as it will be for you. You will work side by side with him and when the boy is ready, you will serve him instead of me. As you’ve made obvious, your loyalty lies with him and as I intent to work with Potter, this is no hardship for me. I will gift you to him on his 17th birthday to do with you as he sees fit!” At that Severus paled dramatically. No doubt every demeaning behaviour against the boy shot through his mind at the moment and he was right to fear the repercussions. “And you will tutor him every Saturday for the coming years. Tell Dumbledore that I ordered you to be at my disposition every weekend. Your teaching duties will have to be completed during the week. Same goes for holidays. I will not tolerate you straying again. You won’t get another chance, don’t disappoint me!”

“Yes, my Lord.”

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Harry woke up in a soft bed in an unknown room. He looked around in awe. The room was magnificent. Light, wooden furniture, cream-colored rugs and light blue curtains on the bed and the windows gave the room an airy feeling. A vase with beautiful white roses stood on the bedside table and gave off a sweet scent. Harry had to admit, he had never been in a more beautiful room. Just as he wanted to rub his eyes, the door opened and Narcissa Malfoy came in. “Good, you’re finally awake.” She smiled at him, then frowned. “Please don’t rub on your eyes. The itching should cease in a few minutes.”

Harry looked quizzically at her, but put his hands down. “What happened?”

Mrs. Malfoy said down in an armchair at his side. “You were severely injured and a great deal exhausted, so I put you in a magical sleep to aid your healing. You collapsed in my ball room, right after our lord

decided to take you up on your offer. He ordered me to heal you to the best of my abilities. Which is to say, completely!" She winked at him and Harry gaped. "You had several misaligned bones, two fractured ribs, a sprained ankle, a rupture in your spleen and one in your liver and you suffered severe malnourishment over long periods of time which caused damage to most of your inner organs and your eyes. I'm, quite frankly, surprised you functioned as well as you did." She gave him a guarded look. "With this much damage, your body would've eventually given up at around twenty, your heart was already weakened. I put your body through a harsh potion regiment, had to vanish and regrow several bones and strengthen your muscles and organs. I thought it better, you not be awake for this. You have Severus to thank for your eyes and the removal of the scars that littered your body. Normally, I would've asked you before removing them. For some people, scars are a sign of strength and survival, but in your case, the tissue was so thick, it would've caused you a good deal of pain and problems with your growing. I hope, you won't hold this against me."

Harry gulped and tried to process all the information, thankfully the itching in his eyes had already stopped. "No, that's all right. I wouldn't have wanted to keep them anyway. So, thank you for going ahead." He gave her a cautious smile. "I've never felt so good in my whole life! Nothing hurts anymore. And I can see clearly!" It was like a miracle had happened. "How long was I out?"

"Ten days." At his horrified look, she sighed. "You have to understand, that even with magic, healing needs time. I flooded your body with all the nutrients it missed and used a lot of magic to saturate every cell. You're a powerful young man and your magic aided mine and the potions in your healing to a great extent. The damage done could be rectified this way, but the musclebuilding and weight gain, you'll have to do on your own the old-fashioned way." She winked at him. "But I'm sure, that won't be a problem. I heard, you like sports?"

"Erm… yes?" Harry wasn't sure, what she meant.

"Good, then you won't have a problem with physical training every day in one form or another. Our Lord will inform you of the details." Then she gave him a stern gaze. "You're not allowed to miss meals under any circumstances and I advise you, to eat, when you feel hungry outside of mealtimes. Your body is telling you, when it needs nourishment and you should listen to it. I'll be very gross with you, if you undo my hard work."

At this moment, she reminded him a lot of Mrs. Weasley and Harry asked himself, if that was, what all mothers were like. “Yes, Ma’am” he mumbled and watched as a satisfied smile formed on her lips. “I never heard of a potion to correct eyes…” he trailed off. Surely, if such a potion existed, someone would’ve told him? At least his Quidditch team should have mentioned it to him, shouldn’t they? It would’ve been helpful in games. And Snape helped with the potions?

Mrs. Malfoy answered with a tinkling laugh. “There wasn’t one until a few days ago. Severus invented it for you.” At his disbelieving look, she smiled fondly. “Severus might be a bit grumpy at times” understatement of the year “but he’s an absolute genius when it comes to potions. The cream to remove your scars was also his. I’m telling him for years he should market it, but he’s just stubborn and refuses. Do you have any other questions concerning your healing?” Harry thought about it and shook his head. “Good, then please get showered and dressed. The bathroom is there” she indicated at an unobtrusive door on the other side of the room, which Harry didn’t see at first. “There are clothes for you laid out. They were once Draco’s but he never wore them, so they’re practically new. When you’re ready, call for Tuffy, he will bring you to the dining room. Don’t dawdle, lunch will be served in half an hour.” With that she stood up and left him to his business.

On shaking legs, Harry made his way to the bathroom. After using the toilette, he took a look in the mirror and was surprised at the sight. His hair was as messy as ever, if a bit longer than he was used to. He thought, that he had needed a haircut when he had arrived at Grimmauld Place, but hadn’t had the motivation to ask Mrs. Weasley to do it for him. Perhaps he should grow it out a bit longer? He would think about it. His eyes seemed larger without the glasses, but as they were his best asset, at least in his opinion, he liked it. Then he squinted a bit closer to the mirror. The scar on his forehead was gone! Not even a fine line remained. He couldn’t believe it and looked harder, but nothing. It was definitely gone for good. With a beaming smile he turned to the shower. He would’ve liked to take a bath, but he didn’t dare take too long. He had the feeling that Mrs. Malfoy wouldn’t take well to tardiness. So, he took a quick shower, luxuriated in the feeling of the soft and warm towels after that and dressed. The clothes fit him surprisingly well, but he didn’t doubt, that Draco never wore them. Too gryffindorish, he guessed. Dark red pants under black, soft trousers, black socks, a cream-colored shirt with small golden buttons and open burgundy robes of a light material felt heavenly on his skin. Black, ankle-high boots of a soft leather with golden clasps as well as a black belt with a golden buckle completed the outfit. The

small heel of the boots straightened his posture and with a satisfied look in the mirror, he left the bathroom. He just wished his hair would behave a bit better. With a shrug, Harry called the house elf and was escorted to the dining room. When he stepped into the dining room, the room fell silent. Uneasy Harry looked around.

Draco was the first to speak: “And who might you be, handsome?” he asked and winked at him with twinkling eyes.

Harry just gaped. Had his rival just flirted with him? But before he could recover, Lucius cleared his throat. “Please take a seat, Mr. Potter. Lunch is about to be served.”

Slowly Harry walked to the only free place between Professor Snape and the old man he didn’t know but recognised from ten days ago when he had returned from the in-between. He sat across from Draco who gaped at him with an open mouth before he shut it with an audible click. Uneasily Harry looked around. Draco was sandwiched between his parents and Voldemort sat at the head of the table. Harry wondered briefly, if this wasn’t supposed to be Lucius’ seat, but refrained from asking. There would be time to ask questions later. At this moment lunch arrived. A creamy soup for starters which Harry had no idea what it was made of, but which was delicious, and soft white bread. He tried to restrain himself and eat in a slow manner, but he got the feeling that he failed miserably. He was the first to finish his soup. The main course consisted of a chicken breast filled with ham and cheese, a side of creamy mushrooms and duchess potatoes. Again, he was the first to finish, but at least he had managed to eat it all and imitate the movements of his professor to an extent. He felt a bit silly sipping water out of a wine glass, but as everyone else did it without batting an eye, he concluded, that this was normal. For dessert there were small, round tarts with strawberries and whipped cream. They were enough to satisfy his sweet tooth and he was pleasantly full after he finished. The meal was mostly silent, the only words spoken were to complement Mrs. Malfoy on the meal, though Harry thought, that the praise should go to the house elves. But as he didn’t want to offend Mrs. Malfoy, he said nothing.

After the table was cleared, Voldemort stood up. “Follow me, Mr. Potter, we have much to discuss! Lucius, Severus, please join us.” Together they walked through the long halls of the Manor with walls adorned with expansive tapestries and sneering portraits. When they arrived at a comfy looking study, Voldemort beckoned him in and they settled all in armchairs around a low coffee table. A tea service was already waiting for them, but no one took a cup, so Harry decided

to ignore it too. “Well, Mr. Potter, you look all healed up. You’re well, I expect?”

“Yes, sir.” Harry had no idea, how to address Voldemort, but felt it was better, to be at least polite.

“For the time being, you’re under my care and protection, so you will address me as ‘my lord’!” Voldemort cleared up.

“Yes, my lord.” Harry muttered and the words felt foreign on his tongue. He guessed, it was fair to address Voldemort in such a manner, he was still a minor and compared to the other man, severely uneducated.

“Good. In the time you were healing, I started on my promise. The books I need are here and I collected three of my Horcruxes, two are out of my reach at the moment, but I will rectify this shortly. I’m still reluctant to reabsorb them all…”

“Why?” Harry interrupted and then ducked his head sheepishly.

“They’re my safeguard against dying.” Voldemort stated and gave Harry an unimpressed look. “I would grow old and would eventually succumb to death, as all mortal beings. I’ve no desire to do that.”

Harry nodded. “But there are other methods of immortality, aren’t there?” At Voldemort’s look, he hastily continued. “The philosophers stone, for example. Flamel could make one, so there must be a way to recreate this. And with the Elixir of Life, you would also be immortal and you could stop taking it, if you grow tired of life someday. I’m not sure how it works and how often you’ll need to take it, but I personal would prefer taking a potion once in a while over disrupting my magic and my mind with a Horcrux.”

Voldemort looked irritated. “What do you mean, disrupting my magic?”

“Don’t take me wrong, I’m sure, you’re still a formidable wizard, but my mom told me, that with every Horcrux you made, you shut not only a part of your soul away, but also a part of your magic.” Harry looked uncertainly a Voldemort. He didn’t want to be cursed again, that one time in the grave yard was more than enough, thanks. “Surely, you have noticed a change in your magic?”

“Yes, but I thought it to be a side effect of the ritual.” Voldemort looked thoughtfully at Harry. “Perhaps there is more to you, than I

thought. I will see, how my magic feels, when I have absorbed two of them." Then he turned to Severus. "What do you think. Will it be possible, to create a philosopher's stone for us?"

"With the right resources, I don't see, why not. It'll certainly take a lot of time. I'm not sure, I'll have enough time to do it while I'm still teaching at Hogwarts and spying on the Order…" Severus looked apologetic at Voldemort, then turned to Lucius. "I'll need access to your library."

Lucius just nodded. "Of course."

"Good, next order of business. Harry needs a new wand." At this, Harry perked up. He hadn't expected to get a new wand this soon. "I've contacted Barnabas Ambros before lunch. A world renown wandmaker from Hungary and an old associate of mine. He's on par with Ollivander, if not better. He should be here any moment." At this moment there was a knock on the door. "Ah, I like punctuality." Voldemort smiled. It still freaked Harry out, when he did this.

The door opened and an old man came in. He wasn't remarkable or creepy like Ollivander and Harry was sure, he would forget him as soon as he left. He had a bundle of wood under his arm, a suitcase in his hand and a knapsack on his back and Harry wondered, where he had the wands. The man bowed to Voldemort. "My Lord."

"Welcome, old friend." Voldemort made a waving gesture and beckoned the wandmaker to come closer. He indicated at Harry. "This is your customer."

Ambros looked Harry up and down, then nodded. "Come here, young man." He spread the bundle of wood all over the coffee table, so that all the sticks were free, then turned to Harry. "Spread the fingers of both hands, hold them over the table, close your eyes and let your magic flow freely through your body." Harry felt a little silly standing there with his hands hovering over the table like a deranged priest, but did as he was told and closed his eyes. He could feel his magic flow like warm sunlight through his veins. He'd never felt it like this before. "Now open your eyes." Some of the sticks hovered in the air, but two were nearly in his hands. "Interesting. Red oak for the right hand, fir for your left hand. I seldomly had such a clear preference for a hand in a wood…" Ambros mumbled excited. "All right, now to the cores. Obviously, I'll be making two wands for you, young man. I guess, you're righthanded?" At Harry's nod, he hummed. Ambros bundled up the wood and spread vials with core ingredients out.

“Good, hold the red oak in your right hand, the firwood in your left and hold both hands over the table. Close your eyes again and let your magic flow through your body.” Harry retook his stance and repeated the procedure. “Very good, you may open your eyes. Well, that are really exceptional combinations. The Thunderbird tail feather with the red oak and Horned Serpent horn for the fir. These will be extremely powerful wands.” The old man looked years younger in his excitement.

Voldemort looked thoughtful at Harry. *~Are you still a Parselmouth, Harry?* ~ he hissed and smirked, as Harry shrugged his shoulders.

~I don’t know. ~ was the uncertain answer.

“You are, that would explain the Horned Serpent horn. I read, that wands with this core are sensitive to Parselmouths, vibrate, if the language is spoken and can warn their owners of near danger by emitting a low musical tone.” (1) Voldemort explained.

Ambros nodded. “That’s right. In combination with fir, this will be a real asset to a Parselmouth such as yourself.” Ambros smiled at him. “Tell me, young man, are you particularly strong-minded and have you ever been in mortal peril?”

Harry snorted. “You could say this. I once was bitten in my left arm by a Basilisk.” At the widening of Ambros’ eyes, he added: “And I can resist even his Imperius Curse.” He grinned and indicated at Voldemort.

Ambros whistled impressed. “That I call strong-minded. And the Basiliskbite explains the left hand for this wand. A Firwood-wand is also called a ‘survivor’s wand’, because it comes from the most resilient of trees and demands therefore an owner with staying power and strength of purpose. I guess, you’re extremely loyal, but if crossed, you don’t forgive easily if at all. And you’ll make a very intimidating opponent.” (2)

Harry didn’t feel exceptional intimidating at the moment, more creeped out. He hadn’t expected, that a wand could tell someone so much about him. “What about the Thunderbird and the red oak?” He looked curiously at the other set.

Ambros chuckled. “Most say, that red oak indicates a hot temper, but I disagree. In fact, in my opinion, the true match for a red oak wand is unusually fast reactionwise. It’s therefore the perfect duelling wand. In my experience, owners of a red oak wand are quick-witted and

adaptable, often creators of distinctive, trademark spells and good to have beside one in a fight. In combination with a Thunderbird tail feather, this wand will be difficult to master, but as the ingredients have chosen you, I don't doubt, you can handle it. Thunderbird feather wands are able to sense danger and known to cast curses on their own pre-emptively when supernatural dangers are near. They are also particularly good for transfigurations." (1,2) Ambros lectured. "Both will be extremely powerful wands on their own, but if you learn to handle them simultaneously, you will be nearly unbeatable. But I warn you. Both wands will be temperamental. You'll need to stay true to yourself and keep a strong mind, or you could lose their allegiance. But as you can resist my lord's Imperius Curse, I doubt, that will ever happen." He winked at him and turned to his suitcase. "I will make the wands now. It'll take me approximately one to two hours, then you'll have your new wands."

Harry beamed at him. "Thank you, I can't wait."

Ambros chuckled again and stepped into his suitcase. "To be young again!" He vanished downstairs and when he was gone, the top of the suitcase plopped close and shimmered.

At Harry's dumbfounded face Voldemort smirked. "Well, that's settled. Now, to your lessons. I have worked out a timetable for you." He gave Harry a sheet of parchment. "I know, you didn't take Runes or Arithmancy, but I assure you, you will need them in your other classes. I'm still looking for a suitable teacher, so at the moment, I will take time out of my schedule and teach you personally. You better won't waste my time!" Harry gulped, but nodded. He wasn't stupid enough, to talk back about this. "You won't continue with Care of magical Creatures, I was informed, this wasn't one of your best subjects and Divination makes only sense to the truly gifted. Etiquette and Dancing were suggested by Narcissa and will be taught by her. It will help with your posture, will build up your strength and every young man should know how to dance and conduct himself in the finer society." Harry grimaced, but remained silent. He wouldn't argue against it, he knew, his manners weren't the best and the Yule Ball in fourth year was nothing but embarrassing for his lack of dancing skills. "Lucius informed me, that you didn't know how to behave in court and you never once tried to use your political strength, so I added Politics and Law. Lucius will be teaching you in this. Thoros Nott, the grandfather of your classmate Theodore, offered to teach you in History, Rituals and will start you in Dark Magic. Later this will be taken over by various others, as the Dark Arts are a vast field and everyone has his speciality. Potions will be taught by Severus, of

course." At Harrys grimace, he grinned. "Severus promised, to tutor you to the best of his abilities and won't sabotage you any longer. He knows the penalty for failure!" He gave Snape a significant look. "Defence will be taught by Auror John Dawlish. That's the Auror who was supposed to bring you to Azkaban. He will be here every evening of the week. You will need to build up your stamina and your spell repertoire. On some days you will be joined by others or myself for mock duels. And Narcissa was kind enough to offer to teach you the art of healing. It's always a good idea to know, how to deal with injuries. Twice a week I will test you and we will discuss your progress and difficulties you'll encounter. I have no teachers for the other core classes yet, so we will take these times and bring you up to speed with the subjects you hadn't have yet. Questions?"

Harry looked over the timetable disheartened. It was a lot and he was not the most studious person. He wasn't sure, he would be able to keep up. But he had to admit, he wanted to try. He'd always held back in favour of Ron and Hermione, but in one-on-one tutoring, he couldn't hold back, so he would try his best. At least, Sundays were free. "Why're you going to such lengths to help me?"

"You did do me a great favour by telling me the prophecy and pointing out the problems with my Horcruxes." Voldemort answered quietly. "You demanded equality as a payment when the time comes. You can't be my equal, if you don't know magic. You're magically powerful, but you have to learn to wield this power appropriately or it won't be of much use. You could be a great asset to help me to better the magical world, but you have to learn, how. Any other questions?" Harry shook his head wide eyed. He had never considered, that even Voldemort had to learn how to wield his magic. "Good, then we have a name to choose. Harry Potter will die within a year in Azkaban prison. We don't want you to lose your family magic (3), so you will have to choose a last name from your ancestors. The family magic is, unfortunately tied to a last name, that's the reason, children are seldom born out of wedlock and why true disownment is so feared. Here" he gave Harry a thick book. "This has all the old pureblood family trees in it. Search for yours and choose a last name you want. Keep in mind, that we'll need a suitable cover story for you. Lucius will take care of registering your records at the ministry. When we're done, nobody will question your existence."

Harry was a bit overwhelmed by all the information, but dutifully opened the book. He traced his name up the line and frowned. His family was older than he'd expected, but he truly was the last of the direct line. What astounded him, was that his father had had a

brother. A much older brother, who was apparently also dead, but died just a few years ago. He pointed it out Voldemort. “I didn’t know, my father had a brother…”

Lucius grimaced. “That’s because it wasn’t spoken about in polite company. Charles was a squib and Fleamont sent him away to a private institution in the muggle world. He was a few years older than I but I had met him a few times, when I was a child. He being a squib was the reason, why Fleamont and Dorea tried for a second child and had your father so late. After your parents’ death, it was speculated, that Dumbledore placed you with him, so I dragged him down. He was a paediatrician in Canada, married and had a son who was born in the same year as you, but died at the age of eight on a muggle decease, I don’t know which one. After that, Charles fell in depression and drank too much. He and his wife died in a car crash in your first year.”

“What was the son’s name?” It wasn’t in the book. Apparently, they didn’t keep track of squibs.

“Harold, I think. Charles was, after all, still proud of his heritage and even used the Peverell-name with permission of his parents. They didn’t disown him, but they thought, he wouldn’t be happy in the wizarding world. There are a few Harolds in your family tree, if you’d care to look.” Lucius explained.

And he was right, Harold was a popular name in his family. “Let’s say, he gave his son the second name James, in honour of his beloved baby brother.” Harry grinned. “This way, I can keep my name. And Harold James Peverell has a ring, doesn’t it?”

Voldemort nodded thoughtfully. “A pure-blooded squib, a muggle-born witch which chose to live in the muggle world, who produced together a powerful offspring… It wouldn’t be too farfetched, would explain the resemblance and it wouldn’t be too hard, to find the birth records of the boy. Homeschooled in Canada until the death of his parents, then he came to live with his Aunt Narcissa and Uncle Lucius as next of kin. Of course, because of the trauma, the boy wasn’t fit to attend Hogwarts and Draco was to keep quiet of him, because…” Voldemort stopped in his tale.

“…after seeing the treatment of my cousin Harry Potter, I feared, they would take me away from my aunt and uncle.” Harry continued. “At least I knew my aunt and uncle, because we met them twice a year. My father insisted to keep in contact with magical Britain and

Narcissa always was his favourite cousin. It pained him, that he couldn't claim Harry, because of his status as a squib and nobody knew, that Harry lived with muggles at the time." It was strange to speak about himself in third person, but it was fun to spin the story. "And I didn't want to stay in Canada with mum's relatives. They were all muggles and thought I was strange." He added with a whiny voice and an innocent look.

The men burst out in laughing at that. The boy was good, if he wanted to be. At that moment, the suitcase sprang open and Ambros came out. He held two wands in his hand. "Here we are, gentlemen."

Harry decided to test out his new name and went to Ambros. "Thank you, sir. I must apologize for my rudeness earlier. I was just so excited to get a new wand, that I didn't even introduce myself." He bowed his head and said: "Hello, sir, my name is Harold Peverell and it is an honour to meet you."

Ambros smiled and inclined his head. "The honour is mine, well met, Mr. Peverell. Now, please take your wands and choose two wand holsters."

Harry tried the red oak wand first and was surrounded by a warm light. It felt like a warm summer rain with the foreboding prickle of thunder and lightning and Harry smiled. He chose a dark red leather holster which matched the colour of his wand and put it on his right arm. With a flick of his wrist, the wand would spring in his hand. It was charmed against disarming spells and he could summon his wand back if he lost it. Then he took the fir wand. Again, he was surrounded by light, but it was cooler. It felt like a crisp winter morning with the promise of snow. It was refreshing and comforting at the same time. Harry loved it. He chose a light green holster for this with the same features as the other. Both holsters would turn invisible at a touch of a specific rune, were self-cleaning and he wouldn't need to take them off for anything and they were self-sizing. They were like a second skin and Harry wondered, why he hadn't seen them at Ollivander's. As if reading his thoughts, Snape said: "They're made for Aurors and professional Duellers. You would've to ask for them specifically." Harry nodded his understanding and returned to admiring his wands and the holsters.

Ambros cleared his throat. "That would make 150 Galleons for each custom-made wand and 75 Galleons for each holster. Together 450 Galleons, please." Lucius just handed over his key.

Harry choked. “I paid only seven for my for my first one!”

Ambros smiled indulgently, while he pressed the key to the bill. “Let me guess, Ollivander?” At Harry nod he continued. “Ollivander mass-produces and has nearly every student buying their wand at his shop. He also uses only three cores and buys them in high quantity and his wood-selection is limited. Don’t get me wrong, his wands are not subpar, but his variety is limited. He has the advancement, that his family is known for wands since generations and as most British people buy their first wand at his shop, they will come back for the next one. That’s why, he can be cheaper than we others. He always tells his customers ‘The wand chooses the wizard’, but we all change over time. As does our magic. Traumatic experiences and the loss of loved ones accelerate this change. So, from time to time, you’ll find a need for a new wand, often with specific qualities and that is my field of expertise. The two wands you have now will serve you a long time, but not even I can tell, if it will be forever. Nonetheless, I’m looking forward to your debut in the British wizarding world, Mr. Peverell. I’m sure, we will see great things from you.” He turned to the other three and bowed. “Have a nice day, gentlemen, my Lord.” He picked up his things and left.

A house elf plopped in and announced: “Dinner is ready for Master and guests.” It bowed and plopped out again.

“Come along, Harold, let me introduce you to your cousin Draconis.” Lucius smirked and led them out of the study, closely followed by Snape and Voldemort.

“Yes, uncle Lucius.” Harry grinned. That would be fun.

(1) Wand Woods | Wizarding World

(2) Wand core | Harry Potter Wiki | Fandom

(3) To learn about my thoughts on the potions mentioned and family magic look at “Altering Universe – additional reading”

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

Thank you all for the kudos.

This chapter starts the main-part of the story and is the last one with a tame, relatively meek Harry. After this chapter, the story will heat up. ;-)

No trigger-warnings for this one.

Chapter 8

Grimmauld Place No. 12 , August 31st 1995

Sirius was seething. He couldn't wait for the Weasleys and the Granger girl to finally leave the house. It had been three weeks since Harry's trial and these weeks were pure torture. He couldn't do anything more than scolding them against the youngest two Weasleys and Granger and it irked him. He had caught them red handed going through Harry's things not even a week after Harry's trial and the memory alone made his blood boil.

Sirius was aimlessly wandering through the house, when he heard a thud above him. Wondering who dared to go to the family floor, he climbed the stairs. Harry's door stood slightly ajar and he could hear voices. Soundlessly he stepped closer and watched, what was going on in the room.

"Woah, Hermione, he even got the best room in the house." Ron was complaining. "Well, now he's a gloomy cell…" He rummaged through Harry's trunk and grumbled. "I don't understand, why he didn't buy himself a few nice clothes. These rags are disgusting." He held up a mud-coloured thing, that probably was a shirt.

Granger huffed. "You heard the headmaster. He thinks, these rags are Harry's way to get attention. 'Look at me, I'm such a poor orphan, I can't even afford decent clothes', or something along the line." She shook her head disbelieving. "He couldn't have thought, that would work, could he? I mean, everyone knows, he's loaded, not even he could be that stupid."

Ron laughed. “I dunno, he’s pretty stupid…”

At this moment Sirius heard footsteps on the stairs and he quickly disillusioned himself and stepped back in the shadows of the hall. Ginny Weasley appeared and stomped in Harry’s room like she owned it, leaving the door a bit more ajar. Sirius stepped forward and continued to watch.

“Anything good?” Ginny asked and bent over the trunk. She took up Harry’s highly valued photo album, looked through it, screwed up her face and threw it carelessly behind her. Sirius’ hands itched to wring this little bitch’s neck. Meanwhile Granger was chasing Hedwig.

Ron shook his head. “Nah, only a few sweets, but they’re still good and a handful of galleons, not even enough to buy a decent set of Quidditch robes, the stingy fucker. We’ll share them later, alright?” He continued to clear out Harry’s trunk and discarded everything inside around him. At the bottom, he let out a triumphant cry. “Finally, here they are!” He held up an old piece of parchment and Harry’s most prized possession. His father’s Invisibility Cloak. “This will make roaming the castle so much easier!” He grinned at his sister.

Ginny meanwhile had gone through Harry’s wardrobe and held up his Firebolt just as triumphant. “This baby will get me on the house team this year.”

Granger shrieked. “You ruddy bird. No need to bite me, I just want to send a letter to my parents!” She held her bleeding hand and glared at the owl, then took her wand out. “Just you wait…”

At that moment, Sirius had had enough. He dropped the charm and stepped in the room. He let purposefully bang the door in the wall and the teenagers froze. “And what, pray tell, are you three doing in this room?” He asked in a dangerously calm voice and narrowed his eyes.

“We… well… we… thought…” Ron stuttered and broke off, his face a stark white and his freckles standing out.

“We… we… thought, Harry wouldn’t mind… us using his things…” Ginny tried to explain, but wasn’t convincing at all. She trembled at the look Sirius gave her.

Sirius bowed down and picked up the discarded photo album and smoothed out the slightly creased pages, then turned accusing eyes back on them. “So, you thought, he wouldn’t mind you taking his most precious items?” He asked sarcastically. “His broom” he looked at Ginny, “his father’s cloak” he turned to Ron, “and his beloved Hedwig” he ended at Granger.

“And meanwhile you damage his only memory of his parents, his photo album? AND YOU CALL YOURSELF HIS FRIENDS?” He yelled at them.

Granger had the audacity to huff. “We are his friends. And honestly, he can’t even use these items in the next year and I need to send a letter to…” She trailed off at Sirius’ thunderous expression.

“And that’s why you decided to steal them from him?”

Ginny started “We just wanted to borrow…” but shut up at once after a look at Sirius.

“GET OUT!” The girls fled at once, but before Ron could leave the room, Sirius stopped him with a bruising grip at his shoulder. “Empty your pockets.” As the boy hesitated, he growled: “Empty your pockets or I’ll empty them for you.” At that Ron took out the sweets and Harry’s purse. Sirius took the items from the boy. “Now get out of my sight. And if I see either of you ever again on this floor, you will find yourself naked in the middle of Diagon Alley strung up like a Yule goose and the word THIEF burned on your forehead. Did I make myself clear?”

“Yes, sir.” Ron said and fled down the stairs.

Behind him, someone clapped. Sirius whirled around and came face to face with Severus Snape. Snape smirked at him. “What did the dunderheads do now, Black? Stole your secret stash of sweets?”

Sirius looked darkly at Snape. “They tried to steal Harry’s most precious things.”

The smirk dropped off Snapes face. “You were too nice.”

“I know. What do you want?” It was the first time, that Snape was back at headquarters since Harry had left.

Snape reached in his robe pocket and took out a piece of parchment. “An invitation. Read it, then burn it. Don’t be late!” Snape turned and made his way in the kitchen. Sirius followed him, after sealing the door to Harry’s room. On his way downstairs he read the short notice. August 31st at one in the afternoon, he would finally be able to get Harry help. He burned the note, then went into the kitchen to a tedious Order meeting.

Sirius tried to calm himself down. Only two and a half hours until his meeting. He should start to clean up. Downstairs, he could hear the ruckus the Weasleys made. Sirius shook his head. He had tried to speak with Arthur and Molly about their children’s behaviour, but was

instantly rebuffed by Molly. Arthur looked at least apologetic and promised to speak to his youngest, but to no avail. The youngest two still walked through the house as if they owned the place and spoke badly about Harry, if they thought, nobody could hear them. The only saving grace for the whole family were the twins. They had approached Sirius after they overheard the conversation with their parents and had asked permission to start a punishing prank war at their siblings. Sirius gave it with glee and watched amused the results. Since then, he had packed all of Harry's things including the broom in Harry's trunk and shrunk everything down to carry it around in his robe pocket. He had sent Hedwig to Hogwarts, where she would be safe and cared for by the house elves. Just in case. When Harry was finally safe, Snape could send her to him.

Finally, the house quieted down, the Weasley family was gone to drop of their kids at the train station. Arthur and Molly would move back to the burrow this afternoon. With all the younger kids at school and their older sons relatively safe in their jobs, it was safe enough for them. Sirius had made it clear, that he had no desire to see them again anytime soon, so he wasn't expected to see them off and nobody would notice, that he was gone this afternoon. He stepped in the shower and thought about the Order meeting just two days ago.

Sirius didn't really listen to the meeting. It was the same every time since Harry was gone. He exchanged a look with Snape and rolled his eyes. Snape smirked slightly. Who would've thought Severus Snape of all people would be his only silver lining in an otherwise boring meeting. At Dumbledores next words, he perked up. "I was at Azkaban today to see Harry."

"How is he?" Remus asked. He came back just yesterday morning from the werewolf packs and was devastated by the news.

Dumbledore sighed sadly. "Angry, way too thin and he didn't speak a word. I tried to explain to him, what happened and why I wasn't there at his trial, but he didn't react to anything I said, just stared at me accusingly. I was just allowed one hour, but he didn't utter one word the whole time."

"And what exactly did you expect, Headmaster?" Sirius asked snidely.

"Sirius, please, the headmaster does what he can to help Harry!" Molly tried to sooth him, but he wouldn't have any of this. "Harry should be thankful for all the work Albus puts in, but he's just ungrateful- "

"You shut up. You aren't even able to control your own kids!" Sirius

interrupted her, finally fed up with them. He relayed what happened in Harry's room to the whole order. Most of them glared at Molly. "I think, it's time you moved back to the burrow. I can't stand the sight of you any longer. Pack your things. You've time until the 31st." With that he stood up. "And I also think, Albus, you need to find a new headquarter."

Dumbledore looked shell shocked. "Sirius, my boy, surely you don't mean-"

"It's your fault and your fault alone, that Harry's in this situation." Sirius interrupted him coldly. "If he'd stayed here from the beginning of the summer, as I and he wished, nothing of this would've happened. But you insisted on him returning to that hellhole he was forced to call home. And now Harry has to pay the price of your idiocy. I'm done. I'll take over the wards of this place on August 31st at seven o'clock in the evening. Everyone still here will be forcefully ejected. Remus, you may stay as long as you want. The rest of you, get out of my house!" He wasn't heartless and even if he couldn't stand them, he wouldn't throw out children in these times, that's why the ultimatum. He looked to Snape and nodded once. Snape would still be welcome. They had a deal after all. "And you may consider this my official resignation from the Order!" He added. As he left the kitchen, he glanced at Remus who gave him an understanding nod, he would stay behind.

Remus had argued with him, but accepted his decision, then had gone on another mission. Perhaps it was foolish to cut ties with the Order, but he had no desire to play spy. That was Snapes expertise. It would've made a good bargaining chip, but he wasn't sure it was worth it. Snape would get better information than he. And the house was of greater value without the Order. It was the only Black property currently not sealed and so the only one with access to the infamous Black library. (1) Sirius stood cleaned up and dressed to impress in front of the mirror. He looked good in his all-black dress robes, his beard neatly trimmed and his hair brushed and held back by a silver clasp. The Black crest was proudly displayed in silver stitches on his breast pocket right above his heart. His mother would be proud, he thought sarcastically. He looked the part of the arrogant pureblood, now he had to play his cards right. Show time.

~*~*~*~

Harry sat at the dinner table and ate his lunch in silence. His only companion was Voldemort and they had spent all morning together. He'd been thoroughly tested on everything he'd learned in the past one and a half weeks. Draco had joined him in most lessons and actually helped him in understanding the things he struggled with. He'd formed a shaky truce with the blonde and discovered, that he could be quite funny if his vicious sense of humour wasn't aimed at Harry. He'd to admit, that he would miss his sarcastic remarks in the following months. His schedule was brutal and he was so exhausted every day, that he was actually fast asleep way before ten. (2) He thought this was intentional, to take his mind off everything what went wrong in his life and it actually helped him cope. Even if he was sure that it wasn't the healthiest coping mechanism it was way better than brooding. As he took his last bite of dessert, Voldemort spoke. "I've cancelled your afternoon lessons." That was new. Harry looked quizzically at Voldemort. "You'll be joining me in a meeting this afternoon. Our guest should arrive shortly. We will wait for him in my study. Follow me."

"Yes, my lord." Harry said clearly and stood up to follow Voldemort. He'd been reprimanded repeatedly for mumbling and when Voldemort was finally fed up, he was punished. And he had no desire to repeat the punishment. He'd had to dodge stinging hexes fired by Voldemort, Lucius and, surprisingly, Narcissa for an hour until he had learned the lesson. Needless to say, that he wasn't able to dodge everything. It was a painful lesson, but effective and afterwards he was praised for his skills in dodging. He'd had way worse punishments and taken it with grace. And he'd felt safe in the assumption, that at least Narcissa would've stepped in, if it went too far.

They'd just arrived and settled down, when a knock came. At Voldemort's "Enter!" the door opened and in stepped…

"SIRIUS!" Harry sprang up and crossed the room in record time to throw himself in his godfather's arms.

"Harry?" Sirius sounded astonished, but relieved. He squeezed him and then pushed Harry at arm's length and looked him over "You look good, healthy." He said satisfied, then squinted his eyes. "What happened to your glasses?" Then he brushed the hair over his forehead aside. "And your scar?" he added suspiciously.

Voldemort had remained in his seat. "Take a seat, Mister Black and we'll fill you in. We've much to discuss." Sirius sat down on the two-seater across from Voldemort and next to Harry and looked

expectantly at Voldemort, while his arm was over Harry's shoulder.

It took over two hours and a lot of tea to fill Sirius in on everything, what happened since the trial. Sirius listened mostly, only interrupting to clarify some things or ask the occasional question. After they finished their tale, Sirius remained silent for a few minutes. "That is a lot to take in."

"That it is." Voldemort agreed. "The question now is, there will you go with this?"

Sirius took a shaky breath and closed his eyes. When he opened them again, they'd shone with determination. "Wherever Harry goes, I will go!" He stated clearly. "If he is with you, then so will I be and if he walks away one day, so will I." He turned to Harry. "I failed you once, Harry, I won't fail you again!"

Voldemort nodded satisfied. "Good. Then we are agreed." He started to say something more, but before he could, there was another knock on the door. Irritated he called "Enter!"

The door opened and in came a man with short, black hair and piercing grey eyes. He had a scar through is left brow, which gave him a slightly rouge touch, aristocratic features and a lithe body. He wore an open robe with short sleeves, the Dark Mark proudly on display. Harry thought him rather attractive and pushed down his sudden arousal. This man had a compelling presence to himself, that Harry hadn't encountered yet. And he had a remarkable resemblance to Sirius, who gasped beside him. "Regulus?"

The man smirked. "The one and only, brother." Sirius and Voldemort had both stood up and Sirius walked calmly to his brother. He looked him over, Regulus still grinning, then Sirius swung his arm and punched him in the face. Regulus staggered, but remained standing and massaged his jaw. "Well, I think, I deserved this." He looked over to Voldemort and bowed. "My Lord."

Voldemort looked furious. "You have some nerve, to come here, Black!" He hissed. "Give me one good reason, why I shouldn't kill you on the spot!"

"It would upset my brother?" Regulus answered cheekily and grinned.

"I wouldn't bet on this!" Sirius replied lowly.

Regulus sobered. "My Lord, I'm sorry, but I've brought a peace

offering." He reached in his robe pocket and pulled out a golden locket.

Voldemort held out his hand and Regulus dropped it in, without hesitation. Sirius retook his seat and Regulus followed his example and seated himself in an armchair, still massaging his jaw. "Now, tell me, Regulus, how you were able to get past my protections and how you knew about my Horcruxes!"

Regulus steadied his breath and began his tale. "To tell you my story, I've got to start in the summer after my fourth year. Sirius had run away to the Potter's and my parents were very upset about that. My mother withdrew in her own mind and my father threw himself in his work. My uncle Alphard approached me for an internship at the ministry in the Department of Law Enforcement. For lack of something else to do, I agreed. When I arrived at my first day, I wasn't led to the DMLE but to the Department of Mysteries. Alphard was an Unspeakable at the time, but due for a promotion. He needed someone to take his place and I was his choice. I would learn under him the following three years in every holiday and take his place when I left Hogwarts. I agreed and Alphard ordered his affairs and officially died." He paused as Sirius choked and gave his brother a sympathetic look. "You've got to officially die to ascend in the ranks. You keep your name, to keep your family magic, if you want, but on record and to everyone else, you're dead. It helps to get the information you need and to stay unattached to your victims." At Sirius' look, he shrugged and continued his tale. "After I graduated, I was ordered to join the Death Eaters to gather intelligence. They wanted to know, why you, my lord, strayed from your goals. They kept an eye on you for a long time and had already decided to let you proceed with your plans without interference. In fact, if you'd wanted their help at the beginning, you'd have it. They very much agreed with your agenda. Only as you started to stray away, they got nervous. They also knew, that Augustus Rookwood was your spy in our department and kept him away from the really important research. So, I joined your ranks and started digging. My first guess were mind-altering potions, but there was no evidence. I bided my time and then you asked after a house elf. I was really fond of Kreacher, but I knew, that this was my chance, so I offered him to you and ordered him to come to me as soon as his task was fulfilled. And he did. He was in a right state and I took him to the DoM to find out, what was wrong with him. The Draught of Despair has officially no cure, but the potion masters at the DoM had figured one out. I don't know why they even bothered, but I was grateful. His recovery still took a few days, but he reported everything what happened. When he was fully recovered, I took a vial

of the antivenom, an emergency portkey and a ward breaker amulet and ordered him to take me to the cave. We made it to the little island without problem. Nice touch, with the Inferii, by the way. I ordered Kreacher to not give me any water from the lake, to take us back as soon as the lockets were switched and to give me the antivenom as soon as we got home. Then I drank the draught. It was pure agony and it I still haven't figured out, how you managed to enchant it, that it must be consumed." He looked puzzled for a moment, then smoothed out his expression and continued. "Kreacher did as ordered and brought us home, gave me the antivenom and cared for me, while I recovered. I returned to the DoM a few days later and analysed the locket. Alphard helped me and together we figured out, that you had made more than one Horcrux, based on the size of the soul-shard, there had to be at least three more. After that, I knew, I couldn't return. You'd never have listened to me in your state and I couldn't just destroy the locket without risking exposure. So, I vanished from the outside world and let myself be declared dead." He looked apologetic at Sirius. "The following years, we searched for the other Horcruxes and perfected a ritual to retrieve them and send them back to the main-soul without damaging the container. We suspected, that you used founder-items after analysing the locket and didn't want to destroy them." At this, he looked accusingly at Voldemort.

Voldemort nodded. "Why the note?"

Regulus grinned. "I couldn't resist." Was the nonchalant answer. "And, if you ever came to the conclusion, that Horcruxes weren't the way to go and wanted them back, I would be alerted. There was a trigger spell on the note." He winked at Voldemort's disbelieving face. Obviously even the Dark Lord hadn't felt his spell. Good. "When the Potter's died, we knew, you weren't really dead and we suspected what happened to little Harry. Lily was one of us and would've outranked me if she had wanted to, but she wanted to stay with her family. Understandable, if you asked me." He looked at Harry with a sad smile. "I'm sorry, we couldn't help you. We're forbidden to interfere with prophecies and as you were a prophesied child, I couldn't do anything. Same goes for you." He turned to his brother. "It was decided that we had to let the events take place as they were to come without interference. I argued long with Alphard and my other superiors, but lost the argument and was set on other projects until the time was right, to return to the living. In the evening after Harry's trial, I went to the Hall of Prophecies after dodging Dumbledore's guard. The prophecy had gone dormant and finally, I could do something. It took some time, to convince Alphard and the others, but now I'm here, as a liaison to the DoM." He reached in his robe pocket,

pulled out a stack of papers and laid it on the coffee table. “My official marching order and the complete ritual. Tested and approved.”

Voldemort eyed it suspiciously. “That is quite the tale, Regulus. And you’re aware, that you will be punished?” Regulus nodded, but said nothing. Harry wasn’t sure, if he was just unaffected or if he was that good in hiding his feelings, but he was impressed with the man. “I’ll look over this. I planned to reabsorb the Horcruxes on Samhain, but one is still missing and I’ll need Bellatrix, to retrieve it. It’s in her vault.”

“In the Lestrange family vault or in her dowry vault?” Sirius asked.

“In her dowry fault, I believe. Why?” Voldemort looked speculatively at Sirius.

“Because, if she were to die without children, the dowry vault would return to the Blacks. If I’d be a free man, I could claim my inheritance and the vault would be mine. Dear old mummy wasn’t cruel enough to disown me completely. If she’d known that Regulus was still alive, then perhaps, but so…” He looked expectant at Voldemort. “As a free man, I would be of more use to you than as a wanted criminal. You’ve got the means to clear my name and dear Bella is too dangerous to free anyway. I guess, you want to free some of your followers?” Voldemort nodded. “Then this would be the perfect opportunity to kill her.”

“No, the brake-out is planned for the new year, I don’t want to announce my return too early. If we really want to kill her, she’d need to die earlier.” Voldemort said and looked to Regulus.

“That can be arranged, no problem at all. She’s lost the plot a long time ago and Sirius is right, she’s way too dangerous to keep her around. She’s outlived her usefulness. Her death would benefit us more.” Regulus said nonchalantly and Harry wondered, how anybody could talk so coldly about another human’s death. Then he changed the topic. “Why do you want to announce your return at all?”

Voldemort blinked. “Pardon?”

Regulus grinned. “People fear your name and with good reason. Politically, it wouldn’t be beneficial to announce your return and Dumbledore would gain support. Let Voldemort go. Restore your soul and your body and return as your own son or grandson to the political floor. The rising star on the political horizon. Admittedly it would take longer, but we aren’t pressed for time, are we? You’d once had the

right ideas and the necessary charm, you've already the support of a good portion of society and I'm sure you can woo everybody but the hardcore Dumbledore-fans. You could make your plans happen without much bloodshed. Every magical blood is precious and your previous madness already cost too many magical lives."

"I'll consider this at a later time. My priority lies with restoring my soul and my magic. I just need to figure out how to make a philosopher's stone. Everything else has indeed time." Voldemort agreed.

Regulus looked contemplatively at him. "I could help with that. The DoM has three philosopher's stones and the records how to make one locked up, but I could get one and a copy of the records for you." At Voldemort's sceptical expression, he added: "Flamel wasn't the first one to figure out, how it's done, just the first one idiotic enough to make it public."

"And how would you get in this locked up location?" Voldemort asked doubtfully.

Regulus shrugged and grinned. "I've gotten many privileges and authorizations for this mission. I'll get it for you, if that is, what is needed to get you to restore your soul. The higher ups were pretty clear with that."

Voldemort just nodded and turned to Sirius. "Now to you, Mister Black. You are not wrong that you're more useful as a free man and Wormtail hasn't had his punishment for botching the ritual somehow yet." Sirius looked excited at these words. "I won't demand that you take the Dark Mark, as you made it clear, that your loyalties lie with Harry, but I demand a Vow of Secrecy (3) until I release you from it." Sirius nodded his agreement. "Then Lucius will catch a rat in his wards tomorrow morning and report it to the DMLE." A malicious grin showed on Sirius face. "That leaves me without a spy who can get around unseen…"

"How about Rita Skeeter?" All three man turned their eyes on him and Harry blushed under the scrutiny. "Well… she… she is a beetle Animagus. Unregistered."

"And how would you know this?" Voldemort asked imploringly.

Harry scowled. "Granger trapped her in a glass jar on the train at the end of last year." It still hurt to think about his old friends, but he was slowly coming to terms. He would speak with Sirius about this, when

he had the time. “She threatened her with exposure, if she ever writes rubbish about me and her again.”

“A nice little form, unobtrusive and as a reporter, she knows, what she’s doing. A good suggestion, Harry, we’ll approach her in the near future.” Voldemort praised and Harry preened. “Good, now to your punishment.” He practically pierced Regulus with his eyes. “You’ll live here, where I can have an eye on you. You’re not allowed to leave the premise without permission and you will be young Harry’s main instructor in his lessons, with a few exceptions, where you will just assist.” After Regulus uttered his consent, he continued. “Then this is settled. Sirius, you’re welcome to stay at the Manor, too, I’m sure Lucius will agree with me, but the choice is yours.”

“I’ll gladly stay, my home needs a severe renovation! I’ve just to return this evening to take over the wards, then I can stay here for good.” Sirius grinned.

“Good, anything else we can discuss at a later time. Get settled. Dinner is in one and a half hours, don’t be late! Harry, why don’t you show your godfather and his brother the guestrooms, they are next to yours. I’ll see you at dinner. Dismissed.” With that Voldemort turned his attention to the stack of papers on the coffee table.

When they were out of the room and out of hearing range, Regulus grumbled. “I’m a feared assassin of the Death Chamber, now I’m reduced to a babysitter!”

Sirius grinned. “You’ll live, Reggie.”

“Don’t call me Reggie!” Regulus hissed.

Harry just laughed and led the way. It was a good day.

(1) For more information on the library read “Altering Universe - Additional Reading” Chapter 3

(2) Harry’s full schedule can be found in “Altering Universe - Additional Reading” Chapter 4

(3) For more information on vows and oaths read “Altering Universe - Additional Reading” Chapter 5

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

I started to outline this story on January 12th, on January 15th I started the actually writing. On January 30th I completed chapter 18 and I was looking forward to write the next chapter the following day. In the morning of January 31st my world crashed. My mother had called and told me, that my beloved Dad had passed mere hours ago at the age of 65. I was devastated, numb and I couldn't process it. My husband and daughter were there for me, but I couldn't comprehend that he was gone. I fled in my own world and it threw me in a writing frenzy. Since then, I completed this story, a sequel and am already seven chapters in the third part. I also wrote everything else I posted in "Dark Fantasies" and am halfway through "A Black Life". I vented my grief, my pain and my anger at the unfairness of life.

Tomorrow, February 21st 2024, I'll bury my father. Therefore, I'm not sure, if I'll be able to post anything else this week or if I fall back into my writing frenzy.

I wanted to thank everyone who read my works and especially those who left kudos and comments. It cheered me up a great deal to know, that some people like my work and it helped me to come back to myself, at least to an extent. It will take me a long time to overcome the fact, that my dad is gone forever. For me, this story will forever be tied to him and the good and hard times we had together.
Thank you all for reading.

Trigger-warning for this chapter: Objectification (muggles are seen as toys, not human beings), tit-torture, rape, underage (Harry is barely sixteen in the memory)

If any of these triggers you, please skip the memory written in italics.

Chapter 9

Slytherin Castle, July 30th 1997

Harry was striding through Slytherin Castle with purpose. He was on his way to the great hall, where a feast would be served in half an hour for his birthday and this year's initiation of junior Death Eaters. After Marvolo had restored his soul, mind and magic, he'd claimed the Slytherin-name and with it this castle. It was unplottable and a near replica of Hogwarts. It had taken over a year to restore it to its former beauty and modernize it. A small army of house elves had worked relentlessly to make it habitable, clean it out, refurbish it and to rebuild and equip the greenhouses and stables. The castle was self-sufficient and would hold out a long time under siege. It even had its own version of the lake and the forbidden forest. Of course, the forest wasn't forbidden here, it housed many animals, but neither Centaurs nor Acrumantulas. Only on the full moon it was restricted. Marvolo had placed strong wards around the forest which were based on runes tied to the moon cycle, so that the in the castle residing werewolves had a safe space during the full moon. Harry loved the forest, there were enough animals, that he could practice his hunting skills with. Everything he hunted down would end up in the kitchens for dinner. Sometimes Severus or Regulus took him to gather various potion ingredients and it was his refuge, if he needed a bit time for himself. On some days he and Sirius would come down in the dark to lay in a small clearing and look at the stars. It was his favourite way to spend an evening. He could practice his astronomy skills and talk to his godfather about everything that bothered him. If the weather or time didn't allow venturing in the forest, they would meet up at the astronomy tower. They'd started these evenings back at Malfoy Manor, when Harry was plagued by nightmares and they continued them ever since. Harry even managed an O in his astronomy OWL thanks to these evenings.

He turned a corner on the first floor and waved at Theodore and Vincent. They would join him at the initiation, together with a few others. Harry passed the classrooms, which were all located on this floor and made his way down the stairs at the ground floor. Here were multiple common rooms for gatherings, the smaller dining rooms and the great hall for all festivities and major gathering, as well as meals for all inhabitants who didn't get to use a smaller dining room. A floor lower were the laboratories for potions and alchemy located, as well as the storage rooms for ingredients and food. And on the lowest floor were the dungeons. At the moment they were empty, as far as Harry knew, but this wouldn't always be the case.

Harry loved life at the castle. In Malfoy Manor he'd often felt

restricted, but here he could roam free and had enough company if he wanted or could go to his own suite of rooms, if he needed quiet time. Even with his brutal schedule of lessons, he'd more time and company than ever before. He'd eat his meals with Sirius, Regulus and Marvolo in one of the smaller dining rooms reserved for them. Sometimes they were joined by various Death Eaters and Severus, who lived full time at the castle during the holidays. He'd still private lessons, but in most he had more than one teacher. His Defence-lessons were mostly mock duels with his teachers or Marvolo himself to keep in shape and his reflexes on high alert. In the last two years, his body had greatly improved. Gone was the uncertain, scrawny teenager with stick-like limbs and knobby knees and in his place was now a lithe, well-muscled, confident, sometimes even cocky young man. Now he had clothes that fit him well and he'd even found a way to tame his unruly hair. He wore it at shoulder length and kept it with two small braided wisps tied together at the back of his head out of his face. He knew, he looked good and he used it to his advantage with girls and boys alike. He preferred boys, or men, that is, but he wasn't one to screw his face at a pretty girl, who batted her lashes at him and he certainly experimented enough with both genders when an opportunity presented itself. That was mostly on the sacred days around the year, when they all came together to celebrate and all his lessons were cancelled for the day. They usually were his only free days beside Sundays, but that was okay with him. He'd only a year left, then his workload would ease up a bit, at least, he hoped so.

On the stairs he passed Heather, a pretty brunette he'd met his first Beltane and to whom he'd lost his virginity to at the same day in the heat of the festivities. He was only thankful, that he remembered the contraceptive spell in time, before he was lost in a lustful haze. Sirius would've had his hide, if he'd produced a child that night. They'd never spoken about it again, but greeted each other in passing. Harry had distanced himself pretty quickly from the notion of saving his virginity for his one, true love. He was surrounded mostly by men and hormonal teenagers for the better part of a year and had listened to the stories of their exploits. He'd come to the conclusion, that he should enjoy live how and whenever he could and swore to himself, to take every opportunity he got to do just that. Like on Litha last year, as he'd followed Lucius to his dungeons and tried to spy on him. The memory alone still let his cheeks burn and his cock throb.

Harry saw Lucius leave the festivities, which were slowly winding down. After a quick look around, he decided to follow the man he came to view as an uncle. A real uncle who indulged him and often even spoilt him like his son, their previous animosity completely forgotten. At the entrance to

the dungeons, Lucius looked around and Harry hastily ducked behind one of the many big flower arrangements Narcissa loved so much. After Lucius vanished down the dungeons, Harry followed him on silent feet. At first, he thought the dungeons were nothing more than a grander name for a basement, but he quickly discovered, that they were real dungeons with gloomy cells, chains and torture instruments, bare stone walls and cold floors. Lucius stepped in one of these cells and left the door slightly ajar. When Harry crept closer to look inside his eyes widened. There were, chained with their hands above their heads to the wall, a young, naked woman and an equally naked, young man. He must've made a noise, because suddenly the door was flung fully open and Lucius looked at him with a raised eyebrow and an amused smile. "Well, don't just stand there, come in and close the door." He stepped aside and Harry stepped in the room.

"Who're they?" Harry asked and eyed the pair. He let his eyes roam over the scared face down to the big, full tits of the woman. She was pretty. He liked her big tits with nipples the size of ripe blueberries, her slightly pudgy stomach and the thin strip of hair over her vulva. Then he looked the man over. He'd pretty, expressive eyes and a rather feminine, hairless face. He was skinny and his body was not much of a looker. Harry preferred his men lithe with the right amount of muscle and not this stick-thin figure. His cock was also on the smaller side, so not much to look at compared to Harry's package.

"My newest toys." Lucius answered and at Harry's questioning look, he elaborated: "Muggles, who nobody will miss. I like to play with them and when they're too broken or damaged, I discard them and buy new ones. Some hold longer than others. These two are new, just arrived this morning, so I hadn't had time yet, to break them in. Would you like to join?" he asked amused at Harry's roaming gaze.

"You wouldn't mind?" Harry asked astonished, then added. "Does aunt Cissy know?"

"About them? Yes. About you? No, and I would like to keep it that way for the time being." He winked at him. "She'd probably say I'm corrupting your innocence or some such rubbish. I personally think, you're old enough for this. Draco won't be allowed down here until he's at least seventeen maybe even just after his graduation. The boy talks too much and is sometimes too vicious for his own good. He also lacks in maturity, to no fault of his own, I might add, we sheltered him a bit too much, but alas… Nothing to be done about it now." He sighed dramatically. "So, what shall it be? Do you want to stay or leave?"

Harry laughed. “Are you kidding? Of course, I’m staying. May I touch her?” At Lucius indulgent nod, he stepped forward and touched the woman’s left breast. They were incredibly soft. He dragged his thumbnail over her nipple and enjoyed her soft gasp and the quickening of her breath. “Nice.”

Lucius grinned and stepped to his side. “You can be as hard as you like with her, nobody will judge you. Let me show you.” He grabbed both tits in his hands, squeezed them hard, then lifted and twisted them, until the woman whimpered, then he slapped them together and let them go. They clutched down with a slapping noise and Harry could see red marks from Lucius fingers and small indentions where his nails had cut in the soft flesh. “Try it.”

Harry gulped and felt himself slowly thicken in is trousers, but grabbed the tits with both hands. He kneaded them enthusiastically, dug his nails in and dragged them down to the nipples. Red stripes formed on the pale flesh and Harry was mesmerized by the sight. His nails caught on the nipples and he dug them in harder, then tugged and twisted them until they were nearly purple. The woman whimpered again and the sound sent a twist of arousal directly to his cock. He looked at Lucius and after an encouraging nod, he let his hands wander downwards. He dragged his nails over her stomach, grabbed a pudgy roll of fat and dug his nails in, then went further down and tugged at the thin strip of hair. Then he let two fingers slip between her lips and thrust them directly in the soft flesh of her hole. It wasn’t very slippery, not like Heather had been, but it felt good nonetheless. He kept thrusting his fingers while his thumb found her clit and he rotated it around the soft bundle of nerves. The whimpers grew louder and the wetness increased a bit while he didn’t stop his administration for a few minutes, then suddenly he dug his sharp thumbnail in the clit, then withdrew his fingers and looked at the wetness there. “You liked this, you slut.” He told her with a grin and smeared the slimy juice on her stomach.

“As I said, just animals, these muggles.” Lucius laughed. “You’re a natural with them. Want to try something more vicious?” At Harry’s enthusiastic nod, Lucius slapped the woman directly in the face. “You’ll need a stern hand with them, otherwise they don’t learn. They’re just this stupid. Ever slapped a woman?” At Harry’s scandalized look, Lucius shook his head. “Not a witch. You don’t slap or beat a witch ever, with one exception. There’re women, who enjoy it in the bedroom, but they must give you explicit permission to do the things, you do to these toys. Do you understand the difference?” Lucius asked earnestly.

Harry thought it through, then nodded. “Yes, I think so. I would never mistreat a lady.” Satisfied, Lucius gestured to the woman. Harry slapped

her across the cheek and then, for good measure on the other cheek with his non-dominant hand. He watched in fascination as red handprints formed on her face and his cock gave another throb. He liked this a lot, but didn't dwell on the thought what that said about him. He didn't care, this was just a toy, like his uncle said. He tried slapping the tits next. It was nice, but there weren't forming marks, which was a bit disappointing, but the whimpers were nice. He gave the pudgy stomach a forceful slap, then another when he saw a handprint form. At last, he gave her vulva three hard slaps in quick succession and enjoyed her little screams. "It's nice, but I like it better, if I leave marks, I think." He casually said to Lucius.

Lucius nodded in agreement. "Me too. I enjoy especially the screams which come with the marks. What would you like to mark?"

"Her tits!" Was Harry's excited answer. He'd a thing for tits, especially, when they were as big as these.

Lucius laughed again. "That's my boy. Alright, we'll have to go to another room, I don't have the right equipment here." He crouched down, freed her feet from the wall and linked a short chain in the cuffs on her ankles. Harry could see little rings in which Lucius fastened the chain. He just now registered the collar she was wearing with a ring on the front in which Lucius hooked a leash. Then, he hooked a similar chain from the hook in the wall, which had held her hands above her head. He pushed her down to the floor and ordered: "Crawl!" She struggled to get on all four and crawled slowly after Lucius who was holding the leash and tugging at it. Harry wondered, why she was this obedient for a moment then guessed, that she was probably too scared to put up a fight or she knew that she wouldn't stand a chance anyway. On their way down the corridor, he admired the big, round ass of the woman and couldn't resist to give it a hard slap. Lucius gave him a fond smile and opened the door to a bigger room. Harry looked around curiously. There were all means of implements lining the walls, a cabinet with open doors which displayed various torture devices which Harry had no clue what to do with or what they were for, several hooks in the walls and at the ceiling and furniture Harry had never seen. There was a triangular stool with the tip facing up, a horse like device with a hard, metal plated edge facing upwards, a table big enough to chain a person on, a chair with a hole in the seat and others which Harry had no idea what they were. Meanwhile Lucius had chained the woman to a highbacked chair, secured her hand and legs and shoved a small table under her tits, so that they lay flat on the table so it was flush with her ribcage. He straightened and secured the legs of the table and the chair with a sticking charm. "Of course, I could secure her tits with a sticking charm too, but these are more fun." He grinned at Harry and pulled a handful of nails and a hammer out of his pocket. Harry's cock gave

another pulse and he had to adjust himself. “Now, I’ll show you one and you’ll make the rest.” He pulled one nipple long until the tit lay flat, then took a nail, positioned it at the side with a bit of skin between the nail and the table and hit the head hard. The nail drove right through the flesh and deep into the wooden table and the woman screamed loudly. “The first one is always a bit tricky, but it gets easier with practice. You should always start at the side and when the first one is in, you can work towards the nipples. I prefer to do the nipples last, but you can do them earlier, if you like.” Lucius lectured while he did the same to the other tit and the woman screamed again. “Now it’s your turn. Have fun.”

Harry took the offered nails and hammer and stepped closer. He looked how Lucius had positioned the first nail, took one of the nails and tried to position it on the other side of the tit. It was harder than he thought, the skin slipped out under the nail and tightened up, but he managed to trap a good portion under the nail. He held it in position and gave a testing hit. The nail drove in the skin and a little fat, but didn’t go through, so he hit it again a bit harder. Three hits later, the nail was securely embedded in the table and the woman was sobbing. “Well, that wasn’t so bad, was it, slut?” Harry taunted the woman and took another nail. “Let’s see, if the next one goes better.” It did. Seven nails later he admired his handywork. Two nails on each side of the tit and one directly through the nipple satisfied him. It was a good look and he gave the sobbing woman a grin. “Looks actually really nice.” Then he turned to Lucius whose hand was in his trousers, slowly stroking his cock. “What’s next?”

Lucius pulled his hand out of his trousers and wiped it at the woman’s hair. “You wanted marks on her tits, so that’s what we’ll do next.” He went to a wall and came back with a thin cane. “This is a cane. They come in various materials and widths. This is a thin bamboo cane. I prefer them for tits. You can make the most beautiful marks with them. They are also the most painful ones, I’ve heard.” He pulled away and came down hard on both tits. The woman screamed again loudly and Harry threw a glance to the door. “Don’t worry, the rooms down here are soundproof.” Harry nodded and watched in fascination at the thin red welt. “They darken with time, but you can also try, to hit the same spot again. If you’re practiced enough and hit the same spot often enough, you’ll draw blood.” He gave Harry the cane. “Try it as often as you like.”

And Harry did. He relished in the screams of the woman and the red welts all over her tits. Some darker than others. He experimented with strength and rhythm, then practiced his aim. He didn’t count, but he was sweating by the time he was done, the woman a sobbing mess and his cock ready to burst. “I’m done. That was fun.” Laying down the cane on the table, he touched the bruised tits and tugged at them to see them drawing on the

nails. The woman gave a low groan and continued sobbing and Harry felt more powerful than ever.

"Then I think, we should wrap this up here, it is getting late." He pulled out his cock and slapped the woman across the cheek to bring her back to awareness. "If you bite, I'll pull out your teeth one by one!" She gave him a frightened nod. "Then open up!" She did and he drove his cock in to the hilt. Harry watched as the woman gagged while Lucius fucked her throat. It didn't take long for Lucius to come down her throat with a low moan. He pulled out, wiped his cock on her hair and shoved her face to Harry. "Your turn, if you like."

Harry needn't be told twice. He opened his trousers and pulled out his cock, then sank down in the warm cavern of her mouth. He guided her head with a hard grip in her hair and relished in the tight warmth and the heading feeling of power over her. She was there for him to use and he had the fleeting thought to ask Lucius for a toy of his own in the near future. While he guided her head with one hand, he kneaded the nailed, abused tits with the other and fucked her face relentlessly. Sooner than he would've liked his balls drew up and his cock gave a warning pulse. He withdrew from her mouth and came all over her face and tits. After catching his breath, he took Lucius as example and used her hair to dry his cock, then tugged it in and closed his trousers. "Thank you, uncle, for this really nice evening." He grinned and looked down at the woman. She looked apathetic with red rimmed eyes, tear-stained cheeks and snot and cum all over her face and tits. With the contrast of the dark welts and the pearly white cum she was a picture to behold. Harry had to forcefully turn away and leave the room with Lucius. The fun was over for the night.

Harry had to push down the memory, it wouldn't do to come to the great hall with a boner. He'd had many more "lessons" with Lucius after that. Sirius had caught on pretty quickly and after a stern talking and after much debating, he had joined them at these evening activities. At the beginning Harry had struggled in viewing the slaves in the dungeons as toys and not as human beings and after admitting this to Lucius and Sirius they had a lengthy discussion. Lucius explained to Harry and Sirius, that the slaves were at the bottom of society even in the muggle world. Often homeless, hookers or criminals they were picked up by wizarding traffickers who cleaned them up, gave them a basic training and sold them to rich purebloods such as Lucius. They would've died early in the muggle world anyway and this way they were at least of use to them. After that he and Sirius had no qualms to use the toys to their hearts content and Harry saw a much darker side of his godfather. After relocating to Slytherin Castle shortly before Yule last year, their activities were limited to the

weekends. Harry and Sirius had a standing invitation to the Manor and still had their own rooms there. They would floo over on Saturdays for dinner and stay until Sunday evening after dinner, then return to the Castle. A few weeks ago, after school let out, Draco had joined them too and they'd had much fun together. It was a good bonding experience and Draco proofed to be very creative.

Harry arrived in the entrance hall with twenty minutes to spare, thanks to the stairs not moving like in Hogwarts and his rooms being located on the fourth floor. The entire third floor was one, big library and the living quarters started at the fourth floor. As he was fairly high ranked within the organisation now, despite his age, he had the privilege of a lower floor. The lower the rank the higher up and smaller your quarters were. Nobody wanted to climb all the stairs up to the seventh floor, if they could help it.

Harry still marvelled how fast everything was changing, since Marvolo's full recovery. They'd gone with Regulus plan and Bellatrix was poisoned in Azkaban. Sirius, after his name was cleared pretty quickly, had just claimed the vault and gone down to get the cup. The fall out of Lucius bringing in a strung-up Pettigrew and therefore proofing Sirius' innocent had Harry laughing for days on end. Dumbledore had great difficulties to explain, why he'd never given Sirius a trial while he was Chief Warlock and was therefore further shunned by the public. Lucius meanwhile had cemented his reputation as an upstanding, law-abiding citizen and gained a lot of political support. Together with Marvolo, who made is entrance on the political floor shortly before yule that year, they were a force to be reckoned. In mid-February they managed to convince the Wizengamot to investigate all inmates of Azkaban sentenced in the wake of the last war and managed to free a good portion, for example the Lestrange brothers among others, on grounds of flimsy evidence or coercion. The muggle-boy impersonating Harry Potter was slipped a slow acting poison in his meals, which prevented his body to gain any real sustenance from meals and starved slowly to death. His body was found shortly after Ostara by a guard and his death was instantly made public. The outcry was epic. Fudge was shunned out of office and under investigation after multiple guards testified that they had orders from the minister, to feed the boy the bare minimum and the meals approved by the minister got smaller and smaller every month. They all were surprised that the boy had made it as long as he had. Nobody doubted them even as Fudge denied such an action vehemently. Marvolo used the fall out to position several of his men in high-ranking offices, but they weren't ready for a complete take-over at this time, so they allowed Rufus Scrimgeour to take the floor. He

was actually a good minister, but unfortunately not receptive to their agenda.

Harry found the group of boys who would join him in the initiation and stepped closer. “He guys, ready for the big day?”

Blaise smiled charmingly at him. “Yes, and happy birthday to you, Harry. This is quite the birthday party, isn’t it?”

Harry grinned. “Oh yes, it is.” They had found the birth records of the original Harold Peverell and were positively thrilled to discover, that he was born just a day before Harry. His real birthday party would be tomorrow at Malfoy Manor but to everyone else, he turned seventeen today.

“And you deserve it, Mr. Fourteen-OWLs!” Ernie McMillan interjected. Harry had been surprised to see the Hufflepuff at the preparation meetings they’d had over the year.

“Fourteen OWLs?” Cormac McLaggen, an arrogant Gryffindor, who was a year older than them, asked disbelieving. His uncle had insisted he stayed a year back and joined just after his graduation. Harry didn’t like the pompous prat, but he’d have to endure his presence because of the political power his uncle held. Marvolo’s orders were clear in this regard.

“Yes, nine O’s, four E’s and an A” Harry listed proudly.

“Which one was the A?” Theodore asked while stepping closer to the group.

“Arithmancy. Marvolo wasn’t best pleased with this one.” Harry grimaced at this. After he’d gotten his results, Marvolo had looked them over. He was pleased with his OWLs until he saw his Arithmancy-mark. It was another lesson in dodging while Marvolo lectured him over the importance of his education in general and Arithmancy in particular. But after the lesson, Harry had explained, that Arithmancy just wasn’t his strong suit and begged to be allowed to drop the subject. As he’d at least had the basics down, he was allowed to drop it in favour to up Runes and Healing.

“But how did you manage fourteen OWLs? Hogwarts only offers twelve and that is, if you manage to take all the electives on offer.” McLaggen asked, still flabbergasted.

Harry gave him a smug look. “Well, I was tutored privately. As you

certainly know, one-on-one lessons give you a great advantage and I actually liked my teachers. I had, of course, all the core subjects, Hogwarts offers, Sirius and Regulus Black taught me Runes and Arithmancy as well as Astronomy, Aunt Cissy taught me a lot about healing, Uncle Lucius gave me lessons in politics and law, Marvolo and Auror John Dawlish duelled with me nearly every evening and gave me the important theory for defence and Theo's grandfather taught me History and ritualic magic. The Muggle-Studies-OWL I threw in just for fun. As I grew up partly in the muggle world, it was ridiculously easy."

McLaggen whistled impressed and Draco rolled his eyes. "Yes, yes, very impressive. I wish, I could've stayed at home as well, but mother insisted I go to Hogwarts." He gave Harry a mock glare. "Why my parents taught you, but not me is still beyond me!"

"Because I am the poor orphaned son of a squib-cousin, who was forced to live in the muggle world for years and you're their spoilt son who's in dire need of the disciplining hands of practiced teachers?" Harry answered innocently and side-stepped the stinging hex aimed at him as the others laughed heartedly at Draco's expense.

"Prat!" Draco grumbled, but before he could say more, a bell was announcing the beginning of the feast.

"Come on, cousin-dearest, we don't want to be late. Your mother wouldn't forgive us, when she heard of it." He shuddered slightly at the thought and threw an arm around Draco's shoulder. Together, they entered the great hall and made their way to their designated table. Tonight, they would all sit together on the centre-table on a raised platform with Marvolo at the head, where in Hogwarts would be the teachers-table. The other Death Eaters were seated on tables arranged at the sides of the hall and a big space in the middle left empty for the later activities. No women or children were allowed in the great hall this evening. Initiations were only for men. Harry had asked Marvolo last year about it, as he was the only minor allowed to be present. Marvolo explained, that women weren't meant to be Death Eaters, but to raise them. There were, of course, exceptions to the rule, but those women weren't seen as real women, as they were barren.

Harry sat right beside Marvolo and nobody questioned it. It was wildly known, that Harry was some sort of prodigy of the Dark Lord and his favourite to boot. It was made abandonly clear in the past two years, that the Dark Lord was grooming him to rule at his side.

Marvolo stood up and looked around. “Welcome, friends.” He stated in a low, clear voice. “We’re gathered here to celebrate the coming of age of one of the most talented young men I’ve seen in a long time. Harold James Peverell.” Harry grinned and blushed slightly at the applause and well-wishes which were shouted. He glanced at Marvolo and was astounded yet again, how good the man next to him looked. Dark brown hair, piercing blue eyes, a strong jaw and aristocratic nose. Combined with a strong, lithe, well-muscled body, he was a wet-dream walking in Harry’s eyes. “Harold surprised even me with his talent and progress in the last two years. This is why I chose to gift him the leadership of this and the coming years junior-ranks as a birthday present.” Harry had managed to keep his features under control, he’d known, this was coming, but he hadn’t known it would be announced even before the initiation had taken place. Around them, people were whispering and throwing him gazes, some appraising, some envious. When the hall quieted down, Marvolo just said. “Let the feast begin!”

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

> Trigger-warnings: torture, rape, castration, blood and gore, murder, enslavement
>
> Please read this chapter with caution, it is extremely violent. If you decide to skip this chapter, a summery is written in the end-notes.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 10

Slytherin Castle, July 30th 1997

The feast was spectacular, the house elves had outdone themselves. Not even Hogwarts feasts were this good, Harry thought, after he'd finished his dessert. He was a bit nervous, but his appetite was as good as ever since he came to live with his self-made family. Because that was, what it was. Narcissa as his aunt, Lucius and Regulus as his benevolent uncles and Sirius as some sort of father. Even Draco as his misgiving brother counted in. And Marvolo? Not really family, but a mentor of sorts. He even came to an agreement with Severus and they got along better than ever. Could've to do with him being not completely useless at potions, quite the opposite was the case. With the right instructions, more detailed explanations and without any other distractions, Harry turned out to be quite well at potions. He managed an O in his OWLs after all. Sure, he would never be a master of the craft, but he could brew most of the potions he would need in his day-to-day life.

Harry was looking forward to the initiation, finally, he would be seen as a fully-fledged wizard in the eyes of the Death Eaters and with Marvolo's announcement, nobody would dare to make fun of him again. Of course, they'd gossiped behind his back about the orphan the Malfoys took in and nobody outside those in the know could understand the Dark Lords interest in the young man. Tonight, he would show them, why they should fear him as they feared the Dark Lord himself. And in two days' time he could finally claim his

inheritance and take control of his finances. They'd to wait until the time he'd actually been born, otherwise the magic wouldn't take. Harry looked up as Marvolo stood up just as the food vanished from the tables. "Friends, it is time to welcome the next generation of Death Eaters in our ranks." The hall was utterly silent. "Bring in the sacrifices!"

The doors opened and a long throng of chained together men and women were led in by two masked Death Eaters and Harry wondered briefly who'd angered Marvolo enough to be on guard duty this evening. He watched the sacrifices as they made their way into the hall and were lined up against the far wall for all to see and to watch the proceedings. Of course, those who came later in the evening would surly piss themselves with the knowledge of what was to come, but that was half the fun, watching as realization slowly sunk in. He'd seen it last year and the later sacrifices had barely been conscious. He watched as the last four were chained to the wall and grinned. These would be for him. He couldn't wait.

"The sacrifices are ready, my Lord" one of the guards said and took his position.

"Draco Malfoy, you may begin." Draco stepped forward and looked at his sacrifice. A young woman of average look, but with nice tits, Harry mused. They had to demonstrate all three Unforgivables, only then would they receive their mark. Draco pointed his wand at the woman. No word was heard. It was a sign of magical power, to perform the Unforgivables silently. The woman slowly took off her clothes. When she was naked, she started to touch herself, scratch her tits bloody, rip her nipples off and then laid down on the floor, spread her legs and inserted her whole fist in her cunt. It took her a few minutes until she managed to insert her fist completely, ripping the flesh in the process, all the while bleeding from her tits. All around the hall, men were jeering and laughing, but the woman didn't seem to notice, too absorbed in her task. Harry was enjoying the show as everyone else. They were all just muggles after all. When the woman had finally inserted her fist and fucked herself with it, Draco cast a silent Cruciatus. The woman screamed and writhed on the floor, her hand still in her cunt. Draco held the curse a few minutes, then let up, let her catch her breath, then cast it again. When the woman's voice broke and her screams were silent, he let go of the curse. A moment later, a green light left his wand and the woman lay dead on the floor, her hand still inserted in her cunt. Thunderous applause accompanied Draco's bow to the masses, then he faced Marvolo and knelt down. "Well done, Draco, a truly marvellous start to the evening. Please,

take of your shirt."

Draco hesitated just for a moment, then took off his shirt. Marvolo stepped behind him and burned a Mark in Draco's left shoulder blade. Harry and Marvolo had discussed the changing of the place and the Mark itself. The left forearm was too obvious. The Mark itself was a work of art. A beautiful Raven with spread wings and a green snake around its neck. The raven was a symbol of the old gods. Odin's ravens flew all over the world and brought back information for their master, as will Harry's Ravens do. Harry's mark will be a special one he couldn't wait to receive, but knew, he wouldn't get tonight. Draco let out only a light gasp, as the mark was burned in his flesh, but Harry could see the pain in his eyes. "Thank you, my Lord." He stated, when the mark was done, then he stood up and returned to his place.

After this, it was the others turn one after another. Vincent and Gregory were not very creative, but effective, Theodore was almost as impressive as Draco, but couldn't cast silently and Blaise needed two tries until the Imperius took hold. To Harry's slight surprise Ernie McMillan and Terry Boot proofed to be as creative as Draco had been, as was Anthony Goldstein. Cormac McLaggen though vicious with the Imperius, lacked strength in the Cruciatus and barely managed the killing curse. They'd all received their mark on their preferred position, if they dared to utter a preference. Only Draco had known beforehand that the position would be changed and had declared his left shoulder blade as the perfect position for him at the last family dinner. They'd taken it with dignity, most of them let out only a small whimper or a low groan, with the sole exception of McLaggen who screamed like a girl. Much to the amusement of the hall and to the embarrassment of his uncle.

"Now, my friends, you're surly wondering about the last four." Murmurs of curiosity were heard before the hall quieted down again. "They're Harry Potter's muggle relatives and his old babysitter." Shocked silence. "As you all know, Harold here is the last of the Potter-line and cousin to the poor, misguided boy, who died last year. They were prepared the last two years by ruining them financially and their reputation they were so proud of. With their reputation and finances in shambles and their house burned to the ground, nobody will miss them. Harold had demanded these four specifically for his initiation. His reasons, he will tell you himself." He gestured to Harry. "The floor is yours."

Harry stepped in the middle of the room and looked at the Dursleys and Arabella Figg with hatred. "These four mistreated my cousin from

the moment he was placed in their care." He started. "They worked him like a house elf as long as he could remember, they beat him, starved him and humiliated him in nearly every way possible. How I know this? Harry managed to convince an auror in his cell to take his memories and bring them to his godfather. One of our own, Auror John Dawlish, smuggled the memories under great risk out of Azkaban. Unfortunately, they arrived us too late, to help him." This was, of course, a lie, but he'd have to make it believable and he could give John a bit of credit in payment for his training. He wanted revenge on the Dursleys, but he also wanted everyone to know, what muggles were capable to do to a wizarding child. "They punished Harry for the sole crime of doing accidental magic, they lied to him about his heritage and they relished in his pain. Let me show you!" He had long debated, if he should show his memories and talked it through with Regulus and Sirius. In the end, they agreed, that it would be a good idea. It would lay the ground work to be seen as the just leader, he wanted to project. If he got his revenge on the way, all the better. In addition, he wanted the story of Harry Potter known to the world and he'd spotted a green beetle in a corner of the hall. Marvolo had followed his advice and taken on Rita Skeeter as his reporter to go and today, she was allowed to witness this, so she could report the life of Harry Potter to the public.

Regulus stepped forward and placed a pensive from the DoM on the table in front of him. Harry poured his memories in the pensive, lowered the lights and triggered a rune, that would display the memories for all to see. He watched detached, as the small boy did a list of chores longer than his forearm, then was beaten with a belt for not completing it and thrown in the cupboard under the stairs without food or drink or medical attention. He showed scenes of every-day-life at the Dursleys, the taunting voices echoing in the silent hall. The cries, the begging of a small boy to stop the carving of the words "worthless freak" into his skin, the beatings with silent tears, scenes of Harry-hunting, his cousin slamming the door in his hands and the ever-present starvation. Then there were snippets of his Hogwarts-life and his begging of Dumbledore to not return to the Dursleys, followed by his return to this hell. He'd ended the memories with his fight against the dementors and the farce of his trial.

Outraged shouts could be heard all over the hall, but at his raised hand, the hall fell silent again. "As you saw for yourself, these vermin are guilty of abusing a helpless magical child and they deserve all what is coming!" He left his spot behind the small table and gestured to the guard. "Bring the uncle and the cousin first." He'd dreamed of this moment his whole life and he would relish his revenge as long as

he could. He grinned at Petunia, who was held upwards with an iron grip by one of the guards and pointed his wand first at Dudley. She whimpered as he vanished Dudley's clothes and forced his hands above his head. A nifty spell, which Lucius had shown him, had Dudley's hands chained to the ceiling. With the enchantments on it, it looked as if the chain just vanished in the clouds.

With a flick of his wand a table with an assortment of knives, belts and other implements on it appeared next to Dudley. He pointed his wand on Vernon and the show began. Without hesitation, Vernon stepped forward and took a knife, then stepped to Dudley and started to carve words in the fat stomach. Soon, it was clear, what he was carving. "Worthless freak" again. Well, he wasn't very creative, Harry thought, but then, Vernon started on Dudley's thighs. "Bastard" on the left one, "son of a bitch" on the right one, then "scum" right over Dudley's groin. All the while Dudley was screaming and begging his father to stop and the crowd was laughing. Vernon stepped back, nodded satisfied and turned to the back. "Cocksucker" was carved over both shoulders, followed by "faggot" a bit lower and finally "whore" right over Dudley's fat ass.

Then Vernon let the knife fall and went to the front again. His fists landed repeatedly in his son's face until a crunching noise indicated the breaking of the cheekbone, then he used the boy as a punching bag. Dudley was howling as his ribs broke one after another, blood dripping from the carvings and his also broken nose.

Vernon stepped back again and Harry could, much to his disgust, see a bulge in his trousers. Then he went to the table, took a pair of pliers and grabbed his son's fat fingers. Harry lowered the chain for better access, guessing what Vernon planned and he was proven right a moment later. One by one Dudley lost his fingernails and after this, Vernon broke every single finger. The screams were music to Harry's ears. How many times had Dudley broken a bone in Harry's body? Harry couldn't remember, but he could remember, that his aunt had done nothing to reprimand her son or even help him. A glance to Petunia showed, that tears were running down her cheeks and she had closed her eyes. Well, that wouldn't do. A stinging hex later, Harry grinned at her and shook his head. He would make sure, that she watched every gruesome detail.

Meanwhile, Vernon had exchanged the pliers for a cane. Harry was honestly surprised, he'd thought the belt was the man's favourite, but obviously, he'd been wrong. Perhaps the belt was just a substitute for want of a proper cane? Vernon now was methodically caning Dudley

from head to toe. He paid special attention to the fat ass and made sure the carved words weren't damaged and were framed by dark purple welts. Harry straightened out the chain, which was holding Dudley, so that he had to stand on his tiptoes to keep his balance and as Vernon reached the feet, he caned them as hard as he could. By the time he was done, he was panting and sweating profusely. Dudley was still howling and begging and Harry was grinning at the agony of his cousin.

Then Vernon did something, even Harry hadn't anticipated. He dropped the cane, pulled out his cock, spread Dudley's fat ass cheeks and drove his cock directly in Dudley's arsehole without lube or preparation. As Dudley threatened to pass out, Harry sent a jolt of electricity to him and shocked him back to awareness. He vanished Vernon's trousers completely, so they wouldn't be in the way, as the walrus fucked the whale with abandon.

Harry was still stunned, that Vernon would go this far. With a low grunt, Vernon spilled in the bleeding arse of his son, then pulled out. He didn't seem to notice his missing trousers as he stepped back to the table and grabbed a pair of scissors and went back to Dudley. He gave him another hard slap and with a malicious grin, he grabbed his son's cock and balls, squeezed them hard, positioned the scissors and cut the appendages off. Every man in the room flinched at the sight and the high-pitched scream, which cut abruptly of as Vernon shoved the flesh in Dudley's mouth. With that done, Vernon stepped back and watched his son thresh in agony, bleeding all over the floor and choking on his own cock and balls with a satisfied smirk.

Feeling slightly sick, Harry immobilized the man and lifted the curse. Horror at what he'd done to his own son showed on his face and he went as pale as a sheet. Harry stepped forward and addressed the room. "And this, gentlemen, is what this pig would've done to an eleven-year-old Harry Potter if he didn't have to fear the repercussions of the wizards. My Imperius stated only, that he could do whatever he wanted to his nephew without fearing consequences and to keep his mouth shut. In his mind, he saw Harry shortly before his first year in Hogwarts and this is the result!" Impressed and shocked silence dominated the room. This was one hell of an Imperius Curse, if it managed to let the man believe his son was his nephew. In the background Petunia was sobbing hysterically, because of what her husband would've done to her nephew or because of her son, Harry didn't know, but he suspected the latter.

He aimed a Cruciatus at her and she shrieked in pain and collapsed to

the floor writhing as the guard let go of her arm. He held the curse for about two minutes, then let it go for now and turned to Vernon. “Now, what to do with you? Death seems too good for you, don’t you think?” With a flick of his wand the rest of the clothes vanished and after another flick a flame appeared and the words “Child Abuser” burned themselves slowly in Vernon’s stomach. Not a sound was heard beside Petunia’s sobbing gasps thanks to Harry’s still holding immobilisation. When the flame was gone, Harry sent a Cruciatus at him and after three minutes he heard a satisfying snap of a broken bone. Harry held the curse another two minutes, then gave the man a short break. He didn’t want him suffocating too soon, so he also lifted the immobilisation. Vernon was panting and after two minutes, Harry shot the next Cruciatus. He continued to shoot the curse in five-minute-intervals until several bones were broken from the threshing, Vernon’s voice broke and he clutched his heart, seemingly having a stroke.

A well-aimed Sectumsempra cut off Vernon’s cock and left deep slashes in his testicles and all over his lower body. He then conjured a wooden stake as thick as his arm and with a sharp tip and lifted Vernon up with conjured chains which left him swinging in the air. Then he adjusted the hight of the stake, positioned the tip on the man’s arsehole and secured the stake with a sticking charm on the floor. With another grin to Petunia, he lowered the chain and Vernon began slowly to sink down, impaling himself with his weight.

Harry silenced him and left Vernon to the stake to bleed out and looked at Dudley. A big pool of blood had formed under him and he was extremely pale, but still breathing and watching his father. Then he turned to Mrs. Figg. “Now to you. You didn’t do anything directly, but you didn’t help little Harry either. I know, you acted under orders of Dumbledore, but it had been in your power, to get my cousin help. In your inactivity you aided these pigs in his abuse and for this, you’ve got to be punished.” Mrs. Figg closed her eyes in defeat and gave a tiny nod. Tears still ran down her cheeks and Harry knew they were for him and not herself. “I’m not unnecessary cruel, so I will give you a quick death.” He pointed his wand at her, looked her straight in the eyes and he thought, he saw a flicker of recognition as a green bolt left his wand and she collapsed, dead. A small portion of him felt sorry for her, she’d trusted the wrong person and that’s for ignored the suffering of a small boy, but he also felt justified.

“Last but not least, the aunt!” He sent another Cruciatus at Petunia to get her attention and held her under for about four minutes. By the time he lifted the curse, she was a sobbing, begging mess. He gave her

a moment to catch her breath and turn her focus back at him. “You’re the worst of all. You’re a mother and were capable of mistreating the son of you sister. A small boy who wanted nothing more than to be loved, as you loved your son. You failed him spectacularly. You ignored him, beat him with a frying pan, worked him like a slave and let your husband and son do to him whatever they wanted. For that, you won’t get a quick death.” He paused and glanced shortly to Dudley and Vernon.

They were both still breathing, Vernon slowly sinking deeper, a look of sheer agony on his face. The pool of blood around them getting bigger, but their attention was on Petunia as much as possible. Good. “You will live at least the next fourteen years. That’s how long Harry suffered under your tender care. You’ll be a slave to all wizards and witches in this castle and they’ll all know, what you’ve done to a magical child.” He vanished her cloths and conjured a slave collar, which fastened itself snug around her throat and had the words “Child Abuser” written about. “You’ll do chores directed by the house elves and cater at meal times in the great hall or the dining rooms, wherever the elves see fit. You’ll get no clothes, because you only gave Harry clothes so the neighbours wouldn’t talk. You’ll serve every wizard who demands it in every way they want. You’ll know no free time and no comfort. You’ll sleep in a cupboard under the stairs of the entrance hall on a thin mattress with only a thin, too small blanket and you will be locked in there if you’re not needed like an old broom. You’ll get a bucket for your waste and will be hosed down with cold water, when you start to smell, like you did with Harry. You’ll get enough to eat to keep you alive, but you’ll never feel full again. Your meals, if you earned them will consist of scrabs from the table or leftovers not suitable to be served again. But mostly your meals will be of slightly rotten vegetable and mouldy bread and cheese, on holidays there might be a piece of old meat on the table for you and if you’re lucky, you might get fresh cum.” He grinned as the face of Petunia turned a light green. “After the fourteen years are up, you’re fair game.” He then addressed the hall at large. “You may do to her, whatever you want, but keep her alive. That doesn’t mean, you’ll have to heal all injuries, just the live threatening ones. So is my verdict, so mote it be.”

“So mote it be!” echoed the hall.

Thunderous applause accompanied him back to his seat. When he sat down, he looked to Dudley and Vernon who weren’t breathing anymore and had a waxen complexation, Vernon sunken down with the stake protruding from his ribcage. Petunia was sobbing harder at

the sight of her dead husband and son and the men around the hall were laughing and jeering at her plight. Marvolo gave him a proud smile. “Well done, Harold. This was a just punishment. And an amusing one.” At Harry’s grin he winked and stood up. “As the initiation is over, let’s celebrate!” Clapping and laughing greeted this announcement and mead, vine and firewhiskey appeared on the tables together with all sorts of snacks. As an afterthought Marvolo added: “And take out the rubbish!”

Chapter End Notes

> Harry and the group of junior Death Eaters are initiated. Everyone has to perform all three Unforgivables. Harry takes his revenge on the Dudley and Vernon in a very violent matter and kills Arabella Figg. He enslaves Petunia, because in his eyes, she is the worst of all and doesn't deserve a relatively fast death.

Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

Thank you for all the kudos. They cheered me up a great deal.

Trigger-warning: Mentions of: public nudidity, humiliation, blood

Chapter 11

Hogwarts, July 31st 1997

Albus Dumbledore sat in a cushy armchair in the headmaster office and regretted many life-choices he'd made in the last years. Especially in regards of Harry Potter, but also Tom Riddle. Why hadn't he just taken young Tom under his wing? He could've taught the boy to be a better, more forgiving person, to be the best version of himself. Instead, he'd condemned the boy right after meeting him, believing him evil just because he could speak to snakes and punished those who'd wronged him. With the years between then and now, he could see, where he'd gone wrong. Raised in an orphanage in the middle of the muggle war couldn't have been easy, harder even in a catholic one. Who knows, what they did to the boy, if they believed, he was possessed by the devil? Albus was convinced, that muggles could sense magic in a subconscious way and instinctively knew, that something was different with this boy. And he'd learned the hard way, that muggles didn't like people who were different. Why hadn't he helped the boy, who was too clever and too powerful for his own good? In hindsight, he knew, he should've shown him compassion and helped him to find a wizarding family. Even his brother would've been a better guardian than the sisters in that orphanage. And he was sure, that Aberforth would've grumbled, but in the end, he would've taken the boy in. Shown him a stable live, hard work and the delights of accomplishing something good on your own. But he hadn't done it and with his inaction condemned the world to a monster.

And then there were his mistakes with Harry. He looked at the paper on the coffee table and put his head in his hands in despair. Somehow, Rita Skeeter had managed to get her hands on memories of Harrys, probably taken by a sympathetic guard to help the boy. In a special

edition, in “honour of Harry Potter’s seventeenth birthday”, she described the long suffering of a young wizard by the hands of his muggle relatives. And the worst of it, she’d included most of the memories. He didn’t know, where she’d found the spell to embed a memory on paper, but he was impressed, even if the content was sickening. He’d utterly and completely failed the boy. He’d been warned repeatedly about the muggles, by Minerva and foremost by Arabella. She’d written him multiple times about the bruises and the small, thin complexion of the boy and her suspicion of abuse, but he’d ignored the warnings, believing it childish disagreements with his cousin and a picking eating habit as was normal for children this age. He’d even ignored Harry’s begging to not be sent back to his family, but Albus wholeheartedly had believed, that Harry was exaggerating. He’d believed family would stick together and that Petunia, having a child of her own, would treat Harry as her own son. How wrong he’d been, if the newspaper could be believed and unfortunately, Albus thought, in this case it could be. But his biggest regret was his handling after the grave-yard-incident. Sirius’ last words to him were still ringing in his ears. He’d to admit, that the man was right. Not only was it his fault, that the boy was in the range of Dementors at all, he also was too late for the trial. He’d done everything he could, to free Harry and, when that had failed, to make his stay in prison as comfortable as he could. He visited as often as he was allowed, which was just once a month for forty-five minutes, and smuggled as much food in as he could. He even bribed the guard to look the other way, when he gave the food to Harry. At least, he’d taken the food and wolved it down like a starving man, what he’d been, as he now knew. But Harry hadn’t forgiven him, had only looked accusingly or apathetic at him and not said a word. And then Harry had died.

Albus sighed. It had to happen anyway, but he wished, he could’ve spared the boy the suffering. At least he’d managed to give him a proper funeral and paid for it out of his own pocket. He’d tried to get into Harry’s vault, he was sure, Harry wouldn’t have minded to fund the Order and recruit new members, but he was denied access. Apparently, Charles’ son was a wizard and the sole heir to the Potter-fortune. Albus had known about Charles’ child, but not that the boy was a wizard. More astounding were the similarities between the boys of the Potter-men. Both born at the end of July and nearly identic names. He’d become rather suspicious and investigated the boy. He’d travelled to Calgary, where the boy was born in a muggle hospital and grew up on the outskirts. He’d found everything he needed. Birth certificate, school records, even the old house and when he’d asked the nice lady now living there after the Peverell-family, she’d given

him a card box with things, that had been left behind after the death of the parents. He'd thanked her and returned to Hogwarts. When he'd gone through the card box, he'd nearly choked when he found a photo album full of muggle family photos documenting the live of Harold Peverell until the age of eight or nine, Albus guessed. Obviously, the Potter-men had similar tastes in women, because Harold's mother was a beautiful woman with auburn hair and piercing green eyes, not unlike the shade Lily Potter's had been. And the boys could've been twins, the Potter-genes strong in both boys and both boys had their respective mother's eyes. So, the boy wasn't a fraught and Albus' last hope, that Harry was still alive, was gone.

He grimaced, when he thought about, when he'd found out, that Harold was a ward of the Malfoy family. He'd wondered, why he never attended Hogwarts and subtly probing around had revealed, that the boy didn't want to. Well, nothing to be done about this. He'd had more important things to do. With a last glance at the newspaper, he stood up and stepped to his desk. There was a map spread out with several locations crossed out. He'd searched every possible location he could imagine, in and out of Britain and hadn't found one Horcrux of Tom. He was so sure, that that was, what had kept Tom alive, but he hadn't found one and now he was running out of ideas. And Tom still hadn't shown his face. He grimaced again. But his grandson had. Marvolo Slytherin, the bane of his existence. At first, he'd suspected Tom in disguise and had tried to expose him, but that had backfired spectacularly. Marvolo had impeccable records and apparently quite accidentally found out about his heritage with a new potion which had hit the market only five years ago. It used a drop of blood on a sheet of parchment drenched in the potion and drew a family-tree seven generations back. He'd attended Durmstrang, where he was friends with Igor Karkaroff's nephew and over this connection came in Lucius Malfoy's circle. The rest was, as the muggles said, history. He was the rising star in the ministry and took his responsibility quite seriously. It had been a long time, since a founders-seat was filled in the Wizengamot and with this came a lot political power. And, much to Albus' chagrin, the ideas of the young man were quite reasonably and would even suit his agenda. If he just wouldn't be in league with Lucius Malfoy…

His musings were interrupted by the floo flaring and out stepped a young, bushy haired woman. "Good morning, Headmaster. You wanted to see me?"

He smiled at her and gestured to the sitting area in the corner. "Good morning, Miss Granger. Please, take a seat. Tea?"

“No, thank you.” She declined and looked nervously at him.

“Well, I wanted to discuss the upcoming school year with you.” He started and she perked up. “As you probably suspected, I want you to be our new head girl.” At that, she beamed at him. “Yes, you’ve earned it. But I’ll need your help with something, that doesn’t belong to the duties of a head girl, I’m afraid.” He goaded her, he knew it, but he didn’t lie. She could do, what he couldn’t.

“Anything, Headmaster, if it helps you.” She answered excitedly and he could see the need to be special, to raise above all others and show them, that she was the best of them all.

“You see, there is a young man, I would like for you to bring into our fold. Unfortunately, he doesn’t attend Hogwarts.” She screwed up her face at that. He knew, she resented all, who chose homeschooling over attending a proper school. “And he’s a ward of the Malfoy family.”

“But…” She started.

“He would be a great asset to our cause and will wield immense political power, if he chooses to. We will need this power, if we want our goals to come to fruition.” He interrupted her with a stern gaze. “The young man in question is Harold Peverell, Harry Potter’s cousin from his father’s side. I’ve noticed, you’ve distanced yourself from Ronald and formed some sort of truce with young Mr. Malfoy?”

“Well…” she gulped. “After Harry’s trial, Ron and I drifted apart. Without Harry there, we couldn’t stand each other for any length of time.” She blushed. “He couldn’t understand my lack of interest in Quidditch and I didn’t like his childish jealousy and subpar study habits. And with Malfoy…” She paused to think about, what to say next. “Well, after Harry didn’t come back, he started to just ignore me. He riled Ronald up just fine, but I ignored the taunts and he got bored pretty quickly.”

Albus nodded along. That sounded about right. “Do you think, if I made him head boy, you could get along with him and integrate yourself in his group of friends? Perhaps even seduce him?”

Her eyes widened. “I… I’m not sure, I’m his type, Headmaster.” She stuttered with burning cheeks.

Albus chuckled. “Believe me, Miss Granger, you’re a beautiful, intelligent young woman and boys his age can’t resist you, if you set your mind on it.” He smiled at her. “If you do it right, you wouldn’t

just gain his trust, you would also get a foot in the ministry. His family, as much as it pains me to admit, is quite influential in our world. If you manage to get an invitation to the Malfoy's famous New Years Eve ball, you could hit two gnomes with one stone. Connections never hurt, Miss Granger." *And the boy was handsome enough*, he thought.

The girl nodded. "You're right, of course, Headmaster. But I've no idea where to start and I've never seduced anyone and I'll just have a few months…" She trailed off.

"Well, Miss Granger, you'll have all of August, to make a plan. Let me give you a few pointers. It might've been a while, but I was once a male teenager." He gave her a grin, a wink and continued. "First, you'll need to loosen up a bit, at least, if you're alone with him. You'll share the head student common room with him, so there should be plenty of opportunities. Let your hair down, figuratively speaking, leave your robe in your room, wear a looser shirt with a bit of cleavage, nothing to obvious, of course, just to get his attention. Wear a bit of subtle make-up and when you have his attention, ask him to study together in the evenings. Find common ground with him, discuss ideas, play with your hair or the buttons on your blouse while doing this. Let your skirt 'accidently' ride up and show of your legs. Leave the shower in a bathrobe or a towel and show off your breasts, when you know, he's in the common room, but play surprised at seeing him. You get the idea? Do you think, you can do this? I need you to be honest with me. If you can't do it, I'll ask young Ginevra…"

"No, I can do it, I swear!" Hermione interjected hastily with bright cheeks. "It won't be easy and Ron and Ginny will be quite jealous, but I can do it!" At his questioning look, she elaborated. "I think, Ron has his eyes sat on me." At this she blushed even further to Albus' amusement. Obviously, the attention wasn't entirely unwelcome. "And Ginny has her eyes on Malfoy since Harry died. She wants a rich husband, you see, and is determined to get Malfoy. I personally think, her chances would be better with Neville, but well…"

Oh, this would do nicely. A bit of competition between the girls would be good. The boy would be flattered and whichever witch he ended up choosing could be his spy. "So, you'll do it?" He asked with a hopeful smile.

"Yes, Headmaster!" She looked determined to succeed. "I won't disappoint you!"

Neither of them saw the smirking portrait leaving its frame, as they hashed out more details to their plan.

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Harry woke on his birthday around noon. He wasn't in bed until three in the morning and allowed himself a lie in on his birthday. Last night had been glorious. He'd finally gotten his revenge. He chuckled at the memory of seeing Petunia naked with a slave collar on all fours, scrubbing the blood of her beloved Diddy and her husband off the floor while being kicked and spat on by passing Death Eaters. The house elves could be quite vindictive. They could've just vanished the two bodies, but as they'd listened to everything Harry had told the hall, they'd opted to drag the two out so that it would leave a trail of blood for Petunia to clean up. Then they had given her a rag and a bucket with water and ordered her to start cleaning. Every time she slowed down, a house elf popped in and hit her with a wooden spoon hard on the ass and ordered her to work faster. It had been rather amusing to Harry, who'd watched this with great satisfaction. When she was nearly finished one man dropped a full glass of red wine in front of her and Harry had watched gleefully when she'd had to clean the shards up with her bare hands. He knew from experience, how much the fine cuts stung and how difficult it was to clean the floor with stinging hands. The wine didn't help either, as it made the stinging worse. But Draco had taken the cake and Harry had laughed loudly at her disgusted expression, when he ordered her to lick the spilled wine from his boots and when she was done, wiped out his cock and pissed directly in front of her on the floor. The piss had splattered on her legs, a few drops even on her tits and face. Then he told her to be grateful, that he didn't make her drink it and to clean this mess up, tugged himself in and turned to Vincent to start a conversation about how disgusting muggles were.

Harry stretched and then groaned when the throb in his head became more prominent. Perhaps he'd indulged a bit too much last night, but the sweet wine had been so good, that he couldn't resist. He steeled himself to get up. He was expected for lunch at Malfoy Manor and a gaze at the clock told him, that he'd had an hour to get ready. On his bedside table was vial of potion and a note. *Happy birthday, eat something, after you took this. S.*, he read and smiled. "Thank you, Severus!" Gratefully he downed the hangover cure and munched the

toast, that had popped into existence. He loved the house elves of the castle and was quite friendly with a lot of them and in return, they looked after him just a bit more than anyone else. He felt better by the time he'd finished his business in the bathroom and stepped in the shower. After nearly an hour he stepped out of his rooms. Dressed in short-sleeved, light-green robes and dark-green summer-trousers, he made his way to the entrance hall, where the floo was located. On his way he glimpsed Petunia serving lunch in a dining room, looking hungrily at the goods on the table. Served her right. Harry grabbed a handful of floo-powder and with a "Malfoy Manor!" he was gone from the castle.

He stepped out of the floo and was greeted by Narcissa and Lucius, right as the clock struck twelve. Narcissa engulfed him in a hug. "Happy birthday, darling. You're right on time, lunch is served in the garden parlour today." He offered her his arm and led her to the garden, followed by a smiling Lucius.

"Thank you, aunt Cissy." Harry was still amazed at times, how warm Narcissa could be, if she considered you family. In the garden he was greeted with hellos and well-wishes and Sirius hugged him quite a bit longer than necessary, but Harry didn't mind.

Severus smirked at him. "Feeling better?" He asked silkily.

Harry blushed and pushed the spark of arousal down, which had made itself known at Severus voice. "Yes, thank you for the potion. It was apparently a bit too much of wine, yesterday."

"You're welcome." Severus answered and wanted to obviously tease a bit more, but was cut off by Marvolo.

"As the birthday boy is finally here, we can start eating. Please sit down, Harold." He gave Harry a fond smile, as he rolled his eyes, but sat down. "Your performance was impressive, yesterday, Harold. You shall get a reward after lunch." He added when the starters appeared on their plates.

They ate in silence as was custom at their meals and Harry wondered, what reward he'd earned last night. Lunch was, as always, delicious, and when they were done, Sirius stood up. "Harry, now you're officially an adult in our world and in your father's absence, it falls to me, to welcome you into adulthood. You're an exceptional young man and I'm proud to consider you a son. You've overcome great hardships in your young live and come out the other side stronger than

everyone, including me, had thought possible." He looked at Harry with such love in his eyes, that he'd swallowed down the tears to not embarrass himself. Sirius held out a small, rectangular box, which Harry took with slightly shaking hands. "Your father commissioned this on the day after you were born and told the manufacturer to deliver this one day before your seventeenth birthday either to him or to me. It arrived yesterday and today I'm honoured to continue the tradition and stand in for your father. Happy Birthday, Harry."

At Sirius nod, Harry opened the box and found a beautiful rose-gold watch. On the dial was a white golden stag with garnets as eyes surrounded by a wreath of silver lilies. The numbers were marked by rubies and aquamarines and on the underside was the Potter-crest engraved. The watch strap was of black dragonhide with a rose-golden buckle. It was a piece of art. "It's beautiful. Would you put it on me, please?" Harry asked with a rough voice.

Sirius beamed at him. "Of course." He fastened the watch on Harry's wrist, right over the wand holster currently invisible. "Your father wanted to commission it before you were born, but your mother suggested to wait, as it wasn't clear if you would be born in July or August. She insisted on working in the birthstones, you see…" Sirius stopped his rambling, quite shaken at the moment.

Harry smiled at him understandingly and pulled him in a bone-crushing hug. "Thank you."

The moment was broken by Lucius clearing his throat. "In the Malfoy family, it is tradition, beside gifting a watch, to also gift a home. You'll always have a set of rooms at the Manor and I assume at Slytherin Castle as well." Marvolo gave a confirming nod. "But a young man needs a place to only himself." He pulled out a small stack of papers. "These are the deeds to a small cottage at the outskirts of Hogsmeade. It's big enough to house a small family, so if you ever want to, you can rent it out." He handed the papers over to a touched Harry. With this gift, Lucius had officially acknowledged Harry as a son of house Malfoy.

"Thank you" he rasped out and then pulled Lucius into a hug.

"The other present is waiting in the dungeons for you." The older man whispered in his ear. At Harry's laugh he said louder. "You're welcome, son."

Severus stepped forward and looked a bit uncomfortable. "I'll not

make a grand speech, but I'll gift you this." With it he handed over a rather large package. "It contains copies of the journals, your mother and I worked on during our time in school as well as every trinket, she ever made for me and something personal from me."

Harry opened the box and stroked longingly the items in the box. Today, he missed his parents something fierce, but he also appreciated the family who was here now. A silver medallion caught his eyes and he inspected it thoroughly. When he opened it, he saw a dark-haired boy and a red-haired girl on either site laughing at each other. He shook his head. "I'm really thankful for your present, but you should keep this one!" With that, he stepped forward and fastened the filigree silver chain around Severus neck. "She would've wanted it this way, believe me." Then he looked in the box again and under the trinkets and the books, he found, what was obviously from Severus himself. A grate full of the rarest potions, painstakingly labelled and under strong stasis charms. He beamed at him.

"You're welcome. The potion vials are self-refilling from flacons in my personal laboratory. Each one contains ten refills. Please read the instructions before taking one." Severus instructed sternly.

"I will. Thank you!" Harry was a bit overwhelmed by all this and felt like he couldn't express his gratitude properly, but he couldn't help it.

Regulus stepped to him and cleared his throat. "As Sirius stood in for your father, it falls to me to stand for the Black family. As the Malfoys, the Blacks have a similar tradition, but as you already have a home, I went with the second options and gift you the start to your own business." He took out a stack of papers and handed them over to Harry. "These are the deeds to a storefront and a flat above it in Diagon Alley. It is currently rented out to a special pair of twins. You can throw them out and start your own business there, if you want or let them stay there and have a monthly income. Whatever you want to do, it's yours."

Harry blinked a bit owlishly. This must have cost a fortune and he didn't even know, what to do with it yet. He would've to think about it later. "Thank you!" He choked out and gave Regulus a hug es well.

While Harry gathered himself, Marvolo stepped at his side and waited a few moments. "My gift is quite a bit different and is a birthday present as well as a reward for last night." He took a step back and looked Harry in the eyes. "You've earned your mark last night, but as we discussed, it won't be a mark of servitude, but a mark of

leadership. Please take off your shirt." Harry did as he was told and waited with baited breath. He would not kneel for this. Marvolo nodded approvingly, then sat the tip of his wand right above Harry's heart. The burning sensation threatened to send Harry to his knees, but he gritted his teeth and endured it with a stoic expression and without a noise. He'd had worse after all. Soon enough it was over and Harry looked down.

A stag and a dog stood protectively on either side of a lily and were surrounded by the wings of a raven, which looked down. The whole image was surrounded by a green snake, biting its own tail. Harry grinned at that, but he had to admit, he couldn't have done it better. It was beautiful. "That is brilliant!"

"And it's not all. Sirius!" Sirius came forward, took off his shirt and knelt down. Marvolo pressed the tip of his wand on his right biceps and a stag formed slowly. Afterwards "Regulus!" took his brothers place, took off his shirt and presented his left forearm with the Dark Mark. Marvolo again pressed his wand against it and before Harry's eyes, the Mark changed to a dog with a snake around its neck and was moved from the forearm to his left chest. At last, "Severus!" knelt down, took off his shirt and presented his forearm like Regulus. Harry had to swallow at the sight. Who would've thought, that his potions professor had such a nicely defined upper body. He watched as the Dark Mark transformed to a lily with a snake wrapped around the stem and moved up to Severus' left biceps. When it was done, Severus stepped back and redressed, much to Harry's disappointment. "As Sirius made clear from the beginning, that he wouldn't follow me, he's yours alone to call, hence the absence of the snake." Marvolo explained. "Regulus has asked me, to transfer him into your service, because he sees you as a nephew and is fiercely protective of you. And Severus… is my gift to you!" At that, Marvolo smirked. "He will be at your service and you may do with him, whatever you see fit. This is your reward and his punishment, because he kept his vow to protect you a secret even from me. And now I'll give you another gift." With that, he took off his own shirt and Harry again had to remind himself to stop staring. Marvolo burned the raven with the snake around its neck right over his heart. "Now you are able to call for me with the touch of your fingertips against the snake and a strong thought of me. You can summon the other three the same way as well as your ravens. If you want a specific raven, you'll need to use your wand and press it with a thought of the person on the image. In desperate need, think of the person or group you want and direct your magic to the Mark and they will be able to find you. Questions?" Harry shook his head, too stunned to answer properly. Marvolo took a small jewellery box out of

his pocket and handed it to Harry.

Harry opened the box and found a small silver snake with emeralds as eyes. He looked at Marvolo and asked: “It’s beautiful, but what is it?”

Marvolo smirked. “It’s a piercing and an emergency portkey. Place it, wherever you want and tell it to ~bite~, then it will fasten itself in your skin and only you’ll be able to remove it. If you ever let an enemy near enough to cut it out, then you deserve no better. The portkey is activated with ~sanctuary~ and will bring you to your rooms in Slytherin Castle. Be careful, when you activate it, whomever you touch or is touching you will tag along.”

Harry was stunned. There it was again, Marvolo’s casual way of showing he cared by gifting him the most protection he could. “Thank you.” Marvolo just nodded and Harry tugged the box away. He would think later about, where to place the piercing. His first thought was his earlobe, but with a well-placed severing charm, it was much too easy, to cut it off. Perhaps his nipple? Or between his legs? Well, he wouldn’t be able to place it now anyway, so he wouldn’t dwell.

They celebrated his birthday in the garden the whole afternoon and in the evening, Harry summoned his ravens. Draco bitched a little about the burn, but conceded the point, that he wouldn’t be able to ignore the summons. They discussed in length the upcoming day and how to handle it right. It would be their first raid and Harry felt a bit nervous. He couldn’t help but think, that something was bound to go wrong. When they started to talk in circles, they moved on to another topic. “I wanted to wait with taking my seat at the Wizengamot, but I’m not sure, if this is the right decision.” He confided to his Ravens. He’d already discussed this at length with Marvolo, Sirius and Lucius, but he wanted the opinion of his Ravens.

Draco snorted. “You know, that I’m of the same mind as our Lord, my father and Sirius. You should take it as soon as possible. We need someone young at the Wizengamot and you’ll have the power of an old seat, the sympathy of your family-history and the support of three powerful individuals plus our Lords followers behind you. You could make a real difference and help our goals along. Sometimes, the polls are really close and your vote could be the one which makes the difference.”

“Malfoy’s right.” McLaggen said seriously. Harry choked and got a smug look from McLaggen. “You should go as soon as you’re allowed. I would, too, if my uncle would let me. But give me a warning before

your entrance, I'll make sure to sit in the gallery. This should be a sight to behold." He grinned and took a swig of his butterbeer.

All other Ravens nodded in agreement and the discussion tapered off to light banter and dirty jokes. Harry let himself pulled in by the laughter and soon it was time to end the evening rather early with the ravens claiming they needed their rest.

After they'd left, he checked out his present in the dungeons together with Draco, Sirius and Lucius. It was a beautiful Asian girl with long, black hair, big, round tits the size of melons and a nicely rounded ass, just as he liked his women. He'd restrained himself and only fucked her throat to take the edge off. He would take more time to play with her another day and Lucius promised him, that he would speak with Marvolo to deliver her to the Castle, so he could play with her more often during the week. With a sigh he went up to the floo and left for the Castle. He needed an early night, tomorrow would be an exciting day.

Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

No trigger-warnings for this one.

Chapter 12

Slytherin Castle, August 1st 1997

Harry sat with Sirius, Regulus, Severus and Marvolo at the breakfast table. They had just finished and were now discussing the plans for the day, when an alarm went off and a house elf popped in. “Toddy is sorry, Master Dark Lord, sir, but there is an incident at the ministry and you’re needed as is Master Sirius.” With that, the House elf popped out. Marvolo and Sirius exchanged a look and stood up.

“I’m sorry Harry, but you’ll have to go with Regulus and Severus. I hope, this won’t change our plans.” Marvolo said and hurried out of the room in direction of the floo.

“See you later, son.” Sirius waved and stormed after Marvolo.

Harry looked at the other two. “Are you even available?” he asked a bit miffed at the change in plans.

Severus rolled his eyes and stood up. “If we must…”

“You don’t have to, you know?” Harry answered angrily. “Stay here and do your research or experiment with a new potion or whatever.” He stood up and turned to the door, a bit hurt at Severus’ respond, but he didn’t know why. The potion master was just his prickly self and Harry was used to it and yet… “I’ll go alone then.”

“No, you won’t!” Regulus came after him and stopped him right at the door. “I’ll go with you. If something happened at the ministry, it isn’t safe for you, to go alone. Besides, I already planned to tag along.” He winked at Severus who looked a bit put out by Harry’s reaction. “Let’s go.”

Together they went to the entrance hall and stopped cold. The fireplace was spitting green sparks and the house elves had put an ‘out-of-order’-sign above it. “Looks like we’re taking the long way…”

Harry turned frustrated from the fireplace and went in the direction of the doors.

Regulus just shrugged and followed him. “Isn’t the first time, the floo breaks down. Some idiot probably tried to floo something weird again. A few years ago, someone tried to smuggle an erumpent through the flow. You can imagine, how that ended. Magical transportation was in an uproar for days.”

Harry gave a short laugh, then huffed. “It just seems, as if nothing is going right today. I wanted to avoid the morning rush and now we have to go through Diagon Alley. The ministry I probably can cancel completely.” He kicked angrily at Petunia on his way, who was scrubbing the entrance hall on hands and knees. This lifted his mood just a bit, so he kicked her again for good measure and stepped out in the sunlight. At least, the weather was nice. “I’ll have to wait till Monday to get my licence.”

“Oh, come on, it’s not the end of the world. You can tag along with me this afternoon and you know how to apparate. If push comes to shove, you’ll just apparate out as everyone else. No sense to whinge about a few days more or less. If need be, you’ll do it anyway with or without licence.” As they arrived at the border of the wards, Regulus grabbed his arm and unceremoniously apparated them to Diagon Alley. They made their way to Gringotts without problem and stepped into the bank. It was like stepping into a beehive. Goblins hurried to and from the fireplaces lining the front wall and tried to contain the sparks spitting out of them. Long throngs of people waited impatiently at the tellers and Harry wondered, why this many people were here on a Friday morning.

They stepped into a line, which seemed to move a bit faster than the others and tried to be patient. “I wonder, what’s going on.” He said to Regulus, who shrugged being as clueless as himself.

An old lady turned to them and answered. “Haven’t you heard? Some idiot tried to floo a whole grate of poorly brewed pepper-up potion to the ministry and it exploded directly in the system shortly before arriving. The explosion blew up all ministry-fireplaces and the rubble and flames killed some poor sod, who wanted to floo out. Probably from a nightshift. All departments except transportation are closed for the day. Even the DMLE is running on a skeleton-crew.” She shook her head scandalized. “This happened the last time, when Grindelwald was still around. They say, the atrium is utter rubble and the ceiling and the elevators are damaged. They’ll have to call in a goblin-

building-crew over the weekend. My brother was called to an emergency-meeting of the Wizengamot. Poor dear isn't the youngest anymore and has now to climb down all the stairs to level eight."

Regulus grimaced. That were a lot of stairs. He should know, as he was still regularly on level nine. "Thank you, at least now we know, you definitely won't be able to take your licence."

The woman gave Harry a sympathetic look. "Apparition test?" At his nod, she added. "I'm sorry, deary, but I'm afraid, they won't take any test before next Friday. But don't worry, it will… Oh, that's me, have a nice day." And she turned to the teller, to do her business.

Harry sighed. Well, there was nothing to it. Next Friday it was then. After the lady left, they stepped forward. "Harold Peverell to see Master Stonehead." He presented the confirmation to the meeting and they were led to a tiny office at the side.

A fierce looking goblin greeted them and they bowed without showing their neck. Marvolo had trained Harry, how to politely deal with goblin without wasting time. Goblins hated to waste time. Time was gold after all. The goblin nodded in approval and they sat down across from him. He gestured to a sheet of light-green parchment, probably drenched in some potion, and a black quill. "Sign your name."

Harry took the blood-quill and signed his name, then watched in fascination as a family-tree formed. It showed his parents, grandparents and even his squib-uncle and dead cousin. After seven generations it stopped with a golden glow. Stonehead took the parchment and read it over, then looked up with a shark-like grin. "Well, I imagine, you had your reasons for so cleverly disguising your heritage, Mr. Potter." Harry just smirked. "Very good, to choose such a manner. As this parchment clearly states, that you're the sole heir to the Potter's, you just have to sign here and I will summon your key." Harry read through the given parchment, that was just a confirmation on accepting the inheritance, and signed. With another approving look, Stonehead waved his hand and an elaborate gold-key appeared together with a golden chain. "Put a drop of blood on the clasp and only you will be able to take it off and it will return to your neck, if you lose it." Harry did this and put the chain on. "I have to inform you, that Albus Dumbledore tried to access your vaults after your… change of name. He claimed that as your magical guardian, he was the sole heir to the fortune. Which would've been right, if Harry Potter would've been the last heir." He handed over the account book. "A runner will bring you to your vault. Have a nice day, gentlemen."

They stood up, gave another polite bow and with a “Thank you, for your help” they left the room.

After a nauseating ride, they arrived at one of the old high-security vaults and the runner opened the door for them. Harry looked around in awe. There were tons of gold, piles of silver and mountains of bronze. He’d have to check the account book for the exact amount, but he was sure, it must be millions of Galleons. In one corner were open cabinets displaying dozens of artifacts and the far wall was lined with bookcases full with ancient looking tomes. There must be some sort of preservation-charms on them, otherwise the books would’ve fallen apart. At least, Harry thought so. There was a display with family wands and even a wardrobe which Harry investigated. In it were robes and Regulus whistled impressed. At Harrys questioning look, he answered. “Battle robes. These eight look like dragon hide, these six should be acrumantula-silk and these last six look like troll-leather. Spell-resistant to most minor and a good part of major curses, self-cleaning, self-repairing, self-sizing, extreme expansive and hardly to get these days. These are worth a fortune on their own. Even we Blacks have only two sets in our vault.”

Harry’s eyes bulged. He took out a dark purple one and a dark red one of dragon-hide, a dark green one of acrumantula-silk and two of the troll-leather ones in black. He handed one of the black-ones to Regulus and as he started to protest, Harry glared at him. “We’re soon fighting a war and I won’t risk anyone of my family, so shut up! Lucius probably has one for himself and Draco and if not, I’ll come down and get them one as well.” A bit calmer he added: “If all is set and done and you truly don’t want to keep them, you may give them back, but I honestly don’t need twenty battle robes but I would feel better, knowing you wear them in a fight.”

Regulus nodded and put them in a bag. He handed Harry another bag for the other robes and pointed at an unobtrusive purse. “You’ll want one of these. They’re connected to the vault and you won’t have to come down every time you need money. They’re spelled against thieves and if lost or taken from you without your consent, they’ll return to the vault. Put a drop of blood on this.” He pointed on a small silver button and handed Harry a needle. “Now it’s keyed to your magical signature and won’t open for anyone else.”

They looked around some more, but nothing else caught Harry’s eye. Sadly, there were no portraits. Harry had hoped to find a portrait of his parents or grandparents, but perhaps they were in one of the properties, he knew he owned. He would check them out sometime in

the next year. With a look at his watch, Harry sighed. “It’s nearly lunchtime, we should head back.”

They left Gringotts with half an hour to lunch, but the alley was packed by now. They fought their way to the apparition point and appeared at the ward-line with five minutes to spare. “We’ll be late for lunch.” Regulus observed, but then shrugged. “Well, at least we’ve a good excuse.” They arrived five minutes late in the dining room and found only Severus sitting there, waiting. “They’re still not back?”

“No, Narcissa send a note with a house elf. Lucius was called in as well. Something big has happened, but nobody knows, what exactly.” Severus answered, a hint of worry in his tone.

Regulus nodded and sat down beside Harry. “Someone died in the ministry as the floo exploded and an emergency Wizengamot-session was called.”

“That explains their absence. Hopefully they’ll be back in time or we’ll miss our opportunity.” When lunch appeared, Severus looked a bit disgruntled. “Let’s eat and then take a nap. We’ll need our strength.”

After lunch, Harry asked Severus for a private word and after a confirming nod, followed him to his rooms. When the door closed behind them, Harry took out one of the black battle robes and handed them to him. “These are for you and don’t argue! I already told Regulus that I won’t risk anyone I call family and you’re one of them!”

Severus gulped and stroked reverently over the robes. “Thank you. About this morning…”

“Forget it, I don’t know, what was wrong with me.” Harry waved it off. “I suppose, I was just a bit cranky at the change of plans. I’ll send Sirius and Marvolo their battle robes and then take a nap. See you later.” Harry didn’t give Severus the chance to say anything else and left to his rooms without another look. And so, he missed the contemplative and slightly stunned expression, that crossed Severus’ face.

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Sirius was elated and fuming at the same time. Elated, because their

plans moved faster, than they'd ever expected and fuming, because Dumbledore couldn't cease his meddling to save his live. They'd been called to an emergency session and after the doors were sealed, were informed, that the minister had died in the atrium-explosion this morning. Which warranted this session, because they needed an interim minister. Marvolo, Lucius and himself had debated and decided, that Pius Thickness would be their man of choice. He was charming enough, Head of international corporation and so connected world-wide and one of Marvolo's followers. He would do, as he was told while smiling and being the face to their agenda. Marvolo had contemplated to run himself in the upcoming election, but decided, that it would be far easier and less work to give orders to Pius and let him deal with the paperwork and the tedious meetings. So, they'd had their candidate pretty quickly and as Pius was well liked through all fractions, it should've been a quick voting as well, if it hadn't been for Dumbledore. He presented Daedalus Diggle as a potential candidate, then Kingsley Shaklebolt and then he insisted, they go over the whole charter that dictates the procedure in case of a minister's death while in office. It was long and boring and entailed nothing, they didn't already know. Shaklebolt had been a good candidate, but sadly not one of their own and one to be known as incorruptible. So, no one they would've wanted. But it wasn't even a close call in the voting and Pius was directly after the vote sworn into office. After that, Dumbledore insisted on discussing the repairing of the elevators and the floo and the budget for the funeral of Rufus Scrimgeour. Sirius was still wondering, whose bright idea it had been, to take Dumbledore back as Chief Warlock, but it had happened before he was fit to take his place at the Wizengamot.

"Finally, I thought, we would never get out of there." Marvolo grumbled besides him. After a look on his watch, he sighed. "We're already late. Let's hurry!"

As the floo was still out of order, they had to leave the building via portkey, but they first had to reach the atrium. They climbed the stairs as fast as they could and Marvolo grabbed Sirius' arm and activated the portkey, as soon, as they sat foot in the atrium and were out of sight. They arrived in Marvolo's rooms and without a word left, to get ready for the meeting. In his own rooms, he quickly stripped and turned to his wardrobe. On the doors hung the finest set of battle robes, Sirius' had ever seen and a note. *Don't argue! Just take them and put them on! Harry* Well, if he insisted… Sirius donned the robes, took his mask and made his way to the great hall. He just hoped, the house elves had laid out some snacks, he'd missed lunch and was rather hungry. At the stairs, he met up with Marvolo and together, they

hurried to the great hall.

The room was filled with twenty-four Death Eaters, including Lucius, and Harry and his eleven Ravens, including Regulus and Severus, all waiting for him and Marvolo. “Welcome friends. There was a slight change in plans today.” Marvolo explained briefly the happenings of the day and then went over the plan. “Harold will be in charge. Rowle, Bole, Runcorn you’ll take down the wards as fast as you can. We have a list of the Order members and you all have seen their pictures. Capture as many as you can. I don’t care, if they’re pending one, such as minors, or already fully-fledged members. I want them alive! Let the rest go. No apparition or portkey wards. Tag the ones you get with the portkeys you’ve been given, they’ll land directly in the dungeons. Don’t engage in unnecessary fights. No torture, there will be time for that later, no killing, if you can help it. In and out. Questions?” Nobody spoke. “Then they’re yours, Harold.”

Sirius’ watched proudly, as Harry stepped forward and paired the teams, while he munched on a sandwich. Harry paired every Raven with two Death Eaters and as they donned their masks, the transformation was mesmerizing. The mask of the Ravens was the image of a raven with spread wings, masking the whole face and disguising the voice of the wearer. They all looked the same and disguised even the hair, made it look like black feathers, so that nobody could be identified. Only the wearer could take it off. Harry had designed them himself and charmed them with Regulus’ help. The Ravens were all wearing battle robes of some kind and in different dark colours. “All right, let’s get this show on the road!” Harry said and Sirius hastily put his mask on. He was glad, that he couldn’t feel it and he could see and breath, as if he wasn’t wearing it. He, Regulus and Severus took their place around Harry, the only group of four and consisting only of Ravens. On the count of three, Marvolo activated the portkeys and they all appeared in a circle in a clearing of the woods near the burrow. They could hear laughter and singing drift around from the near wedding. Sirius was almost sorry of crashing it, but it was the largest gathering of Order members in the near future they could get to.

At a gesture of Harry, the teams swarmed out and took their positions in the shadows of the trees around the ward-line. The wards fell within minutes, but someone overlooked the caterwauling charm, which tripped, when they moved in. He heard Harry curse and moved faster as Harry sped up. It was chaos. Spells were flying and people were screaming. He saw Ronald and Hermione running to the trees, chased by what looked like Draco in his dark blue robes and his team,

a protego up the whole time. He'd nearly reached them, as they disappeared and Draco gave a frustrated cry of "Cowards!", that Sirius could hear even over the noise of the battle. Sirius shielded Harry, as good as he could and sent out stunners, if he had an opening. The bastards were fast, Sirius had to give them that and after only ten minutes, Death Eaters and Ravens were the only ones left.

Harry cursed like a sailor and sent a frustrated curse at the burrow. The house got up in flames like a massive bonfire. "Back to home!" Came Harry's next order and they all activated the portkeys right before the aurors arrived. Sirius doubted, they would be able to save the burrow. As they landed in the great hall, Harry pressed his mask in Sirius' hands and rounded in on Rowle, Bole and Runcorn. "You had one task! One! Take down the wards! Nothing else! And you idiots missed the fucking caterwauling charm! What a cockup!" He yelled at them.

Marvolo stood up. "What happened?" He demanded to know.

"These imbeciles happened!" Then relayed everything what had been going on, including the burning of the house.

"I see. But it wasn't completely for naught. We have five prisoners in the dungeons. You and your Ravens have done well. The captures all had the sign of the Ravens." Marvolo sounded mildly pleased. They'd all gotten portkeys to transport prisoners, Ravens small silver feathers, Death Eaters small green skulls. It was a test and a competition and the Ravens had clearly won. Then Marvolo turned to his Death Eaters. "I'm disappointed at your conduction, however! Rowle, Bole, Runcorn, on guard duty in the dungeons until further notice!" They all winced. Guard duty was boring as fuck and you were not allowed to play or interact otherwise with the prisoners. You weren't even allowed to sit down or lean against the wall or read a book. Either you stood at the only entrance to the dungeons, casting detection spells every ten minutes or you paced the length of the corridor and did the same. And you had twelve-hour-shifts. It was a petty punishment in Sirius eyes and he was glad, that he never earned one. It was even uttered, if the dungeons were empty and if you slacked in your duties, the house elves ratted you out. "You will take your shifts together and not speak a word. Work out a pattern on your own! Your shift starts at eight. The day-shift had messed up as well, so you're in good company!" Then he addressed the room as a whole. "Dismissed. Harold, stay back."

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Harry was still frustrated. The plan had been good, but so many of the order had gotten away. And he'd lost his temper. He felt a bit guilty at burning down the Burrow. The best memories, before he was killed and came back, had been created at Hogwarts and the Burrow. Mr. and Mrs. Weasley had always been nice to him and even after Sirius had told him about their reaction to Ron and Ginny stealing his most precious things, he'd felt still a bit fond about the couple. Now, he'd burned down their home.

Marvolo cleared his throat and Harry looked up. "Don't be too harsh with yourself." He looked Harry earnestly in the eyes. "You did well. You didn't lose your temper," as Harry wanted to protest, he held up a hand and continued. "At my men. They're mine to punish and not yours. As are the Ravens yours to punish and not mine. Yes, you burned down the house, but nobody was injured and nobody was killed. We'll deal with the fall-out, if there is any. There wasn't a Dark Mark and there were two different masks, we can play it as a terrorist-act, to sow discord or something along the line. We didn't get as many as we wanted, but we took at least two key-players of Dumbledores. A little birdie told me of plans, the headmaster has for Draco this upcoming school year." He gazed significantly at an empty portrait-frame at the wall left from the door. "I will tell you and Draco in time. How you'll counter this will be up to you, but I'll advise you, if you like."

Harry nodded, then frowned. "Who did we get? I know, that I couldn't get near anyone, before they fled."

"Come, I'll show you." Marvolo left the great hall and Harry followed him to the dungeons. He felt a bit better after Marvolo's words and felt the tension leave his body. It hadn't been a total failure and he'd led well.

After arriving at the cells, Harry peeked in the first one. In it were the bride and the groom, Bill and Fleur Weasley. In the next one was a plump woman with red hair and red-rimmed eyes. Molly. In the next a middle-aged man with thinning red hair. Arthur. And in the last one, a young woman with long, red hair in a horrible pink dress. Ginny. Harry grinned. Half the Weasley-family, not bad. "What do we do with them now?" Harry asked, sure to not be overheard by the inmates, as the cells were as sound proof as in Malfoy Manor.

"We'll interrogate them under veritaserum, then we will decide, what

will happen with them." Marvolo grinned and held up a vial with a clear potion. "Let's start with the happy couple." They returned to the first cell and entered the room. The pair before them looked at them with furious eyes. "Welcome to my humble abode. I'm sorry to ruin the wedding night." Marvolo said nonchalantly. "I've a few questions." He showed them the potion-vial. "Who wants to start?"

Predictably, Bill raised his head. "I will." He answered and threw Fleur a worried look. "I'll answer all your questions, but please, don't give my wife the potion!" His tone was almost begging.

Marvolo raised a brow. "Oh, is there a little surprise on the way? Was this the reason for the somewhat rushed wedding?"

Fleur's cheeks flared red and Bill's blush clashed horrible with his hair. "Yes, to both."

The interrogation of Bill was brief and somewhat useless. He wasn't part of the Order. He'd contemplated it, but after Harry Potter's death, he'd distanced himself from the organisation and returned to his work with Gringotts, where he'd met Fleur. He was only loyal to his family and willing, to leave the country and live in peace. Satisfied, Marvolo asked: "Would you be willing, to swear an oath to that in front of your parents, your little sister and all my supporters?"

Bill looked conflicted for a moment, but then nodded determined. "To keep my wife and child safe, yes!"

"Good. Then you will do this in the next days." Marvolo flicked his wand and the chains holding the couple fell off. "Then you'll stay as my guest until the time has come to swear your oath. I'm sorry, but you'll be confined to your suite, I can't trust you. If you need something, tell the house elf. Toddy!" A house elf popped in. "Please bring our guests to their guestrooms and care for their needs!" The house elf bowed, took Bill and Fleur's hands and vanished with them.

They proceeded with Molly and were shocked at her depravity. She confessed, what plans she'd had for Harry Potter and what all she'd done to bring them to fruition. How much she adored Dumbledore and urged her husband and sons to follow him. How much she'd despised Sirius and that she'd reported everything, she'd witnessed of Sirius and Harry over the years and read in the letters sent by Ron and the twins, to the headmaster. Harry was disgusted and his guilt at burning the house vanished into nothingness. "My poor Cousin adored you and you wanted to use him? You'll get your just punishment, that

I can promise you!" Harry spat and left the room in a fury.

Together they stepped into Arthur's cell and plied him with the potion without further ado. They asked him if he knew about Molly's plans, but he didn't. He was only part of the Order to please Molly and only reported the comings and goings in the ministry or took over some watch or guard duties, if needed. Otherwise, he was only concerned about his family and was devasted at Harry Potter's death. He was offered an oath as well, to leave the Order and keep silent about the happenings, but he was so under Molly's thumb, that he declined. Well, they couldn't force him to his luck. Marvolo conjured him a cot and a table with a chair and some muggle magazines, to make him a bit more comfortable. Perhaps, he would rethink his decision in order to be there for his sons, but Harry doubted it.

At last, they entered Ginny's cell and were met with a furious glare. Harry grinned at her, took out his wand and shot an immobilisation charm at her, then forcefully opened her mouth and let five drops of Veritaserum fall in. Then he held her mouth and nose closed and massaged her throat non too gently to force her to swallow. As her eyes glazed over, he let go and nodded to Marvolo.

"What were your plans for Harry Potter?" Marvolo started the interrogation.

In a monotone voice she answered: "I wanted him to marry me, but the boy was too stupid to get the message. I couldn't have been more obvious, but he had only Quidditch in his head. The plan was, to make him jealous with other boys and if that failed, I would've slipped him a love potion."

Harry's eyebrows rose astonished. "Why did you want to marry him?" He asked.

"Money, fame, connections. He would've been able to get me a spot on the top Quidditch-teams. After a few years, I would've retired, get one or two babies and would've lived a life in luxury as I deserve. If he'd wanted to divorce after I would've let up from the potion, I would've blackmailed him with the children and later potioned him up again or poisoned him after I would've forced him to make a will and leave me everything. I would've never had to work a day in my life or to struggle like my parents did." Even with the potion, she sounded somewhat excited.

"Have you ever given him a potion?"

“Yes, a sleeping potion at the end of his fourth year. I wanted to see, what he had in his trousers. After he’d fallen asleep in his bed early in the evening, while everyone else was at dinner, I went up to the boy’s dorms and looked. It was disappointing, he was small. Well, I would’ve taught him, what I liked anyway. I tried to stroke him to get him hard, but the others came back early and I had to leave.”

Harry felt disgusted and violated. He couldn’t comprehend, what she’d wanted to do to him and he swore, he would test everything he consumed outside of his secure locations in the future. He took a deep breath to calm himself. “Do you have a new victim planned?”

Ginny huffed and answered emotionless. “As that idiot starved himself to death, I obviously need a new husband. I could’ve gone with Neville, I suppose, but I want the biggest fish in the pond and have my eyes on Draco. A love potion wouldn’t work on him, he’s too well observed by the dungeon bat, but I found a potion in Mum’s old family-potion book. It reads itself like some sort of liquid Imperius and would do nicely. It’s so obscure, that it wouldn’t be detected easily and after I would’ve primed myself with fertility potions, I would’ve fucked him and get myself pregnant. He would be forced to marry me and I would get the luxurious live, I deserve.”

She would’ve raped Draco, Harry thought stunned. This was almost too much to digest at the time and he shook his head, dazed.

“Well, I think, I’ve heard enough.” Marvolo sounded as disgusted as Harry felt. “I think, we should leave.” Harry just gave the girl a last glare full of loathing and left the cell. Marvolo joined him a few moments and let the door clung shut. “I’ve taken her memories and I’ll collect mine shortly before we try them.”

Harry nodded. “Do you need mine as well?”

“No, one set of memories from the interrogation will be enough, this won’t be an official trail at the Wizengamot, after all.” Marvolo paused. “I think, we should leave them to stew a few days.” Harry agreed. “I’ve left her naked and the cell is empty. She won’t get comfortable in there.” Harry gave him a grateful smile. “You should think of a punishment for them. It will be your show again, your Ravens were the ones to capture them.” Harry just nodded along. He couldn’t think at the moment. He would discuss it with Sirius, Regulus and Draco in the next days. Together they left the dungeons to spend the rest of the evening together with a glass of wine and Harry venting his anger.

Cahpter 13

Chapter Notes

Trigger-warning: public nudidity, public humiliation, whipping, forced boot-licking

If you don't want to read this, skip to the change in POV marked with ~*~*~*~.

A warning for the rest of the story: Casually cruelty and humiliation will take place in nearly every chapter from now on and not be warned again. If a chapter is extreme or it can be limited to a paragraph, memory or POV, I will tell you beforehand to skip it. Otherwise, expect the slaves to be treated cruelly. They are, in the eyes of their owners, no human beings but tools to be used and have fun with. The slaves will be the only ones who will be abused in this story. So please keep this in mind. If you have questions, please post them, I'll answer as fast as I can. If you're unsure, tell me. I can post a summery on the end, if you wish.

Chapter 13

Slytherin Castle, August 9th 1997

Harry was in one of the bigger common rooms on the ground floor, which was creatively named “The blue room” after its main-colour, with his friends. They were having fun in tormenting Petunia with stinging hexes while they made her lick the floor clean from a disgusting mix of butterbeer and flubberworm-mucus. Completely harmless, but horrible tasting. Now and then she gagged and every time that happened, Theodore would swing the enchanted whip, which followed her around. She had several whip-marks on her skinny arse and mucus all over her face. Harry mused, they should alter her body a bit, to make it more attractive for the men to use her, but had no idea, how he could manage that. He would speak with Severus and Regulus about it, perhaps they’d had ideas. When she came near his seat on one of the cushy sofas, he dragged up a mouth full of snot and spat it between his legs on the floor. When she hesitated, he snapped:

“Lick it up, slave!” And signalled to Theo to give her three extra lashes for hesitating. He watched with satisfaction as she did it and when she was done, he positioned his boots on her head and pushed it to the ground. “Clean the underside, I think, I stepped in something this morning.” She struggled to turn her head, but managed after another lash to turn on her back and lick his shoe-soles. He grinned at Vincent and Gregory as they simultaneously shot stinging hexes on both thighs and when she opened her legs on reflex, Theo gave another wave at the whip and hit her straight on her cunt. She gave a shriek and closed her legs again, but didn’t dare to stop her licking.

Draco sauntered in and took in the scene. “Having fun?”

Harry grinned. “Very much.” He inspected his shoe. The sole was shining with saliva and clean enough and he shifted so Petunia could clean the other one.

Draco took the seat right beside Harry and leaned forward. He grabbed one of her nipples and wiggled the tit around. “Not much to play with. She’s ugly as hell, too…” He said, unknowingly saying Harry’s thoughts out loud.

“Well, nothing to be done about it yet.” Harry shrugged. Petunia had lost a lot of weight she hadn’t had to spare even before she’d received her punishment and her tits were hanging like empty little bags and her arse was saggy. Nonetheless, Harry had fun in tormenting her and today was the first day, that he’d any real time to do it. The last week, he’d resumed his studies and, in the evenings, he’d had meetings with Sirius, Regulus, Severus and Marvolo to discuss the upcoming unofficial trial of the Weasleys and the punishment, he would meat out. If he wasn’t in any meetings, he played with his birthday present. She was much prettier than Petunia and therefore more fun. Today he’d only had lessons with Severus until lunch and had the afternoon free because of the meeting at five. So, he’d decided to meet up with his friends and have a little fun and as it was raining outside, tormenting Petunia it was.

“Well, at least you’ve your birthday-present to play with.” Draco said enviously.

“You’re just jealous, that you don’t have your own toy to play with.” Harry grinned and took his boot out of Petunias face to inspect it. “Need a clean-up too?” When Draco nodded, they just switched seats, while the others still had fun with throwing hexes at the slave.

“That to.” Draco said carelessly and positioned his shoe.

“What’s the meeting about?” Blaise asked as he aimed for the saggy tits.

“The raid last week and the consequences for those captured.” Harry answered carelessly.

“And what are those consequences?” Theo asked while directing the whip to the thighs.

“You’ll see soon enough.” Harry grinned and watched Draco switching shoes on Petunias face. After another ten minutes of small talk and goofing around, he looked on his watch and stood up. “You done?” He asked Draco who inspected his shoes. After a confirming nod, Harry turned to the table, took the bowl with the butterbeer-mix up and splashed the remains all over the floor, again. “We’ve ten minutes till the meeting and should be going. Come on.” Then he turned to the slave still laying on the floor. “Lick this mess up, slut. And be thorough. If I find a single spot you missed, you’ll be positioned as a doormat in the entrance hall to lick boots all day for the next week! Did I make myself clear?”

“Yes, sir.” She answered meekly and got to work. These simple two words and the swift following of his orders gave Harry a heady feeling of power. Out of the corner of his eyes, he saw Theo set the whip at random with a malicious grin when they left the room. The whip would lash her at random every three to ten minutes until the house elves deemed her task done or one of the other would stop it.

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Severus stepped in the great hall with Sirius and Marvolo and went over to the Ravens to take his seat at Harry’s side. He smirked at the youth. “Had fun with your friends this afternoon?” Harry just smirked back. Severus had watched the young ones play with the slave and goofing around for a few minutes this afternoon, before he went to his meeting with Marvolo. The young men were vicious in their playing around, but seeing Harry carefree laughing with friends had warmed Severus’ heart and given him a light fluttering in his stomach. Harry had still the slight build and lanky frame of a teenager, but filled out nicely. He wasn’t the half-starved child anymore, but a handsome,

healthy young man. Severus had to remind himself, that he was twenty years older and could literally be his father, but that didn't keep the fantasies away.

Severus sighed quietly and turned his thoughts to something else. He'd gone to the dungeons last night and checked Arthur over for any potion's residue, after it occurred to Marvolo, that Molly could've potioned him with this obscure liquid Imperius or the love potion Ginevra had mentioned in her interrogation. It would at least explain the man's blind loyalty to his wife and daughter, but sadly, he hadn't found anything. He'd even asked Arthur again, if he was sure of his decision. He'd hoped, that he just couldn't find anything because the potions had a short half-life and were already flushed out of his system, but Arthur Weasley remained steadfast and loyal to his wife and nothing he'd said could change that. He'd reminded the man, that everything what was coming for him would be his own fault and then left. He felt a bit of pity for the fool. He'd really liked Arthur, but if he remained stubborn, he was a lost cause. But it still had bugged him, so he'd sent Narcissa down and let her check as well. With the same result. An hour ago, he'd reported to Marvolo and buried all pity concerning Arthur. The man was an idiot if he thought, he would get a quick death. A nice idiot who had once been something like a friend, but an idiot nonetheless.

His musings ended, when the room quieted down and the Weasleys were brought in. Bill and Fleur clean, in fine robes and free walking, Arthur in the clothes he was captured in, but cleaned and well rested and the last two in simple, grey dresses, which ended a handbreadth above the knees and dark bruises under their eyes. Marvolo stood up and addressed the room. "Friends, we're gathered here to judge over those who stand trial for crimes against our way of life and the last family member of one of our own. We already interrogated these five and you'll all get to see the memories of those interrogations. Afterwards, you'll be asked to show, if you deem them guilty or not by show of wand-light. As Harold's Ravens have captured them and Harold's family was the one slighted, he will decide the punishment, if they're found guilty." He gave a nod to Regulus, who stepped forwards and placed the pensieve on the table in the middle of the room. The first memory was poured in and played. They would first see all the memories, then vote on them.

They'd discussed the possibility of seeing and voting for each of them separately, but Harry insisted, that they do it this way. His main argument had been, that Bill, Fleur and Arthur had to see, how depraved Molly and Ginny really were and to understand, why they

were punished. In Arthur's case, Harry hoped, he would change his mind and take the option of an oath for his son's sake. Severus had to agree with him, but doubted that Arthur would see reason. The man was to devoted to the females of his family and after the talk yesterday, he'd lost a lot of respect for the man.

Bill's, Fleur's and Arthur's interrogation were pretty forward and it was clear, that they weren't involved in any malicious plots and more or less innocent. When Molly's interrogation came up, Severus perked up. He hadn't seen any of it yet, but knew, that Harry had been upset about it. He clenched his teeth, as the memory played out.

Molly tried to put up a fight, but Marvolo made swift work of forcing the Veritaserum down her throat. After they were sure, it worked, he asked: "Are you a member of the vigilante group known as the Order of the Phoenix?"

"Yes."

"Did you have a special mission?"

"Yes."

"What was this mission."

"To make sure, that Harry Potter stayed firmly at our side and keep the boy manageable."

"How did you try to accomplish this?"

"Albus told me, to use the muggle entrance to the platform in his first year at Hogwarts to make sure, the boy met us first. I made sure of this, by suggesting that the children needed to learn, how to use muggle transportation and Arthur agreed and was excited about it. When I spotted a boy who fit Harry's description, I loudly talked about muggles and the platform, making sure he heard me. It worked perfectly. He was such a sweet and naïve child. I then encouraged Ron to befriend him, by promising rewards and money, if he managed to hold him as friend until he was old enough to marry my Ginny. I sent the boy presents and looked the other way, when my boys left with the car to rescue him in the summer before second year. I fed him, when he was at my home, spiked his food with long-lasting potions which made him suggestible to Ron's and my wishes and which weren't taken up by the usual diagnostic spells, only by the indebt ones. I send him sweets spiked with the same potion, to keep them from flushing out over the schoolyear. I suggested tickets to the world cup to Arthur to make the boy feel grateful. Ron nearly blew everything in

fourth year, but after a stern talking to, he got over himself. I wanted to begin with love-potions in the summer before his fifth year, but the inapt boy got himself arrested and then starved himself to death."

"Did you all this under Dumbledore's orders?"

"No, my orders were just, to keep the boy on our side. How I accomplished this, was up to me and I wanted something good to come out for my family as well."

"What was the goal, other than to keep Harry on your side?"

"To have him in the family. The prestige alone was worth it and the boy was generous. He would've given my baby and her family everything they wanted. If I'd managed to marry Ginny to him and would've had a child with him, we wouldn't have wanted for anything ever again."

"You did have Harry's key to his trust vault. Did you ever steal from him?"

"Yes. He'd had a limit of a thousand Galleons per year. In the summers before second, third and fourth year I emptied it completely. I made sure he'd have everything he needed including pocket money from fifty Galleons. I took the rest home to spend it on my babies and my home. My Arthur only makes a total of ninety Galleons per month (3) and we needed the money with five, later four children at Hogwarts. And Ginny needed extra things to seduce the boy to fall for her."

"Do you regret what you did to Harry Potter?"

"No. The boy was needed, had more than enough money and we needed it more than him."

"Did Dumbledore know of your plans?"

"Only about my plan to marry him off to Ginny and he suggested, to make sure Ginny falls pregnant as soon as the boy turns seventeen and marry them as soon as possible after that. I think, he didn't plan on Harry living much longer than nineteen. Ginny would've inherited everything. We would've made sure about this with a contract."

"Did you have other missions?"

"Yes."

"Which ones?"

"To keep Sirius Black in the house and to make sure, he wouldn't have too

much time with Harry or go out to see a mind-healer or try to get himself exonerated."

"Anything else?"

"I was tasked to keep watch at the door to the Department of Mysteries a few times."

"Why?"

"I don't know."

"Anything else?"

"No."

At this point, the memory stopped and Severus had to fight, to keep his cool façade. He'd never liked Molly very much. Her voice and overbearing attitude grated on his nerves and her brats were mouthy and unruly. But after this interrogation, while her voice was even grating in the monotone way she'd spoken, her answers made him hate her so much, that it hurt. He was only glad, that Narcissa had been extremely thorough in her examination during Harry's healing-coma and had given him a flushing potion just to be sure.

He admired how calm and collected Marvolo had been through the whole ordeal, even if with every question a bit more steel crept in his voice and his eyes blazed more and more. He'd seen Harry stand stone-faced beside Marvolo in the memory, uttering not a word, but had felt his agitation next to him during the replay.

Marvolo led the memory sink in for a few minutes, then signalled Regulus, to play the last one. When the room heard about Ginevra's plans for Harry and Draco, Severus had problems to keep his calm and to not spring up and kill the girl on the spot. At fourteen years old, she had not only been depraved enough to molest a sleeping boy, but she'd actual planned to mind-control him for the rest of his life and even kill him in the end. He had to admit, that he was interested in the potion itself, for purely academic purpose of course, but beyond that, the girl just disgusted him. Harry's fidgeting next to him got so bad, that Severus had to lay a hand on his forearm. Not only to calm the young man, but to keep himself from standing up.

When the hall got more and more agitated, Marvolo stood up. "You've all seen the interrogations, now we'll see the verdict. We start with Bill and Fleur Weasley, as they come as a package deal."

Wands lit up with green light all over the hall, not one red light could be seen. “Not guilty.” Marvolo then addressed the couple. “Would you like to take your vow now or do you want to stay until this is all over?”

Bill and Fleur shared a look, then Bill answered: “We’ll take the vow now and then leave.” With a disgusted look at his mother and sister he added: “We don’t want to impose on your hospitality any longer than necessary, my lord.” So, they took the vow to keep everything what happened after their wedding until they left the Castle to themselves and to never fight against Marvolo Slytherin and all his allies ever again.

Marvolo nodded satisfied. “You’re free to go. Outside is a guard waiting for you with a portkey to transport you to your chosen location. I wish you a good and happy life.”

“Thank you, my lord.” And they left the room without another glance at their disgraced family-members.

“Next is Arthur Weasley.” Wands lit up again and numbers started to glow in the air in red and green. It was a close call. “Not guilty. Arthur Weasley, you’re offered the same deal as your son. If you decline again, you’ll share the punishment of your wife as a collaborator without chance of redemption or appeal if she’s found guilty. Choose wisely!”

The hall waited with bated breath, as Arthur looked torn between his wife and daughter and the door. Even he knew, that there wasn’t a chance in hell, that the women would be found not guilty. His thoughts and conflicting feelings were written all over his face. After five minutes, he closed his eyes and let out a resigned sigh and Severus knew the answer before he said it. “I was actively, if unknowingly, aiding my wife in her crimes and I would’ve continued in doing so, had Harry Potter not died. I’ll take the punishment with my wife.”

Next to Severus, Harry let his head fall in his hands for a moment and a sad expression flickered over his face, before he straightened up and his face hardened. Severus could sympathize. He also didn’t understand, that Arthur would choose the females and punishment over his sons and freedom. In his eyes it wasn’t loyalty or bravery, but pure stubbornness and stupidity and for this alone he deserved, what was coming. In this moment, Arthur lost his standing as a friend to Severus and became a stranger.

“As you wish. Next is Molly Weasley.” All wands flared red. “Guilty. And last, Ginevra Weasley.” Again, all wands flared red, as predicted. “Guilty.” The woman had taken the verdict with a stony expression. “The verdict has been passed. Now, Harold will present the punishment.”

Harry stood up with determination in his eyes and Severus admired the line of his set jaw, before he caught himself and looked over to the Weasleys. In a deep, calm voice he spoke: “Molly and Arthur Weasley. Your punishment is as by your own wishes a package deal and you have nobody but yourself to blame. As Molly undoubtedly would’ve aided her daughter in her pursuit to enslave Draco, they shall enter as slaves into the Malfoy household for them to do as they please.” All Weasleys paled drastically, they obviously expected a death sentence, not slavery. “You will be collard as slaves and have forfeited any rights to your life and to your body.” He vanished their clothes and they tried to hastily cover their privates under the leering gazes of all men present and jittering laughs of the women. Today, everyone over the age of sixteen was present, because it wasn’t just a Death Eater meeting, but a trial and Marvolo thought it prudent to let the women and young ones vote as well. “You will be fitted with cuffs which will direct your magic inside your body to aid it in healing and in prolonging your life, but to be used for nothing else ever again.” At this, a house elf popped in with iron cuffs (1) and collars. Harry directed everything in position and snapped it on with his wand. When the cuffs snapped shut around their wrists and ankles, Molly screamed and Arthur groaned as all of their magic was suddenly trapped into their body. It would take them a while to adjust to that. Then Harry took out a chain and sent it to the couple to fasten itself through the rings at the collars and lock itself with a padlock. Harry levitated the keys to the collars and padlock to Lucius who took them out of the air and put them in his pocket. “They are yours, Lucius. As Harry was under their thrall for four years, you’re to keep them alive for the same amount of time. After that, I don’t care.” He smirked, as Lucius grabbed the end of the chain and tugged hard on it, sending Arthur and Molly to their knees.

“As you wish.” Lucius answered gracefully and smirked at the kneeling Weasleys.

Severus would’ve to speak with Lucius later in private. He had a few experimental potions (2), he wanted to test out. One of them would physically de-age a body a year per drop. It couldn’t prolong the natural lifespan, but it would keep the body young and fertile. He knew, the Malfoys always wanted a second child, but Narcissa

couldn't hold one after Draco and even Draco had been a small miracle. She'd miscarried six times, until the healers told her to stop trying or risk her life. Among others, he had also an experimental potion he'd started on even before Draco was conceived to help his friends. It would be mixed with the blood of the intended mother and must be taken within a week after conceiving by the surrogate and would switch the genes of the intended mother with the ones of the surrogate. He'd perfected it in the last year, but without a test subject, he couldn't be sure, if it worked correctly.

Harry cleared his throat and turned to Draco. "I know, you were an intended victim, but I won't give her to you, even if she normally would go to you."

"That is all right with me, Harold. She wronged your cousin more than me. But if we ever catch Ronald…" Draco grinned and the hall laughed.

"Deal." Harry winked, then grew serious again and turned back to the last Weasley. "Ginevra Weasley, you wanted to enslave first Harry Potter, then Draco Malfoy and you molested Harry in his sleep, profited from the money stolen from him the most, tried to steal his broom and, worst of all, betrayed his trust together with your mother. For these crimes, you get the same sentence as your parents, but you'll belong to me." She paled even further when the same set of cuffs were floated over to her. When they snapped in place she collapsed to the floor, screaming. Harry took out a black metal collar with golden letters spelling out the word WHORE in capital letters and let it fasten itself snug around her neck sealing itself seamlessly. It was spelled to not choke her to death and not chafe her raw, but it wouldn't be comfortable or forgettable either. "You wanted a live in luxury and to never have to work for anything. Congratulation, you've earned yourself the opposite. You'll work for your keep and you'll pay my family back everything your family stole. I will assume one Galleon for your keep per day, you'll live in a luxurious room after all even if you'll sleep in a cage and you'll eat food prepared from house elves, even it if it's out of a bowl on the floor and the scraps from the table." He smirked at her as her eyes widened. "I'm generous in my calculation and assume, your family stole 900 Galleons per year from Harry, that makes 2700 Galleons in total. And I'll make sure, you pay back every Knut by renting you out. To make it a bit easier to keep track and as I know, that the guys can afford it, I will take one Sickle per fuck. If someone wishes to purchase you as a surrogate, I'll take fifty Galleons per child. I think, it will take you a while to pay everything. And I will keep book over everything including your

keep." He vanished her clothes and ordered her to stand up. "Let your future customers see, what they can purchase, little as it is in the tits-department."

Severus laughed at that and had to adjust himself. A confident and malicious Harry was hot as hell and the naked young red-head actually turned him on. Her tits weren't as small as Harry made them out to be, they were a good hand-full, the size of ripe apples, and she had a nice, hairless cunt. Perhaps he should ask Harry to test her out some day. A Sickle was really not much in their circles.

"That is my sentence. So mote it be."

"So mote it be." Echoed the others unisono.

Harry sat down and gave him a knowing smirk. "We'll have fun with her together, Professor, won't we? I want to test out some potions, I have in mind, but no idea, how to create them. We could make a project out of this."

Severus grinned. "If you wish. A project in potion-creating was planned for September till Yule anyway, so, this would be educational as well as fun." He sighed dramatically. "And here I thought I could purchase a relaxing time."

Harry laughed at that. "You won't have to pay, if you want to use her. Look at it like a bonus for you excellent tutoring."

"We shall see." He nodded and stood up to have a brief chat with Lucius before dinner.

(1) To read my thoughts on this, please read "Additional Reading" Chapter 6

(2) For a more in-depth explanation, please read "Additional Reading" Chapter 7

(3) If you want to know, how I interpret the money-system in the wizarding world, please read "Additional Reading" Chapter 8

Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

> This chapter is basically just porn. If you don't want to read it, you can skip it without missing plot. See the end-notes for a summery.
>
> Thank you all for reading and leaving kudos. It makes me happy to see, that you like my story. :-)
>
> Trigger-warning: rape, face-slapping, public humiliation, public sex, loss of virginity by rape, spitroasting, threats of forced prostitution

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 14

Slytherin Castle, August 9th 1997

After the meeting was over, they had dinner in the great hall together and Harry had dragged Ginny next to his seat, letting her sit naked on the floor and leashed to the chair like a dog. While he was conversing with Severus, he watched her out of the corner of his eyes. She was still pale, but held her head high and looked to her parents with disgust, her eyes never wavering. Harry followed her gaze and watched as Arthur was on all fours and used by Narcissa as a side table and Molly was licking Lucius boots. Now and then he would stretch out a foot, drag it a few times through her legs, rubbing her cunt and then put it back in front of her to lick it clean again. Obviously, Ginny thought, she was better than them. Well, that wouldn't do. Harry let three large spoons of mashed potatoes, two spoons of buttery peas, a glob of gravy and a tiny piece of roasted chicken drop to the floor directly between her legs. "Dinner is served." She looked confused from the food on the floor to him. "What are you waiting for? It's all you'll get for dinner, so start licking it up. And hurry, dinner will be over soon!" He snapped at her. She didn't move and stubbornly remained kneeling like she was. Harry resumed his conversation, but when she refused to even look at the food, he gave Severus a loaded look and rolled his eyes. Severus just smirked at him

and lifted his eyebrow in challenge. Harry suddenly grabbed her by the hair and gave her a resounding slap to the face, then pushed her to the ground face first in the food. “If I tell you to lick it up, then you get to work immediately, slut!” Then he dragged her face along the floor and lifted her head afterwards. She looked ridiculous with mashed potatoes and gravy dripping from her face and peas sticking to her face like overgrown pimples. He dragged up a glob of snot and spat it on the floor, adding it to the mess. “Now, start licking! I won’t tell you again, but I promise you, you won’t like the consequences of refusing!” He pushed her down and hesitantly she started at her dinner. Severus gave him an approving smirk. “Would you like to join me after dinner in my rooms? We could discuss the project further.”

After agreeing they finished their dinner in silence and enjoyed the show, the Malfoys were making of degrading the Weasleys. Harry knew, it was a petty revenge on his side, given the almost famous feud between the two houses, but he just couldn’t resist to indulge the Malfoys. Arthur was still reduced to a side table, but Molly was forced by Lucius to make a spectacle out of herself by inserting and riding his shoe-covered foot while facing the hall. Harry laughed at her, when her massive tits slapped up and down and hit her in her face while Lucius insulted her performance and ordered her to go deeper and faster. All men in the hall were watching and jeering and laughing at her, while Narcissa and Paulina Parkinson loudly conversed over the right treatment of slaves.

Harry could hear Pansy complaining about ugly freckles and Draco wondering, if he would be allowed to practice is aim with spells at the Weasels parents. “A pity, we aren’t allowed to tell anybody outside, that we have them. Can you imagine his reaction, if we told him, that his mother was riding my father’s shoes in public?” They all broke out in roaring laughter.

“Yes, he would throw a tantrum, demanding retribution to defend his family-honour. And look at it, the slut is enjoying it.” Pansy taunted loudly, as Molly’s face went nearly purple in shame and exertion, while speeding up nonetheless at Lucius orders and stinging hexes to her wobbling ass.

It went on in this manner till the end of dinner. After dessert vanished, Lucius kicked Molly from his shoe and she landed sprawled out and panting exhausted on the floor before the table. Narcissa lifted her wineglass from Arthur’s back and ordered him to clean her husband’s shoes from Mollys juices. Letting his head hanging down in shame, Arthur crawled forwards and got to work to the amused laughter of

the hall.

Harry looked down at Ginny, to find that the floor was clean and she'd even tried to clean her face. Here and there she missed a spot of gravy or potatoes near the hair, but otherwise she did a decent job. He stood up and took the leash from the chair, then dragged her to her feet and told Severus: "Let's go to my rooms for the promised nightcap." Together they left the great hall, not seeing the knowing smirk of Marvolo or the raised eyebrow of Sirius.

It didn't take them long to arrive at Harry's room, one of the reasons Harry allowed Ginny to walk through the halls. Another reason was, he wanted to parade her around naked and drive home the fact, that she no longer had any rights or control over her life. When they arrived at his rooms, the house elves had already set up her sleeping accommodations. In the entrance-area in clear view of every visitor and the living room stood a cage large enough to let her person curl-up in, but not stretch out fully. "This is, where you'll sleep, slave. It's charmed against letting out noise, so I won't be disturbed by you, but you'll be able to hear everything in the room. If I want it, that is." He smirked at Severus. It was one of his newer spells and Harry thought it ingenious. Ginny mustered the cage on the bare stone-floor and the thin blanket in it. Nothing covered the bars on the floor and there was no pillow or other comfort beside the thin, a bit threadbare blanket. At the wall behind the bars were glowing numbers showing the amount of her debt. They would update themselves every day and when Harry went to bed, they would dim down to not disturb him when his bedroom door was open, but still be visible to her. Harry could see when it dawned on her, that her nights won't be warm or comfortable at all. He pushed her down on her knees. "You're not allowed to walk in here, if I let you out of the cage, that is. You'll be taken out by the house elves before breakfast, lunch and dinner to piss and shit in the court yard, it will be vanished after you're done, then you'll be hosed down outside, before being allowed to come inside again and be fed at meals at my feed, like the bitch you are."

They left their robes on the hooks by the door and stepped in the living room in just trousers and shirts. Severus followed him to the plushie three-seater and sat down next to Harry, while he continued his explanation of her daily duties to Ginny. "You'll serve me in the mornings, during lunchbreaks and in the evenings after dinner. While I'm studying, you'll be placed in the entrance hall with a pricelist on the wall and an ownership-statement tagged on your tit. I'll place the necessary ring for this later, perhaps. You'll serve whoever wants your service in whichever way they want, to earn your keep. This is the

pricelist I came up with." He handed it to Severus. "Did I miss something?"

Severus read through the following list with an ever-widening grin.

Prices for service are as followed :

1 Sickle per fuck/penetration, regardless which hole

15 Knuts for oral service to female customers

10 Knuts per hand job

15 Knuts per hour of 'playtime' without penetration

5 Knuts per shoe-cleaning

For surrogate-service please contact owner for availability. 50 Galleons per child plus costs for necessary potions.

Service times:

Monday – Friday 08:00 – 11:45 and 13:00 – 18:30

Saturday 08:00 – 11:45

Sundays on request only

If you take the slave from the service point, please add your name and the awaited time of return to the list on the wall. Payment is to be placed in the designated box. The price is tagged by the collar, so please don't hesitate to advance if you're deviating from your planned use.

Please return the slave five minutes before break and closing time.

The customer is reminded, to not let the slave die or damage it beyond repair on penalty of 3000 Galleons.

If you've got complains about the behaviour of the slave, please contact the owner for correction and/or refunding.

Amendments to the service-times may happen on short notice, but you'll be informed in advance if possible.

"Well, I, think you covered it for the time being. You can add to the prices, if you think of something else later. She'll have to work hard, if

she wants to earn her keep. With Sundays in your service, she'll be hard pressed to pay the loan back. Do you take interest on the loan?" Severus asked with cruel smile.

Harry hadn't considered that. With a humming noise, he nodded slowly. "I think, I will. Two percent per year is fair, isn't it?" Severus agreed. "That would be 54 Galleons added at the end of the year, if she doesn't manage to pay back anything." He paused. "I think, I'm in a generous mood and won't take interest for the last three years." He wasn't that good in math, but didn't want to admit it in front of Severus. Then he turned his attention back on Ginny, still kneeling in front of them and looking horrified. "You heard it, slut, so you better beg for fucks all day long, if you ever want to be done with your debt. You'll need seventeen fucks per day alone to earn your keep, so you should hope, that you'll attract enough customers. If you're done with your debt one day, you may earn privileges and comforts. Such as a mattress or the right to use the bathroom to shower and use the facilities. But I think, that will be a long time in coming."

Severus snorted at that. "Will her service to you or, let's say, on parties you host, to your guest add to her count?"

"Of course not, what do you take me for?" Harry answered scandalized. "She's my property, so I'll do whatever I want with her and I'm a generous host, so all my party guests will naturally use her for free. As will the Ravens, I think." He added the sentence 'No fee for Ravens' to the list and looked Ginny over contemplatively. "If she's still a virgin?"

"Let's find out." Severus looked deep in her eyes, then broke the eye contact. "Her ass and mouth certainly are not." He sneered. "Lay on your back, hold the back of your knees with your hands and spread your legs, slave." Severus ordered.

When she didn't move immediately Harry gave her two hard slaps to each cheek and pushed her hard to the floor. She barely avoided hitting her head on the floor. "You were given an order, so do as you were told. It doesn't matter if the order came from me or someone else, with one exception. If a given order contradicts mine, you'll follow my orders. My word is your law, understood, slut?" She nodded. "And if I ask you a question, I want a verbal answer. You'll address me as master, everyone else as sir or madam if not told otherwise. Understood, slut?"

"Yes, master." She spat and looked at him reproachful then struggled

in the ordered position.

He kicked her ass and reprimanded: “Don’t give me that. Your tone will be polite and you’ll smile at me if I’m gracious enough to address you. And now hold your hands above your head and keep them there!” Then he gestured at Severus. “Please go ahead and examine her as much as you want.”

Severus needn’t be told twice. He leaned forward and traced her slit with long, elegant fingers up and down, gracing her clit with every go. Then he inserted two fingers, but stopped halfway through and furrowed his brows. “Seems as if the cunt at least is still virgin.” He dragged her with curled fingers nearer to him and continued to finger her while massaging her clit at the same time until she was writhing and panting and dripping wet. He’d grabbed one tit and rolled the nipple hard between his thumb and forefinger until it was a dark cherry-red. When she was approaching her climax, he leaned back and wiped his wet hand at her thigh, ignoring her keening sound. “I admit, I’m surprised that a slut like this has still a virgin cunt.” He said in a conversational tone.

Harry meanwhile had to adjust himself. Watching Severus casual fingering a sixteen-year-old girl and one of his students to boot, turned him on immensely. “Me too. I had expected her to have ridden half the school by this point. She’s awfully slutty for her age, don’t you think?” He leaned forward and dragged a finger through the wetness. With a wave of his wand, her intestines were cleaned and he shoved the wet finger up her ass right to the last knuckle without any further lube added. “About the potion-project, Professor?”

Severus smirked, while he watched Harry fuck the slave’s arse with his finger and at his overly innocent look. “What did you have in mind, Harold?”

Harry continued his ministration and added a second finger to the ass, ignoring Ginny’s whimper. “Well, her tits are way too small for my liking as is her ass and I don’t like all these awful freckles. She looks like someone had vomited all over her. So, I thought, some body-altering potions would be nice to have.” He added a third finger and smirked when she started to sob. “And I wanted to ask you, how far along you’re with this gene-switching potion. I wouldn’t mind to lend her as a test subject to you. We could offer it to customers seeking surrogate-service and you would make a pretty Galleon with this potion.”

Severus hummed. “We can discuss the details of that tomorrow. The potion is ready enough to be tested on humans. It works perfectly on rats, rabbits and kneazles. I’ve offered it to Lucius to test it on his slave.” His eyes never left the fingers fucking in and out of the ass. “To your ideas. I’ve some books for you on that subject and there already is a potion to enhance breast-size. We could alter that one to also enhance the size of an ass. Perhaps making a cream out of it to keep the natural feeling and looks. The existing potions lets the tits look like blown up balloons, but with a bit of work, we could remedy this. And for the freckles… Well, this could be your project for potion-creating.”

“Sounds good to me” Harry said and pulled his fingers from her ass. He looked at the growing bulge in his professor’s trousers and grinned. “Ever wanted to shut her up?” He asked slyly as he grabbed her tits to sit her up and pulled her upright.

“Yes, all the time.” Came the hoarse answer. “She couldn’t shut her mouth to save her life.” He looked her up and down and leaned forward again to casually touch her tits. “You’re right about the size, they need to be bigger to satisfy customers who want to fuck her tits.”

“Oh, I didn’t think of that.” Harry looked at him and then back at the still slightly panting slave. “Well, let’s have a bit of fun with the slut.” At Severus’ raised brow, he added. “I could think of a better use for her mouth than chattering and insulting her professor, can’t you?”

“Indeed.” He answered in a dry tone and opened the first two buttons of his shirt.

“And I always wanted to pop a cherry. Why don’t we share this moment? As a bonding experience, so to speak.” Harry winked and grinned, when Severus nodded in agreement. That he also would finally get to see his professor’s cock was just the cherry on the cake. He stood up, snatched a handful of her hair and pulled her head to Severus’ crotch.

“If you would like, then by all means.” Severus drawled. “Get to work slut and if I feel your teeth, I’ll pull them out!” Ginny hesitatingly opened the button of his trousers, then flinched, when he batted her hands away. “You were always good with your mouth, Miss Weasley, so use it now too!”

Harry gave a startled laugh at that and stepped behind her. He watched the scene as he slowly shed his shirt. He could feel Severus

eyes on him and gave him a lascivious smile. Harry had admitted to himself, that he had a crush on the potion master, but he knew, he'd have to treat carefully, if he wanted to develop more with him. He pulled down his pants and trousers together not wanting to give too much of a show, but couldn't stop watching, when Ginny nuzzled Severus' groin in an attempt to pull down the zipper with her teeth. "She's not very good at this. She should practice it more." He commented, while he lowered himself to his knees behind her.

Suddenly Severus grabbed her by her hair and gave her three hard slaps in quick succession. "Idiot girl, too stupid to even open a zipper." He let go of her hair, pulled down the zipper himself and fished out his hard cock. "Now go to work, you stupid whore."

Harry was mesmerized by the hard cock in front of him and Severus' best professor-voice. His cock twitched and he had to give himself a discreet squeeze. It was just too erotic a sight. Then he positioned himself at her still wet entrance and nudged the slit open with his cockhead, grabbed her hips to stabilize himself and pushed slowly in until he could feel a resistance and she tensed. He pulled back and waited until he could feel her relaxing again. He watched her carefully engulfing the professor's cockhead and when it was fully in, he pushed forcefully in with one single, fluent motion, destroying the resistance in her. Her scream was muffled by the cock in her mouth and aborted as she was shoved forward by the powerful push, which left her choking on Severus cock. Both men moaned at the feeling, while the slave between them struggled to breath. Harry gave her no time to adjust. He pulled out and fucked back in hard until he had a good rhythm going. He slapped her ass multiple times hard and loved the way it changed colour and her pussy clenched around him. Every time he slapped her, she groaned and Severus moaned at the vibrations, what spurred Harry on to slap her harder. He could feel her twitching pussy getting wetter, her breath laboured, but before she could reach her climax, he pulled his cock out and shoved it forcefully up her tight ass. She threw her head back and screamed, but Severus dragged her back on his cock and drawled. "No slacking now, whore, you're not done here!"

Harry huffed a laugh and continued to fuck her ass hard while he enjoyed the view of Severus now using the slaves head like a fleshlight and shoving his cock down her throat. The gagging and choking noises only added to his lust. Suddenly, Severus pushed her back in Harry's arms, almost dislodging her from his cock, and stood up. He pulled her by her hair back on his cock and continued to fuck her mouth. Harry adjusted his position and continued his fucking as well,

kneading and twisting her tits hard while holding her up. He was nearly there and shifted his hands back to her hips when Severus gave a guttural moan, pulled out of her mouth and came all over her face and tits. This view alone sent Harry over the edge and he came in her ass riding out his orgasm to the sight of Severus wiping his cock over the slave's face and shoving the cum-covered appendage back in her mouth. "Clean me up, slut." He growled and she started to slowly suckle again.

Harry pulled out as well and stood up. He stepped next to Severus and grinned down. "You've made quite the mess, slut." When Severus sat back on the sofa, Harry shoved his cock in her mouth to let her clean it and then sat down as well. He looked at the still kneeling slave, dripping cum on the rug from her face, tits and ass. "That was quite nice for a first try out, don't you think, Professor?"

"Indeed, Mr. Peverell." Severus answered and Harry shivered. Severus post-orgasm voice was like dripping honey, rich and sweet.

"We should repeat it, someday." He gave Severus a sweet smile and was rewarded with a twitching of lips and glittering dark eyes. He'd to forcefully remind himself, that it wasn't time yet, to try anything with the man, so he turned his gaze on the slave and the small pool of cum beneath her. "Dessert is ready slut. Be grateful and lick it up." He saw her shudder in disgust, but she got to work immediately. After she was done, he sent her, still covered in cum and a little blood between her legs, to the cage and locked her in.

Severus stood up and straightened his clothes. "Well, thank you for the evening, Harry. It was delightful, but I'll leave you now. You'll need your sleep for tomorrow's lesson."

Harry stood as well, still naked, and accompanied Severus to the door. "Good night then, Severus. See you tomorrow." Severus gave a nod and left Harry's rooms. Harry sighed and turned to the bathroom. He'd longed to give Severus a kiss or snuggle up on the sofa with him. But it wasn't time yet.

Chapter End Notes

> Summery: Severus and Harry are bonding over raping Ginny together. Harry announces, that Ginny will be set up as whore in the entrance-hall to earn her keep. He admits to having a crush on Severus, but resolves to wait until he isn't a student of him anymore before he tries anything.

Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

Trigger-warning: humiliation, forced blow job, forced prostitution, non-con fisting, rape, object insertion, nettles, needles

If you'd like to skip the sexual part, start reading after the first change in POV marked with stars and stop reading after the end of the Wizengamot before the next change in POV.

If you'd rather skip the chapter alltogether, at the end is a summery with the important plot.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 15

Slytherin Castle, August 29th 1997

Harry stretched in his luxurious bed and palmed his morning wood. He'd had a nice dream about Severus and Marvolo, but was woken by the sun shining in his face. He could have a bit of a lie in this morning, because his lessons were cancelled in favour of his first Wizengamot session. To be honest he was a bit nervous about it. It would be his first entrance on the political floor and he would be the youngest member by far, but he was also excited. The last weeks had gone by in a blur of lessons, discussions about the upcoming meeting and playing with and tormenting his new slave. He grinned maliciously as he gazed through the open bedroom door to the curled-up figure in the cage near the entrance. As he had time this morning, he would use her to relax a bit before getting ready for the day. He had an hour before breakfast, so more than enough time. He snapped his fingers and the girl tensed up and lifted her head to look at him. With a wave of his wand the door of the cage opened and the chain holding her down disappeared. With another snap of his fingers, she crawled on all fours to his bed and slipped under the covers.

A few moments later, he felt her probing tongue on his balls and traveling up to the head of his cock. Warm lips engulfed it and slowly dragged down. Harry crossed his arms behind his head and leaned back in the pillows to enjoy his morning-blowjob. He spread his legs further to give her better access to his balls and arse, she knew by now to lick his balls and arse thoroughly. A rumble in his guts alerted him of the upcoming wind and as he felt her face pressed deep between his cheeks and her tongue licking at his arsehole, he let out a long, noisy fart. He sniggered at the gagging under the covers and relaxed a bit further in the pillows. He wouldn't lift the covers until she was done and he relished the thought of her being forced to breath the stuffy, stinking air, not able to get even a bit of relief while trying to get her tongue up his arsehole as far as she could. He so enjoyed a good rimming in the morning. He closed his eyes and thought about all the fun he'd had with her in the last three weeks, especially the one other time Severus had joined him after this first evening. The man did hide a surprisingly muscular but still lean body under his robes and Harry wished, he could've touched him but had to be satisfied to watch the slave riding the professor's cock while sucking Harry off. Severus had been sitting on the sofa and directed her head on and off Harry's cock while she was bouncing on him and Harry had had a good view of the man. He'd had to restrain himself to not lean forward to kiss him, but he held back. One day, he wouldn't be his student anymore and then, he would be free to try and gain Severus affection and perhaps a bit more. He sighed, as another fart left his arsehole, where still Ginny's tongue was located and tapped on her head to signal, that she should move back to his cock. Severus was a special case for him. He didn't just want the man in his bed, he wanted a real relationship with him. But he still had no idea, how he would manage that. The man was a mystery with such a prickly personality, that it seemed impossible to get under his skin.

And then there was Marvolo. Looking like a twenty-five-year-old sex god on two legs, he could've everyone he wanted. Harry had caught him a few times watching intensely the interactions of himself and various people and he didn't know, what to make of this. It gave him the same fluttering feeling in his stomach as Severus gave him, when he had his full attention. Was it possible to have a crush on two people? He'd accepted a few months ago, that he had obviously a thing for older men. Dark-haired, fit older men with an aura of power and a near suffocation presence. Absentmindedly he pushed on the covers, where the slave's head was, to push her down his cock to the root, so it was engulfed fully in her mouth and throat and she could lick his balls at the same time. He felt his orgasm approaching fast

now, with all the thinking about the two hot men. After a look on his watch, he let go and came down the slave's throat with a low moan. It was time to get ready for the day.

When his balls were empty and the slave had licked him clean, he threw the covers back and when the girl wasn't fast enough to get out of the bed, he kicked her to the floor. "Toddy!" He called and a house elf popped in. "Please take the bitch out to do its business and hose it down. Afterwards, bring it to the dining room for breakfast." The house elf bowed, fastened the leash on Ginny's collar and popped out with her. He would take her to the entrance hall and lead her out from there, otherwise, they wouldn't make it in time for breakfast. Harry thought it still amusing to humiliate her this way. Toddy could just plop them in the corner of the court yard, where she relieved herself three times a day, but to walk her out like a dog for all to see and knowing, that everyone knew, she was taken for a piss and shit never failed to give her a deep blush of embarrassment.

Harry took a quick shower and dressed in his favourite dark purple, nearly black robes. They let his eyes shine like emeralds and he loved the soft feeling of the silk-like material. In a good mood he went to breakfast and grinned, when he saw Petunia serve in their dining room today. He took his seat between Sirius and Regulus and started on his pancakes. At the first bite, he grimaced and spat it on the floor in front of Ginny. "I'm allergic to blueberries!" He sprang up and grabbed Petunias throat. "Are you trying to poison me, slut?"

Her eyes widened in fear. "No, sir! I'm sorry, sir, I didn't know!"

He punched her in the face, then between her legs and pushed her to the table, so she collided hard with her hips against the edge. "Take this out and inform the house elves of your failure! Then come back here." He knew, that it wasn't her fault, but how many times had she punished him without a reason? So, he thought it only fair, that she would be punished for another one's mistake. He took a calming breath and sat down again. "Sorry for the disturbance."

"It's quite alright. This was a mistake which shouldn't have happened." Marvolo said and asked concerned. "Are you alright?"

Harry nodded. "A bite isn't harmful, even one or two berries aren't, but if I had eaten more, I would've swollen up like a frog on a swelling solution. It's not pleasant." Petunia came back, her eye already swelling slowly shut where he'd punched her, and served him a full English breakfast. He didn't acknowledge her.

“That would’ve been unfortunate, especially today.” Marvolo agreed in a calm voice. “You ready for today?”

Harry nodded and emptied the bowl with baked beans on the floor, where the slave had licked up the spat-out pancakes, then dropped the hash browns on top. He didn’t like them and his plate was full enough. “I’m nervous, to be honest.”

Sirius laid his cutlery down. “Understandable, but you won’t be alone. Marvolo and I will come with you and announce your entrance. It will be alright. And imagine Dumbledore’s face. It will be hilarious.”

Harry laughed and felt the tension melt away. Sirius was right, he wouldn’t be alone. His family would be with him and nothing could happen to him with them there. Even Lucius and Draco would be there. Lucius in his seat and Draco in the public ranks. They would meet up afterwards and have a finale discussion and a bit of fun after that, before Draco had to leave for Hogwarts on Sunday.

After breakfast was done, Harry led his slave to her service-point across the entrance and next to the door to the great hall and took out a small sign and a safety-pin. He pulled her left nipple taught and pushed the pin through it, then fastened the sign which read: ***Property of Harold Peverell***. It wasn’t necessary, everyone knew who she was owned by, but he did it anyway every morning. It never got old to see the badly hidden look of pain and hatred in her eyes. He waved his wand to make the sign above her head, which read: ***Open for service***, glow and checked that the pricelist was still on the wall behind her, then grinned and gave her a hard pet to the cheek. “Better work harder than yesterday, you’re behind on your keep!” She would only get a small break today due to his absence and a bowl of rice-soup for lunch, so she should be able to serve one or two customers more than usual.

Sirius and Marvolo laughed at that and together they left for the ministry.

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Albus Dumbledore watched tiredly as the ranks of the Wizengamot filled slowly. The last four weeks had been harsh. Ronald and Hermione had arrived lightly injured and highly dishevelled at the

doors of Hogwarts on the evening of Bill's wedding and were nearly hysteric. It had taken quite some time to get them calm enough to tell their story and to call the authorities. They'd been too late to save the Burrow or anything else around it and there wasn't a clue, who had done it. He'd watched the memories of both youths and though there had been the custom Death Eater masks, there was another group he didn't recognize and he'd come to the conclusion, that this had been a new group, trying to terrorize the population and claiming association to Tom. But nobody had claimed responsibility, no demand had been ushered and no attack had followed. There was no trace of Arthur, Molly and Ginny, but Bill and Fleur had surfaced after a week and claimed, they'd hidden in France and would stay there for the time being.

Albus sighed. He was worried about the three missing Weasleys and had tasked most of the Order members to search for them, but without any success. Ronald was staying with his brothers in Diagon Alley above the twin's shop. They were all devasted but holding it together admirably. He'd sent Hermione home to her parents and placed wards around her home. It was too dangerous to leave her without any protection and without Ginny, his plan rested on her alone. Hopefully, she used the time to make herself more tempting to young Malfoy. His gaze drifted to the public ranks, where the blonde boy sat, as arrogant as ever. A few seats farther away sat Neville Longbottom. He'd tried to give the boy private lessons and up his education after Harry had died, but was blocked by his grandmother. He'd explained to Augusta, that Neville, as the second prophecy-child had a responsibility and he just wanted to prepare the boy accordingly, but she wouldn't have any of it. And Voldemort still hadn't made an appearance.

Even Albus started to doubt Harry's story after the tournament though he knew about the Horcrux-diary. Perhaps he'd been wrong all along and Harry wasn't a Horcrux and the diary was the only one? He'd searched everywhere and found not even a hint. Pettigrew had confessed to killing Cedric Diggory, perhaps the trauma and shock had led to Harry hallucinating? But it couldn't be, Severus was reporting regularly and absent every weekend and holiday, to do Tom's bidding. But was he really? Albus had his doubts lately. Severus was in a much too good mood when he came back and never showed signs of the Cruciatus or other injuries. In fact, he looked healthy and relaxed. Perhaps he was just slacking off his duties and had used the excuse given to get more free time. Albus couldn't even blame him, he'd held the young man on a rather short leash. Perhaps, he should approach him and tell him, that he can have the weekends and holidays off, if he told him the truth and settled for a less generous salary.

A bell-like tone interrupted his musings and he stood up and waved his wand to close and seal the doors. Then he looked down from his podium to the three men, standing there, waiting to be addressed. They made an imposing picture, dressed to the nines, young and powerful. He'd to admit that freedom suited Sirius well. The last two years had been kind to him. He looked at least ten years younger and had filled out nicely. Slytherin was as handsome as ever, but the young man between the both was, who intrigued Albus the most. He could guess, who he was, because he looked like a more mature, healthier and way more confident version of Harry Potter, minus the glasses and scar and with traditionally long hair. "The Wizengamot is in session." He opened the session and addressed the three men. "Please, state your name and your request."

The young man took a deep breath and stated in a deep, calm voice: "I, Harold James Peverell, son of Charles and Monica Peverell, last of the ancient and most noble house of Potter, claim hereby my birthright to the seat in this hallowed hall." (1)

"Your witness?" Albus asked, following protocol.

"I name Sirius Orion Black, son of the ancient and most noble house of Black, godfather to my cousin Harry Potter, grandson to my grandmother Dorea Potter nee Black, my witness." Harold stated calmly.

"Your sponsor?" It was custom, that a new member under the age of twenty-five had a sponsor to guide him through the ropes and the often-confusing procedures of the Wizengamot sessions. It was also the reason, why young men like Mr. Longbottom, who could also claim his seat, preferred to let a family member hold the seat as a proxy until they felt ready. Sponsorships were seldom given, though they were a great honour, they also were a great responsibility which few wanted to take up.

"I, Marvolo Salazar Slytherin, take up the responsibility of sponsoring Harold James Peverell to the best of my abilities, of my own free will. So mote it be." Marvolo answered clearly and his words echoed in the chamber.

"So mote it be." Was answered from the whole of the Wizengamot and a seat on the left section, the traditionally light one, glowed.

The young man was quickly sworn in as everyone else, to serve the wizarding world to the best of his abilities and the three men made

their way to their designated seats as Albus followed them with his eyes. It still astounded him, that Slytherin and Black had shifted their seats to the neutral section, leaving Lucius as the leader of the dark and swelling the neutrals to just one seat less than the light, which let Albus remain the Chief Warlock. He held on to this position by a hairs breath and was only reinstated after the disaster with Harry, because none of the other candidates of the light could gain a majority. When the three sat down, he asked the customary first question, before they would move to today's agenda. "Would anyone like to change his allegiance?" Nobody had since Black and Slytherin and he expected it to remain like that. He looked around and the newest member of the body stood up. "Mr. Peverell?"

"I'd like to switch my seat to the neutral party." The young man stated confidently.

"But… the Potter's seat is traditionally in the light section, my boy, you can't just-" Albus stuttered flabbergasted, but was interrupted.

"You're wrong about this, Chief Warlock. The seat switched only with my Grandfather Fleamont Potter to the light section and was never anywhere else but in the neutral section before him. I'd like to rectify this and turn back to the traditional fraction of my ancestors." Harold looked at him curiously. "And, perhaps you misinterpreted my request. I didn't ask, Chief Warlock, I stated a fact!"

Albus opened his mouth to argue further with this young man, but before he could say anything, Slytherin stood up. "Are you trying to influence my young ward, Chief Warlock? Do I have to remind you, that I'm the one sponsoring him as stated just a few minutes ago? We discussed this and his right to do it beforehand."

Albus inclined his head in concession. "Forgive me, I was just surprised. Please move your seat, Mr. Peverell."

Albus was internally fuming as he watched the next events play out as expected. Lucius demanded a new Chief Warlock as the neutrals now had the majority and Slytherin was quickly chosen and sworn in, while Albus had no other choice than gracefully leaving his post and returning to his seat. It wasn't totally unexpected to him, but it still irked him, that it happened so fast. He'd hoped, the Peverell-brat would at least complete his NEWTs until he set foot on the political floor, but that obviously wasn't the case. He'd kept an eye on the boy ever since he learned of his existence and had traced his heritage and had to admit, that he was good. Fourteen OWLs with nine O's and

four E's was better, than Miss Granger and even Albus himself had managed and he had the feeling, that he would see way more than he wanted of the young man.

The session itself was nothing ground-breaking. Only budget-discussions and the odd complain from one department-head or the other. Albus looked around contemplatively and realized, that the tide was turning. He just wasn't sure he liked the direction in which it was turning.

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After the Wizengamot session, they went out to lunch, Draco had opted to go home to meet up with his friends early. They enjoyed lunch at a little restaurant in Diagon Alley and an hour later it was back to Malfoy Manor to discuss how to proceed and to relax a bit. Harry wanted to change everything, but was cautioned against rushing things. They'd need time to establish their ideas further and to change public opinion. As they arrived in the Manor's gardens, Harry stopped cold. There was a young man with full, red hair, naked, with a bound, hard cock, being fucked harshly by Vincent in the arse. A young woman with equally red hair, looking a lot like Ginny with bigger tits and a rounder ass kneeled before the man and lapped at the cock as if it was lolly. Darco was laughing at her whimpers as he fucked her with his whole fist up her cunt while Gregory, Blaise and Theodore egged him on to go harder on her. "Who's that? You have new slaves, Uncle Lucius?"

Lucius laughed and gained the attention of Draco and his friends, who waved and then resumed their fun. "No, but as you know, I prefer my slaves young, so I gave Arthur and Molly the same potion Sirius and Marvolo took to age down their bodies. Just in a higher dosage. Their bodies are now around twenty." Harry grimaced at this. Sirius had told him, that the potion was painful while it worked through the system and renewed and de-aged the cells and Molly and Arthur would've needed a triple-dosage to have a body thirty years younger. It had to be excruciating. As Harry looked harder at the red-headed man, he could see the resemblance. He looked a lot like Bill, just with fewer muscles.

"Nice, but I still don't like the freckles." He said as he followed Lucius

and the other two to the pavilion and sat down. “Where is aunt Narcissa?”

“She’s at the Parkinsons for tea and won’t be back till dinner.” He paused. “The potions took root and with the protective spells around the womb and the spells to let the foetus feel secure, loved and hear our voices, we hope, that the child will develop as expected. Narcissa is laying the groundwork in her social circles, so that we can announce a pregnancy after the first trimester eventually.”

“So, Molly is already pregnant?” Harry asked doubtfully, as he watched Draco fist her. Theo had taken a thick carrot from an array of vegetables in a basket near them and was trying to insert it in Molly’s arsehole, while Draco dragged his fist in and out of her cunt. “Isn’t it harmful to the baby, to play with her?”

Lucius grinned and nodded indulgently at his son, who winked back and turned back to his toy. “No, Severus had worked on this set of spells and potions for nearly twenty years. The spells were already tested thoroughly and he determined, that, as soon as the foetus took root they work as intended. Regardless of the treatment of the incubator, the child will develop healthily and a miscarriage is near impossible as long as the child weren’t damaged while conceived. Something to do with genetics, but I honestly didn’t understand half of it. We had to pamper her for the first week. After that, we could do, what we wanted, as long as we feed her nutrition potions in the morning.” Lucius grinned. “And we’re thorough with that. Narcissa checks her over every evening to make sure, the baby has everything it needs.”

Sirius whistled. “You started early. How far along is she now?” He also watched the antics of the young men and enjoyed, what he was seeing, if one would go by the bulge in his trousers.

“We started priming her and me with fertility potions the moment we got home after her trial. Severus had approached us during the break between trial and dinner and mentioned the option of a gene-switching potion and gave me the first doses of fertility-potion. The next day in the evening, he came by and explained everything and we agreed on the spot. Narcissa longed for a second child for a long time and I wouldn’t deny her this wish. Three days later, Molly was ready and I fucked her with abandon the next three days. Two days later, the spell confirmed, that it took and Severus gave her the switching potion. So, she is approximately three weeks along.” Lucius ended his tale and looked like the cat which got the canary and it was obvious,

that Narcissa wasn't the only one longing for another child.

"Congratulations, my friend." Marvolo said and lifted his glass of cider.

"Thank you, my Lord." Lucius looked to his son and laughed out. Theodore had managed to wretch the carrot snug in Molly's arsehole, so only the head and the greens were still outside. With a wicked grin, he shot an underpowered *engorgio* at the carrot and it swelled inside and outside her to the size of a big courgette. Molly screamed at the sudden stretching, Draco looked startled at the vegetable and Gregory, who'd switched position with Vincent after his climax, pushed Arthur forward and lodged the red-heads cock firmly in Molly's mouth to shut her up.

They all broke out in roaring laughter at the side and Arthur hung his head in shame. Harry felt a twinge of pity for the man at this sight, but quelled it firmly. The slave had chosen his fate himself, after all. He looked Molly over and got an idea. With a wave of his wand, slim ropes slithered around Molly's tits and bound them tightly in half. Another wave and another set of ropes bound the tits near the body. Now it looked as if she had udders. With a wicked grin, he waved his wand a third time and hooks appeared in her nostrils, pulled them up and fastened themselves behind her head. Now, she looked utterly ridiculous.

Blaise looked at Harry, gave him a wink, fished out his cock and snatched a good handful of Molly's hair. He pulled her head harshly from her husband's cock and directed it to his, then started fucking her mouth while he stroked Arthurs dark purple cock at the same time. Now and then, he let a glob of saliva drop on Molly's face and watched gleefully, as it ran down her face and dripped to her bound udders. Theo inspected with interest the bound tits and prodded and twisted the now taut nipples. He conjured a thick needle with a shining green gem as head and stuck it deep in one nipple, then conjured another one and stuck it in the other.

Draco had tired of his fisting and has proceeded to slapping her ass with nettles, which were in another basket. Harry shook his head. "This boy has way too much fun with this."

Sirius snorted. "You're one to talk. I bet you'll start playing with your own toy as soon as we get home."

Harry just smirked and said nothing. Shortly before dinner, they all

returned to the Manor to clean up and change. Theo, Blaise, Vincent and Gregory said their good-beys and returned to their homes. At dinner they were joined by Narcissa and it was just like every other family-dinner with good food and light conversation.

When they got back to the castle, Harry grinned. The house-elves hadn't released Ginny from the service-point yet, as none of them had dinner at the castle tonight. Instead, there was an empty bowl besides her with the remains of what looked like an unappetizing gruel and a half empty bowl of water. Ginny stood there, thighs clenched, covered in lash-marks, bite-marks and cum and being molested by a customer who got a hand-job. Harry waved at Marvolo and Sirius and waited politely until the customer was done and had paid. "I hope, she serviced you satisfactorily?" He asked the man with a smirk.

The man smirked back. "She needs more practice with her hands, but it was alright, I guess. I'll try something else the next time." He gave her tit a last pinch, nodded to Harry and left.

"Well, slut, let's see the days tally." He looked at the numbers of the box and whistled. "Not bad, two Galleons, seven Sickles and fifteen Knuts. It was indeed a good day." He grinned at her and continued. "You still don't have enough for the keep of this week, but at least, you're ahead of the day. If you manage one Galleon, three Sickles and ten Knuts tomorrow, it would be the first week you managed to not add to your dept." He'd added seven Galleons, four Sickles and twenty Knuts to her dept already. At this rate, she would never be able to pay it, but it was fun to see her try. "Did the house elves take you outside yet?"

She hung her head and answered. "No, Master."

Harry closed the service-point, took the tag out of her nipple, sealed the small wound and hooked the leash in the collar. "Then come, bitch, I'll take you for a walk myself today." She sunk to her knees and crawled after him. As they arrived at the corner where she always relieved herself, it was starting to get dark and Harry conjured a ball of light to float over her with a malicious grin. It was like a spot-light to highlight the scene and more than one man stopped to watch her. "Go on, bitch, I don't have all day!" He waved his wand and bound her hair back, so he could see her face better. With red cheeks and nowhere to hide, she started to piss. She grimaced and tears shimmered in her eyes as the warm liquid ran down her thighs and pooled around her. The men around laughed and jeered as a long fart left her arse, followed by her shit and a good amount of cum. "You're

disgusting." Harry said in a grave tone and tugged at the leash, when she was done, so she had to crawl through the mess. "And you need some exercise and fresh air, I think. So, we'll take a walk through the garden, before we turn in for the night." He told her in a conversational tone, as he absentmindedly vanished her mess and started a brisk walk along the walkway covered in fine gravel which slithered through the gardens and ended at the main-door.

It took them half an hour to arrive at the main-door and Harry looked down at her. She was panting, with fine gravel deep embedded in her knees, legs and hands, still covered in cum and piss and with shit on her ass. He contemplated, if he should call a house elf, but then shrugged and took out his wand. A harsh jet of ice-cold water shot out of his wand and he hosed her down thoroughly, making sure to get her as clean as possible. She gasped and shivered in the cool night air and struggled, as he instructed her to stand up, so he could clean her legs. Then he led her inside, still dripping wet, and made his way to his rooms. He would use her mouth before bed, he thought as they arrived at his door and he let them in. "Kneel here, legs spread, play with your cunt and tits, no coming! I want your nipples dark purple, when I come back." Then he left her in front of the bathroom door and went in, to strip down and let himself sink in the prepared bath. He shot a see-through spell at the door, that would allow him to watch his slave tormenting herself. She did as she was told, but she struggled to get her nipples to the right colour, Harry noted amused.

When the water was cooling down, he scrubbed himself clean while watching his slave now cry openly while she still twisted her nipples and fingered her cunt, which was dripping, and left the bathroom shortly after. "Well, I can see, you at least tried, but obviously failed. Let me show you, how to get the correct colour." With that, he leaned forward and cruelly twisted and pulled her nipples until they were a dark purple. "That's better. I wanted to use your mouth, but I think I'll take your ass instead." He shot the spell to clean her guts at her and dragged her over the arm of the couch by her hair. Her arse had tightened-up nicely, not much use today apparently and he didn't grace her with lube. He just wet his cock with a bit of saliva to ease the way and nudged in the cockhead without further ado. Once sheaved in, he started a harsh rhythm, slapping her ass and pulling her hair until he came hard. Then he locked her up in her cage and went to bed, satisfied and sleepy.

(1) If you'd like to know more about the Wizengamot in my world, please read "Additional Reading" Chapter 9

Chapter End Notes

Summery: Harry is forcing Ginny to prostitute herself, then goes to the Wizengamot to take his place. Dumbledore tries to convince him to stay in the light party, but is reprimanted by Marvolo and Harry switches to the neutral party. Before the session starts, Dumbledore is starting to doubt, that Voldemort is really back. He plans to confront Severus about his absence from the castle and worries about the missing Weasleys.

After the end of the Wizengamot session, Harry and his friends and family meet up at the Malfoy's where Lucius announces, that Molly is pregnant and explains the gene-switching potion as described in "Additional Reading" chapter 7.

Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

Wow, over 100 Kudos. Thank you all.

Fun fact for this chapter: In the second half, Severus takes out some dices. When I wrote this chapter, I had no idea what to do with my slaves, so I downloaded a Random Number Generator and filled it with random practices, body-parts and objects just like they are on the dices. When my characters are puzzled, I was as well. ;-) But it was really fun to write it this way.

Trigger-warning: forced incest, punching, object insertion, bone-breaking, rape

If you would like to skip the sex-part, just stop reading at the change in POV.

The next chapter might take one or two days longer, but I promise, it will be up until the weekend. It might be up in time, but I'm not sure, if I will make it this time. It depends all on my lovely daughters schedule. :-)

Chapter 16

Slytherin Castle, October 23rd 1997

Harry was in the owlery, petting Hedwig and staring out at the grounds. It was late, he should be in bed, but he just couldn't sleep. He'd wanted to send Narcissa a letter, telling her about his studies and the events of the week, even if he knew, he would see her tomorrow for his healing lessons and on Sunday for dinner. He liked sending her letters throughout the week, to keep her informed. It was, as if he'd send his mother letters from school. He was a bit melancholic today, but he didn't know why exactly. He missed his friends, the goofing around with them, Theo's dry humour, Blaise' wicked ideas and even Draco's spoiled complains. It had been over a month, since he'd last seen them at their first Hogsmeade-weekend. He would meet up with them on Saturday, but that was still two days away and he knew, that

Hermione would be there this time. Draco had warned him in his last letter, that he would bring the know-it-all with him, feigning falling for her plot. It was amusing how he described her none too subtle attempts at getting his attention and Draco had way too much fun in toying with her. Harry was surprised, that she hadn't caught on, but Darco was a good actor, if he wanted to be.

Hedwig alerted him, that they weren't alone anymore, before he heard the quiet footsteps and the low words. "What are you doing here at this time, Harold?" Marvolo asked and stepped beside him to look over the grounds.

Harry shrugged. "Just couldn't sleep…"

"And why is that so?" Marvolo probed. "Your day was full of hard work and training. You should be tired enough by now."

"I know… I am tired. But…" Harry sighed. "I missed Hedwig. Since the slave is in my rooms, she'd been banned to the owlery and it just doesn't feel right."

Marvolo looked at him sideways. "And why did you ban your familiar from your rooms?"

"Well… Ginny would recognize her…" Harry trailed off, unsure.

"And that would be a problem why?" Marvolo asked. At Harry's confused look, he explained: "You're the last of the Potter line, of course Harry Potter's owl would be yours after his death, don't you think?"

Harry looked at him, stunned. "I didn't think of this."

"I guessed this much." Marvolo answered dryly. "But this isn't all, is it?"

Harry hesitated, then shook his head. "I miss my friends. I guess, I feel a bit lonely today." Harry confessed and stared out of the window, not able to look at Marvolo any longer.

"That makes sense." Marvolo mused. "You're surrounded by older men and don't have time to form a friendship with the younger people in the castle." He paused a few moments. "What do you need?"

Harry stayed quiet for a few minutes, then confessed in a whisper. "A hug."

“I don’t give hugs.” Marvolo huffed.

“I know.” Harry blushed and hated himself for the strangled voice. He wasn’t quite able to conceal his disappointment.

Suddenly, he was enveloped from behind in strong, warm arms and turned around. “But for you, I make an exception.” Marvolo whispered in his ear and squeezed him lightly. “I’ll give you anything you need, Harry, if it is in my power.”

Harry relished the hug as long as he could and blushed deeply as he felt warm lips on his forehead. Reluctantly he pulled away from Marvolo and turned to Hedwig, to fasten the letter to her leg. “Come to my rooms, girl, when you’re back.” Then he looked at Marvolo. It felt a bit awkward after he’d gathered himself. He hadn’t meant to show this much weakness and it left him feeling vulnerable and too open. “Thank you. I should go to bed now.”

Marvolo gave him a small smile and a nod. “Have a good night, Harry.”

“Good night.” Harry all but fled to his rooms with a spinning head and a pounding heart and fell in his bed, fully clothed with a wide smile on his face.

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Two days later, Draco and his friends made their way to Hogsmeade with Hermione in tow. Draco had to remind himself, that the stupid bint had to believe, he was falling for her, his father and his Lord had been very clear about this, but it was actually hard work. He could barely tolerate her attitude and if her clumsy attempts at being seductive weren’t amusing him, they would be downright embarrassing. He shuddered at the thought, that he would have to play the lovestruck idiot in a month or two, but well, needs must. Dumbledore had to believe, that his plan would succeed otherwise he could try something way more nefarious.

They arrived at the village around eleven and Draco grinned as he spotted Harry, dressed to impress and looking the part of spoiled pureblood-prince, waiting for him at Honeydukes. “Finally, what took you so long? It’s freezing here.” Harry complained, linked his arm at Draco’s elbow and dragged him into the shop. He winked at Blaise and Theo, gave Pansy, Daphne and Tracy a blinding smile and ignored

Hermione completely. Draco had to supress a giggle at this and followed willingly around the shop. They packed their baskets with way more sweets than was healthy or necessary just because they could and Draco didn't miss Harry's grin at Hermione's disapproving frown.

After they were done at the sweetshop, Pansy asked. "There to, now? The broomsticks?"

Harry shook his head. "No, to my house. I've had the house elves prepare lunch. The broomsticks will be packed by now." He started in direction of the outskirts and chatted amicably with the girls.

"But I wanted to visit Scrivenshafts and Tomes and Scrolls." Hermione protested as she hurried after them.

Harry stopped and looked at her with a sneer. "And who might you be? I don't remember inviting you along."

She blushed deeply. "My name is Hermione Granger and I'm friends with Draco. He invited me." She tried to sound self-assured, but missed the right tone pathetically.

The girls giggled and the boys smirked, as Harry furrowed his brows. "Granger… Never heard that name before." Then he looked scandalized at Draco. "Since when are you hanging out with Mudbloods?"

Draco just shrugged with an emotionless expression. "She's the head-girl and I share a common room with her. It crept up on me and well… now here she is." Internally he grinned. He knew, he was enjoying this way too much, but couldn't help it. Hermione's outrageous look was just too funny.

With a long-suffering sigh Harry said. "If you must, then she may tag along, but I'm not waiting for her. Either she comes with us now or she does her shopping and stays behind. Let's go." With that he started a brisk walk to his house at the outskirts.

Draco just smiled at Hermione innocently, when he saw her swallow her words, but followed along nonetheless. "Come on, you'll like him. He isn't always so short. You can do your shopping next time or just owl-order, what you need." He tried to soothe her. He had to play a role after all, even when he knew, that Harry would never be the kind of guy Hermione would like.

“He called me a Mudblood.” She hissed at him, her eyes flashing in righteous anger.

Draco just shrugged. “As did I, when I was younger. And you punched me for it.” *And you will pay for it one day*, he thought and gave her a grin. “He doesn’t know you and he’d a few too many bad experiences with muggles. Don’t be too harsh on him, he’s family!” He could see her working to stay calm and had to supress another giggle. It was just too easy to rile her up. If this would be going on the whole day, he’d had to seriously work to not blow his cover.

They arrived at the small cottage a few minutes later and Draco had to admit, it was as cosy as always. They’d been here a few times during the summer to escape the watchful eyes of their guardians and have a bit of fun together without adult supervision. They might be considered adults by law, but certainly not by their parents, with Harry as the obvious exception. They sprawled out in the living room on the seats they usually occupied at these gatherings and he gave Harry a hidden grin, as he conjured a pillow for Hermione to sit at Draco’s feet. “I’m not a dog!” She huffed and glared at Harry.

Harry gave her an unimpressed eye-roll. “You weren’t planned, there isn’t more room for a chair and I won’t bother the house elves to expand the room or rearrange it. They’ve enough to do.” It actually would take the house elves just a minute, but Draco could admire the pettiness. “Take it or remain standing, I don’t care.” So, with huff, she sat down. Draco gave Harry a bright grin behind her back while he could practically feel the frustration radiating off of her.

They chatted until lunch, consisting of sandwiches, various finger-foods, plates of fruits and little cakes, appeared on the coffee table and little side tables beside the sofas and armchairs. Bottles of butterbeer and two carafes with juices and glasses appeared together with the plates. Everyone took a plate of what they wanted and something to drink and the chattering continued between bites. Draco relished the sight of Hermione at his feet, eating her lunch where she belonged. When there was a lull in the conversation, Hermione spoke up from her place on the floor. “What do you do for a living, Harry?”

Harry gave her a cold glare. “Did I give you leave to address me this informal, Miss Granger? Only my friends and family are allowed to call me Harry, good acquaintances may call me Harold, but you don’t belong to either group.” He reprimanded her arrogantly. “And for your information, I’m still resuming my studies to achieve my NEWTs and there wouldn’t be time to follow a career yet.” The ‘as if I would

need it' wasn't said but clearly heard.

Hermione blushed bright red und looked down embarrassed. "I'm sorry, I just thought-"

"You obviously thought wrong and I would recommend some lessons in manners and etiquette if you plan to stay friends with Draco, Miss Granger, otherwise you would highly embarrass not only yourself but him as well!" Harry interrupted her coldly and turned his attention to Theo.

But Hermione couldn't let it lie and Draco rolled his eyes at her stupidity. "So, Mr. Peverell, you've got your OWLs already? I heard it is hard to get them without attending a school." That came out rather arrogantly and her superior look didn't help at all to let it sound like an innocent question.

The room went silent at the implied insult, then all of them broke out in guffaws. When they'd calmed down, Harry mustered her with a sneer. "Do you have your OWLs, Miss Granger?"

Hermione puffed up like an overstuffed bird. "Of course, I have nine OWLs, eight O's and just one E!" She boasted, trying to impress him with her academic achievements.

Harry smirked. "Not very impressive, is it?" He said dismissively and Hermione gaped at him unbelievingly. "Draco got nine OWLs with straight O's!" She choked on a finger sandwich she'd just put in her mouth and glared at him through watering eyes. "I have fourteen OWLs, nine O's, four E's, one A, but well, can't be perfect in everything, can I?" The others laughed at her flabbergasted expression. Draco to the impression, that he wasn't the only one enjoying this, if he interpreted the expression in Harry's eyes right.

"But… but that's impossible. Hogwarts offers only twelve courses!" She stuttered disbelievingly. Obviously, she couldn't comprehend that someone was so much better than her in his academic achievements.

"Never heard of self-studying?" Harry snorted imperiously. "That's why I didn't attend Hogwarts."

"I thought, that was because of their behaviour against your cousin?" Theo interjected with a rather fake innocent look.

Harry waved his hand dismissively. "That too." With a sigh and a frown, he added: "It was actually very hard to watch Harry's

memories of his schooltime and the disgusting behaviour as a whole and sycophantic one of his so-called friends." Then he looked contemplatively at her Hermione, who shrank down a bit under his gaze. "Weren't you one of them? If I remember correctly, you were rather condescending to him." He watched her accusingly with narrowed eyes.

"I… well…I…" For the first time he knew her, Hermione Granger was speechless and Draco found it hilarious. She opened and closed her mouth like a fish on dry land, but didn't get anything out.

"Nothing to say? No? Let me tell you, Miss Granger, that it highly disgusted me, how you treated an abused, lonely boy, who just wanted some friends he could trust. Should I tell the others, what you said to him before his trial? Or what you tried to do, after he was carded off to Azkaban?" Her eyes were wide and shining with tears as she mutely shook her head. "Thought so. So, stay down on the floor, eat the food, I so graciously provided and shut up!" Harry looked down at her with a disgusted expression and turned to Pansy to start a conversation.

But Hermione had the bright idea to defend herself. "But…Draco-"

Before she could utter another word, Harry interrupted her rudely. "Draco had his reasons. As had the others. I don't condone their treatment of my cousin, but at least, they didn't claim to be his friends. And Harry wasn't totally innocent either, he often gave as good as he got, while you only reprimanded him instead of staying at his side. And here I thought you couldn't sink deeper in my eyes. Trying to redirect the blame to another one you call a friend." With a disgusted snarl he turned to Draco. "Do me a favour and leave that one behind the next time we meet up." He sounded rather put out and Draco wasn't sure, if everything was just played or if his friend was actually pissed off.

Darco grinned, but quickly schooled his face and answered apologetic. "Of course. My apologies, I hadn't expected, that she would rile you up this much."

Hermione sat with dark-red cheeks and hanging head on the floor for the rest of the afternoon and didn't speak a word until they left. Draco was actually impressed that she managed to hold her tongue this long and hadn't stormed off by the time they all went back to the castle.

~*~*~*~

The next weeks had gone by without a hitch and before Harry knew it, it was Yule. They were at Malfoy Manor for a family-gathering and the festivities were winding down. Harry sat with Severus, Marvolo, Regulus and Sirius in one of the beautifully decorated drawing rooms and they were just relaxing. The Malfoys had retired to the family-wing for a private nightcap. Harry had brought Ginny with him this morning in the spur of the moment and had her standing in the Malfoy's foyer the whole day, serving various guests while they celebrated. It was amusing to watch the horror in her eyes, when she saw, her parents were forced to join her in servicing the guests. He sniggered.

"What's so funny, Harold?" Severus drawled.

"Just thinking of the entertainment for the guests today." Harry grinned and earned himself an eye-roll.

Regulus laughed. "It was amusing, you have to admit it, Severus. A pity, nobody came up with the idea of letting the parents fuck their daughter. Would've been certainly entertaining."

Sirius looked astounded at his brother. "My, little brother, you've a dirty mind!"

"As if you hadn't, padfoot!" Harry snorted.

"Well, I never!" Sirius feigned indignation.

They all laughed and when they quieted down, Marvolo just said. "Well, it isn't that late yet, is it?"

With a long-suffering sigh, Severus stood up. "I guess, they are still in the foyer." He went to fetch the slaves and returned shortly after. With a wave of his wand, they were cleaned up, then he dragged them to the middle of the room and let them kneel side by side on the coffee-table. Then he looked around. "Shall I ward the door and we all get a bit more comfortable?" He asked in his best professor-voice, as if he addressed a class with something obvious.

Marvolo stood up and started to remove his dress-robes and Harry's mouth went dry. "By all means, Severus, do this." Then he looked at the other men, still sitting in their cushy armchairs, challengingly.

Severus warded the door and returned to them, shedding his clothes on the way. By the time he sat down again, they were all naked. “I have a proposal how to make this more entertaining.” He said and looked in the round. Marvolo gave him an encouraging look. He conjured three dices. “Let’s play with these to spice things a bit up.” He gave the dices to Marvolo who let them go around after inspecting them himself.

Harry looked the dices over. One was a regular dice and had only the names of the three slaves on, the other two had more than six sides. One with various practices on it like beating, fisting, fucking, oral, insertion, threesome and others on and the last one with body parts and a small array of objects like cane, vegetable or toy. “We’ll need a basket with fruits and vegetables.” He concluded. A basket appeared filled with apples, oranges, cucumbers, courgettes, radishes, gingers and more. “Thank you.” Harry said to the invisible house elves and then turned to Severus. “How do we play this?”

Severus took the dices back and started to explain. “First, we roll the dice with the name, it will determine who will have to do something, then we’ll roll it again and know, to whom it’s done.”

“What if it’s the same name?” Harry interjected and looked sheepish at Severus’ reproachful look. “Sorry.”

“If it is the same name, they obviously have to do it to themselves or we roll it again. I would say, it will depend on the task. Fisting can be done to oneself, beating is a bit pointless, don’t you think?” At their agreeing nod, he continued. “The second one will set the task, obviously and the last one will tell us which body part or which object will be used. If it is an object, the body part or hole to be used is up to the one who threw the dice. Questions?” He handed the dices to Marvolo and Harry could see the rising panic in the slaves’ eyes

Marvolo conjured a small table and rolled the first dice. ARTHUR was the first name and MOLLY was the second, then he rolled the task. FISTING said the dice and Harry had to grin. He hoped it would be her ass as Marvolo rolled the last one. FRUIT was read and they all looked a bit puzzled. “That’s… unexpected.”

Sirius grinned and took a grapefruit out of the basket. “That’s roughly the size of a fist, isn’t it?” To be honest, it was bigger than Arthur’s fist, but he had a point. “Let’s use this to fulfil the task. Now, cunt or ass?”

Regulus took out a round plate. He spun it with his wand and it showed the Slytherin-emblem on one side and the Gryffindor one on the other. “Gryffindor cunt, Slytherin ass?” They agreed. He threw it in the air and it came down on the rug with Gryffindor up. “Cunt it is.”

Harry was a bit disappointed that it wasn’t the ass, but that was the game and the evening was young. He dragged Ginny to his side, to fondle her tits a bit, while he watched the show. Arthur was given the grapefruit and a tiny glob of lube and ordered to get the fruit in his wife’s cunt. They gave him ten minutes to achieve this and allowed him to use his fingers to get the stretch needed. They weren’t monsters after all. They even helped by holding her legs apart and her hands glued to her side with magic. Arthur started to gently stretch her until a stinging hex landed on his ass. “Don’t forget the time, get on with it!” Regulus reprimanded him. After this, it got rougher, Molly whimpered and they could see a bit of blood, as Arthur had obviously torn her a bit. “Five minutes left!” Regulus announced and Arthur sped up and tried to insert the fruit. They could see the skin of the fruit break and juice running down and Molly screamed as the juice came in contact with the open rip in her cunt. Arthur managed to insert the grapefruit fully just in time and they could see her cunt trying to close around it.

Marvolo handed the dices to Regulus and commented. “Let’s see what’s next, before we decide if we let it in a bit longer.”

Regulus threw the dices. GINNY with ARTHUR and INSERTION was read with ARSE. They debated, what she should insert in his arse until Severus just conjured another dice after a few minutes debate and handed it to Regulus. He rolled it and it showed GINGER. With a grin he took out a big root and peeled it with a quick spell on the thickest part, then handed it to Ginny. They left Molly like she was, as she wasn’t needed for this and ordered Arthur to kneel between her spread legs with his arse in the air and his face between her tits. “You’ll insert this and fuck him slowly, slut. You have ten minutes!” They watched mesmerized as the thick root was unceremoniously shoved in the tight arsehole and Ginny fucked her father with long, slow strokes. Arthur whimpered and gasped and after just two minutes clenched his arsehole.

Harry watched the show and stroked himself, but he also took in the sight of Severus and Marvolo, both with sculpted bodies and hard, big cocks. He wished, he could just go over and suck them or sit on their laps and ride them and he moaned as Arthur groaned. Ginny must

have hit his prostate. After ten minutes, Regulus ordered her to leave the ginger in the ass and handed the dices to Sirius.

Sirius rolled and it came ARTHUR with GINNY and THREESOME. As the last dice showed NIPPLES they were again puzzled. This was more complicated than thought, but fun nonetheless. After a bit of debate, Sirius decided, as it was his turn. “Ginny on her knees before Arthur holding open her mouth and tongue out, Arthur standing, Molly holding her tits up and pressed together while Arthur is fucking the tits and Ginny’s mouth.” They left the ginger and grapefruit in place, as they weren’t in the way and ordered the slave in position on the coffee table. Arthur’s cock was still bound from his stay in the foyer and hard as a rock. Harry thought it must be painful to be this hard all day long, as he knew, Lucius granted him only relieve for the night, and it was certainly painful to fuck dry, tightly squeezed tits with only the bit of saliva he gained from his daughter’s mouth as lube.

They gave a very good show and Harry enjoyed it immensely, so it wasn’t a hardship for him, when they decided to double the time for this. They ordered Molly to squeeze the tits harder and dig in her nails halfway through and told Arthur to grab Ginny’s hair and fuck her tits and mouth harder and faster. With a few stinging hexes to her ass, Molly got the message to rub herself against Ginny’s back. Harry had to squeeze himself and slow down his hand, while he watched, to not end the fun for himself too early.

When the time was up the slaves were panting and sweating. Now it was his turn. He rolled ARTHUR with MOLLY and BEATING. Well, that would be fun. “Let’s see with the last one.” He rolled the dice and it landed on FIST and he grinned at Arthur’s horrified expression. “Well, that’s nice. Suggestions, gentlemen?” He asked in the round.

“Not the guts!” Severus answered immediately. “The spells should protect the baby, but I don’t want to risk it.”

“Agreed.” Marvolo said, while he lazily stroked himself.

“No time limit either, I don’t want to stop him too soon!” Regulus said with a malicious grin. “What do you think, are thirty too much?”

Sirius looked contemplative. “Probably, we don’t want her to pass out either.”

Harry agreed, but then grinned. “They don’t have to be all to the face…” He paused. “How about, six to the face, I mean, three to each side for symmetry?” Sirius sniggered but gestured to him to go on.

“Five to each tit, five to each side of her ribcage, five to her cunt and five to her arsehole?”

Regulus grinned. “You have it with the number five…” Harry just shrugged. “Then make it five to each side of her face as well. For the symmetry.” They all laughed.

Harry struck out his tongue and pouted. He flicked his wand and chains appeared, hanging from the ceiling. With another flick, Molly was dragged to her feet and her hands fastened to the chain. The chains pulled themselves taut and Molly stood beside the coffee table on her tiptoes. Ginny was still kneeling on the table with Arthur standing in front of her with a still hard cock. “Arthur, you heard us, get to work and don’t hold back. If we decide the punch was to light, you’ll have to do it again!” With another flick a bright 40 appeared above Molly’s head. “And Ginny, turn around! You don’t want to miss the show!” Arthur stepped down from the table and hesitatingly approached his wife. You could see the struggle in him with every movement.

“If you don’t do it, we will do it to all three of you!” Severus drawled impatiently. “Now begin, before I begin!”

Gulping and with an apologetic look on his face, Arthur swung his arm back and punched his wife on the left side. The number above the head didn’t count down. “Pity, too light. Not even a red spot. Again!” Marvolo taunted and Arthur swung his arm again. This time, they could hear the impact and Molly whimpered. The number counted one down and a red spot formed on her left cheekbone. “Better, now go on, we have one round to go still!” And with that the show began for real. Arthur had to switch arms a few times and after he was done with the face, Molly sported two black eyes, a broken cheekbone and a probably broken jaw.

Harry had to stop himself from coming throughout the show when Arthur punched the tits and rips. They could hear the tale tell snick from a broken bone three or four times while he was at the ribcage and he even had to repeat two punches, as they didn’t count down. When he came to the cunt, Harry flicked his wand and Molly was lifted in the air. Two more chains appeared and lifted and spread her legs and she was suspended in a comfortable hight for Arthur to punch with full strength. Her shrieks and sobs got louder with every punch and Arthur had to repeat again two punches. For the last five, Harry lowered her back down and positioned her over a conjured high bench and ordered Ginny to hold her mother’s cheeks apart. They could

clearly see the still lodged in grapefruit and as Arthur punched the arsehole, juices squeezed out of it. With the last punch it plopped out completely and Arthur broke down sobbing.

Harry threw the dices to Severus. “Your turn.” He grinned and swallowed at the sight of a casually jerking off Severus sitting in a plush armchair.

Severus gave him a knowing smile and looked appreciatively over his body. “Last round for today, I think.” He rolled the dices and they came up with MOLLY, GINNY, DOUBLE PENETRATION and CUNT. Harry moaned, Ginny groaned and Arthur sobbed. Severus smirked. “Well, for a slut like that it’s certainly fitting.” He conjured a strap-on with a big dildo on and charmed it to fasten itself around Molly’s hips. “Arthur, get up, your service is needed as well. Double penetration doesn’t work alone as you know.” He ordered Arthur to lay on the coffee table as Molly had to do the fucking, then he ordered Ginny to straddle her father and insert his cock. She was facing Arthur and Severus smirked. “Nice tits, aren’t they, Arthur? Grab them, knead them hard and suck and bite on her nipples like an infant in search for milk!” Arthur sobbed again and looked his daughter in her eyes with all the pain he was feeling. The others including Harry laughed and jeered at Severus words.

“Come on, man, get on with the show!” Sirius sneered.

“We know you want it, Arthur. We all love tits and she has a fine pair. Suck them hard! I want to see some bite-marks!” Regulus added while stroking his cock. When Arthur started to knead the tits and then tentatively started sucking, they jeered him on and Regulus ordered: “Harder, man!” And shot a stinging hex at Ginny’s ass. When she jerked, he taunted. “See, she likes it.”

Harry’s breath got laboured with time and his cock twitched, but he held back. Molly was just carefully inserting the strap on, when he stood up and pushed hard against her ass. This caused the strap-on to shove in fully with a hard thrust and Ginny and Arthur both screamed, while the men laughed. “It’s done this way. I know, you wouldn’t know it as a woman but surely you know, how to proceed?” He asked her innocently to roaring laughter. She nodded and gave a careful thrust. Harry shook his head and grabbed her hips. “Let me show you!” He pulled her back roughly, then pushed her in harshly again and again in a hard, fast rhythm. “Now you know. It isn’t that hard, is it?” He gave her slap on her ass and stepped to the other side of the table. He crouched down and inspected Arthur’s work so far. “Oh,

come on, you call that sucking like a starving infant?" He pulled harshly on the tit which wasn't currently in Arthur's mouth, then sucked the nipple in his mouth, sucked hard on it and bit down. Ginny gave another scream while Harry let the tit go with a plop. "Look, we want them like this, so get to work!"

The panting in the room was getting louder as were the slaves sobs. Harry looked at Severus and Marvolo, who both jerked off slowly and couldn't hold back anymore. He snatched a handful of Ginny's hair, spat in her face and ordered her to open her mouth. He fucked her face hard and fast and came with a guttural moan in her mouth just two minutes later. He pulled out so that the last two spurts landed in her face and dripped down on Arthur. Then he wiped his cock on her hair and got back to his seat, where he let himself fell back gracelessly.

"Well, that's a good idea!" Sirius said and stood up as well. One after another they all used Ginny's mouth as cumdump and Regulus and Severus pulled out like Harry to let the last spurts hit her face. Only after they all had blown their load and caught their breath, they ordered the slaves to stop and kneel back on the coffee table. They looked a right mess. Molly's eyes were nearly swollen shut, big, dark-purple bruises littered her torso and she had a little blood between her legs. Severus had healed the broken bones after her beating none too gently, to prevent permanent damage, but that hadn't done anything for the bruises. Ginny was covered in cum, her tits littered with hand-shaped bruises and bite-marks and her nipples a little bloody from her father's chewing. Arthur looked broken with cum on his face, his knuckles bloody and bruised, his cock still hard and dark-purple, glistening with his daughter's juices and a bit shaved from the dildo and the gingerroot still sitting snug in his arsehole.

A few minutes later, Harry yawned. "Well, gentlemen, it had indeed been a wonderful way to let Yule fade away, but I'm knackered." He stood up and dressed. "This was a most fun evening. We should play again sometime soon. Good night." He grinned and left for his rooms in the Manor to echoes of "Good night." The house elves would take the slaves to the dungeons as soon as everyone else had left the room and Harry didn't want to return to the castle tonight anyway.

In his rooms he took a quick shower and went to bed with pictures of Marvolo and Severus, naked and hard, in his head. He was out like a light in seconds.

Five hours later he was jerked from his peaceful slumber by an alarm

sounding through the manor.

Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

Wow, actually no trigger-warnings for this chapter... At least, I think so. If you think otherwise, let me know. :-)

Chapter 17

Malfoy Manor, December 23rd 1997

Ginny Weasley was sore, hungry and cold. She was in the dungeons of Malfoy Manor and couldn't sleep. She actually missed her cage. It was uncomfortable and the floor was cold, but the room usually was quite warm and she had a blanket big enough to curl-up in. At least she had a bucket here to relieve herself, but sadly, the house elves, these vindictive creatures, hadn't cleaned her up and she pulled at the flakes of dried cum from her face. She hated when it dried on her skin. She hated a lot of things lately. It had been over four months as a slave and she hated it with a passion, most of all, she hated her master. He was vicious, cruel and treated her like a toy to be played with and then be discarded when he had enough for the time being. What disturbed her the most, was, that she started to like some things he forced her to do. It made her wet, when he treated her like a dog, taking her out to do her business in the open for all to see or feeding her scraps from the table. Even her daily humiliation at the service-point got her wet and she came a few times a day, when a stranger fucked her hard and then came on or in her. She already had regulars and favourites who she was looking forward to service them. She was only allowed to come when she worked at the service-point and the customer didn't forbid it. One time, she'd come without permission, while her master had played with her pussy and clit what seemed like hours and she couldn't hold it back any longer. He'd beaten her bloody with a whip, had invited Sirius, Regulus and the professor and they had tormented her for hours. The problem was, that she had actually struggled not to come again. Disgusted with herself, she turned around.

Her nipples burned something fierce and her pussy throbbed. Today had been hard. Servicing strangers in plain view of what she knew

were her parents had mortified and turned her on at the same time. And then came this game. She'd actually been lucky with the dices. Her father had had it the hardest, being part of every round and she'd actual relished his pain. She still blamed her parents for her fate, even if she knew deep down, that it was her own fault. But if her father had had a better job, she would've grown up with a bit more luxury and wouldn't have to go for a rich husband. With that thought she had revelled in fucking her father's ass with the root. Seeing him being forced to punch her mother to a pulp had turned her on immensely and she had to restrain herself to not touch herself to the show. The fucking afterwards had been a godsend. She'd even welcomed the distraction of the cocks being shoved down her now sore throat, so she wouldn't come. She'd been exhausted afterwards and now she lay here without a blanket on the cold stone-floor and couldn't sleep. Missing the blasted cage and being wet again. If she didn't know, that her master fed her directly from his plate, she would suspect a lust-potion but as she watched him every time he dropped her food to the floor, she knew it wasn't tempered with. So, what the hell was wrong with her?

The scraping of a door brought her out of her thoughts and she carefully crept to the door to look out of the little opening. The sight which greeted her let her nearly sob. "Remus! Tonks! You've found us!"

Remus looked startled at her. "Ginny? Are your parents here as well?" He asked in a whisper and stepped closer to her door.

She nodded. "One cell down, if I'm not mistaken. How did you find us?"

Remus looked around, then said. "Pure chance, I'm afraid. We didn't know, this would turn into a rescue-mission. We're here to spy this place out."

Her heart sank at his words. "So, you won't get us out of here?"

He looked at her and gave her smile. "Of course, we'll get you out and take you with us. Give me a moment." He traced the door with his wand and started to chant. Tonks did the same one door down. Remus took a startled breath. "Dora be careful. There are…" And the alarm sounded.

Ginny heard her father's shout of "RUN!" and then all hell broke loose. House elves appeared everywhere and seconds later, the door to

the dungeons flew open and people ran in. The fight lasted only seconds and then Remus and Tonks lay trenched up like turkeys and struggling on the floor.

“Well, well, well, look what we’ve caught here. A dog and his bitch.” She heard the professor drawl and sank to the floor sobbing. No rescue for her.

~*~*~*~

Harry was out of the bed and sprinting down the stairs even before the siren went down the first time and started anew. He was just in his boxers and with bare feet, but he didn’t care. There was an intruder in the dungeons, if he interpreted the glowing line, which appeared before him, right. When he got to the dungeons the fight was over and he heard Severus’ words. He looked down with a sinking heart. Of all the people they wanted to catch, Remus was the last he and Sirius wanted to see, even if they knew, that he was an Order member. He shared a look with Sirius beside him and saw the same sadness he felt reflected in Sirius’ eyes.

Marvolo flicked his wand and Remus and Tonks were levitated in separate cells a bit down the corridor. “What an ungodly hour.” He grumbled as the doors shut and sealed themselves. “Let’s get back to bed. It’s almost four in the morning. We will interrogate them later.”

They all turned and drudged up the stairs, but Harry was wide awake and doubted, that he would be able to sleep again. Sirius gestured to him and he followed him back to his rooms. A look over his shoulder told him, that Regulus followed as well. They all took a seat in the sitting area and a tea service and biscuits appeared on the small table. They prepared tea in silence, then Sirius let his head fall back. “What a mess.” He groaned. “Why him?”

“Do you think, we can convince Marvolo to let him go under oath?” Harry asked in a small voice. Remus had always been kind to him and even if he’d made mistakes, they hadn’t had as big an impact as the Weasleys’ had.

“Depends on the interrogation and his answers. If he isn’t a threat, perhaps.” Regulus answered. At Harry’s dejected face, Regulus sighed. “You know Marvolo. He isn’t the insane monster anymore. He’s hard,

but fair and if Remus makes the right choices, he's nothing to fear. If he defies him, then you know, what will happen."

Harry nodded. Remus would end up a slave. Probably to one of the werewolves. "Do you think, Marvolo would let me speak with him alone?"

Sirius shook his head. "No, I don't think so, but he would let you speak with him. Not alone, but with him together? Sure." Then Sirius gaze sharpened. "You want to tell him who you really are?"

Harry nodded. "He's a werewolf and the moon is just three days away. He'll know anyway."

Regulus hummed. "You aren't wrong about this. Do you think, it will make a difference?"

"Yes, it will." Sirius said with conviction. "Remus or better Moony considered Harry as pack, as pup, it will make a difference. A werewolf would do anything to protect his pup."

They stayed silent after that and Harry curled up on the sofa he was sitting on. He must've drifted off, because next he knew, the sun was up and Regulus shook him lightly on the shoulder. Someone had draped a blanket over him. "Better get dressed. Breakfast is in half an hour."

Harry went back to his rooms, dressed and got down to breakfast groggily. After they'd eaten, Harry and Sirius announced their desire to be present at the interrogation and Marvolo agreed. Together they got down to the dungeons. Marvolo gave Remus a special version of Veritaserum for werewolves, otherwise the higher metabolism of werewolves would burn too fast through its effects.

"Are you a member of the Order of the Phoenix?"

"Yes." Harry shuddered at Remus monotone voice. He hated this every time.

"What was your mission last night?"

"To spy out the manor and search for signs of Voldemort."

Marvolo startled. "Dumbledore is still spouting that nonsense?"

"Yes."

“Why were you in the dungeons?”

“It was our entrance-point. We used an old, hidden service-entrance to get into the manor.”

They would’ve to inform Lucius of that, so he could close it. “You weren’t searching for the Weasleys?”

“Not last night. I was surprised to find them here.”

“Did you want to free them, when you discovered them?”

“Yes.”

“Why?”

“Dumbledore’s orders. Free them, if you can or report their whereabouts.”

Harry shifted, that wasn’t good. He could see Remus’ nostrils flare, but otherwise, he kept in this trance-like state, Veritaserum induced. “Have you other orders from Dumbledore?”

“Befriend other werewolves and bring them to the light side, if I can. Report suspicious behaviour. Bring Sirius back to the light side.”

“Did you make progress?”

“No.”

“Why not?”

“Werewolves don’t trust me. I didn’t see any suspicious behaviour worth reporting and I didn’t want to influence Sirius in his decision to stay with his cousin. He’s healthier and happier here since he left the Order. I love him too much, to betray him this way.”

That let Marvolo pause and Sirius let out a strangled noise. Harry asked himself, if Remus was the reason, Sirius was still single. “You love Sirius?”

“Yes.”

“In a brotherly way?”

“No.”

“In a romantic way?”

“Yes.” A blush crept up Remus cheek, otherwise Harry could see no reaction, not even any fighting the serum.

“I see. The woman you came with. A sister in arms?”

“My wife.”

Harry blinked. “Wife?” He blurted out and Marvolo glared at him.

“Yes.”

“Why did you marry her, if you are in love with Sirius?” Marvolo asked and gave Harry a look to shut up.

“She tricked me.”

“How?”

“She slipped me a lust potion, primed herself with fertility-potions and came to me at night. Two weeks later, she announced her pregnancy and I was pressured into marrying her to avoid that the baby would be born out of wedlock.”

“Do you love her?”

“No.”

“Do you want the child?”

“Yes, it’s my pup.”

“Where is the child now?”

That got the first reaction as Remus furrowed his forehead confused. “One cell down, I assume. It is not born yet.”

“Oh. How far along is she?”

“Three months.”

“Would you divorce, if you could?”

“Yes.”

“Even if the child would miss out on the family-magic?”

“Yes. I would wait until after the birth.”

“Would you leave the Order, if promised, that nothing would happen to your pup.”

“Yes.”

“Would you swear a vow on that.”

“Yes, I would do anything for my pups!” He looked directly at Harry, as he said this. Harry had to force down the lump in his throat as he realized, that Remus had already recognised him.

After a nod from Marvolo, Harry took over the interrogation. “Why haven’t you ever tried to find me?” He’d planned to tell Remus anyway, so he didn’t bother with pretending.

“I did try, but the blood wards were too strong and I couldn’t find you. When you were at Hogwarts, Dumbledore kept me away from you and claimed you were safer that way.” A single tear left his eyes at that.

“Why didn’t you approach me in third year?”

“I couldn’t. My contract forced me away from you. I was only allowed to talk to you in a professional manner or if you approached me.”

“Why didn’t you contact me in fourth year?”

“I did. The letters came back unopened.”

Harry fumed. So, Remus had tried everything he could and found roadblocks everywhere. “Will you stay at my side, Remus?”

“Yes. I always was on your side and yours alone, but I couldn’t show it to you like I would’ve liked. The laws against werewolves and Dumbledore prevented this.” Remus blinked and his eyes were turning golden for a moment. The serum was wearing off.

Harry nodded satisfied and Sirius looked more than relieved. “So, you’ll take the vow and stay with me?” Harry asked hopeful. He needed reassurance at the moment.

Remus gave him a warm smile. “I will, Harry and I’m so glad to see you, healthy and happy.” He frowned down at the chains binding him to the table. “I would hug you, but my hands are bound.”

Sirius gave a startled laugh and Marvolo a small smile. “Take the vow and you’re free to go.”

They performed the vow immediately and Remus’ chains vanished. He stood up and pulled Harry in a bone crushing hug. After a few minutes, he looked to Marvolo and asked. “What about that woman and my child?”

Marvolo looked impassively at him. “That depends on her answers and if she is offered the same curtesy as you. If not, we will wait for the birth and hand the child over to you. She will go into service one way or the other.”

That was enough for Remus at the moment and they all left the dungeons. Marvolo offered Remus a place at Slytherin castle, which he gladly accepted and went on to interrogate Tonks. Harry, Sirius and Remus left together and returned to Slytherin Castle. A look to the service-point told Harry, that the house elves had returned Ginny to her place and he quickly ushered Remus up the stairs. He would explain everything upstairs. When they arrived at Sirius quarters, Sirius led them in and then looked at Remus. With a deep breath, he pulled Remus in his arms and gave him a hard kiss on the mouth. “Idiot. We wasted so much time!” He said and kissed him again. Remus reciprocated, fought for dominance in the kiss and held Sirius in place with a hand in his hair.

Harry cleared his throat with red cheeks a few minutes later, as it didn’t look as if they remembered him. “Should I leave you two alone?” He asked innocently.

The two pulled away from each other and grinned sheepishly. “No, please, I need to know what’s going on.” Remus said and followed to the living room.

A knock on the door interrupted before they could begin. With Sirius “Enter!” the door opened and Regulus stepped in. In one hand he had a pensieve and in the other a grate with shimmering memories. “I thought, we would need this.” He grinned and gave his brother a wink.

“Reg…Regulus???” Remus looked, as if he’d seen a ghost, but to be fair, he probably thought, he did.

“Hello Remus, long time, no see.” He gestured to the pensieve and asked. “Shall we begin? It is a long story after all.”

Remus just nodded and Harry began his tale. He started at his trial and went from there. It was hard to remember all the details and tell them in the right order. Regulus and Sirius interjected sometimes with more details or to tell the story from their point of view, but Harry still told him most of the happenings himself. They stopped for lunch and to give Harry a break, then returned to the tale afterwards. It took several hours to tell Remus everything and when he'd finished his throat was a little sore. Remus stayed mostly quiet through tale, just asking questions here and there. He looked contemplatively at the pensieve, when Harry was fished. "What's the pensieve for?"

Regulus smiled and opened the glass-lit of the crate. "I brought the memories from the interrogation and added my memories of the trials. You should see them, just in case you still have pity with the Weasleys. The first row are the copies of the memories of Harry's life, which he gave to the papers, if you want to see them in the whole."

Remus nodded. "I think, I want to see it all." He looked at Harry apologetic. "If it is alright with you?"

Harry just smiled. "Go ahead, but I won't go in with you. I have no desire to see it all again."

And so, Remus went into the pensive, followed by Sirius. Harry looked at Regulus. "I need help with my runes project. Wanna help?"

Regulus grinned. "I'll just answer your questions. I can't actively help you figure it out, if you want it grated for NEWTs." They worked two hours undisturbed until suddenly Remus left the pensieve and sprinted to the bathroom to be violently sick. "I guess, that was the Dursley's trial." Harry commented dryly and returned to his work.

"Yes, it was. Good thing, it was the last memory." Sirius said. He was pale too, but he held it together.

A short time later, Remus returned. "Sorry about that. These disgusting pigs…!"

A knock on the door announced Marvolo arrival and he came in without further ado. "Are you done with explaining?" He asked Harry and after the confirming nod, he addressed Remus. "Good. The woman wouldn't have taken the vow even for her child, I offered, but she declined vehemently. I'll forgo the trial for her and will auction her off to the highest bidder on New Years Eve under the condition, that the child mustn't come to any harm and will be handed over to you right after birth." He paused and Remus sighed in relieve. "I

assume you'll need a place to stay where Dumbledore can't reach you?" Remus nodded. "You may stay here, if you like. A bed in the group-homes on the grounds costs 7 Galleons a month. If you like a bit more privacy, you may choose an accommodation in the castle. A room with adjourning bathroom makes 10 Galleons a month, a two-bedroom apartment with bathroom 15 Galleons and if you want a kitchenette added to cook your own meals, it will be 20. A meal in the great hall costs five Knuts per meal and is served buffet style by the house elves all day. The smaller dining rooms cost a fee of five Sickles per week and are to be booked in advance. Meals served in the private rooms by house elves cost 15 Knuts. For full house elf service there is a fee of two Galleons per month additional to the meals, the use of the common slave is free for all." Marvolo listed impassionedly and when Remus tried to interrupt him, he held up his hand. "I understand, that you would need a job?" At Remus' nod he continued. "Good, I need a teacher for the children residing here which aren't accepted in Hogwarts. They're taught in the classrooms on the first floor. Which would be your subjects?"

"Erm… Defence and History, if I have to choose, but I'm quite good at Arithmancy, Runes and Charms too." Remus answered stunned.

"That will do. You'll get a schedule from me later. You'll get 90 Galleons per month. I'm told that is the salary of a regular Hogwarts-teacher?"

"I only got 60 from Dumbledore because of my affliction and the days I needed off because of it. But at least the housing and meals were for free." Remus told him embarrassed.

"Then you'll get additional 15 Galleons for housing and meals as they aren't for free. Your affliction won't be a problem here. You come with teaching-experience and I will pay you accordingly. You won't need days off. Severus has developed a potion which helps with the fatigue and the pain, before, during and after the transformation. The werewolves who tested it, told me, that the fatigue is gone completely and the pain is reduced to some soreness and a headache afterwards, of which a regular pain-potion takes care. Are you interested?" Marvolo asked with a slight smirk.

Remus looked at him speechless. Harry nudged him to bring him out of his stupor. "Of course, I'm interested." He answered enthusiastically. "This sounds like a dream come true." He beamed at Marvolo.

“Then we’re agreed. You’ll start at the new year. And as I’m a generous man, you’ll also start to pay your rent and other fees in the new year until then, you’ll be my guest. Rent and fees will be directly reduced from your salary, the rest will be deposited to your vault. Which accommodations are you choosing?” Marvolo ended his explanation.

Remus was still stunned and answered. “The two-bedroom with bathroom without kitchenette. I’m not much of a cook and would like to take the meals in the great hall.”

“Good. Anything else you need?” Marvolo asked in a rather bored tone.

“Erm… No, thank you. For everything. I just don’t understand… Why…?” Remus trailed off.

Marvolo’s smile turned cold and in his voice was steel, as he answered. “You are important enough to Harry and Sirius for them to try to intervene on your behalf. This is a favour to them. If you ever betray their trust again, I will not hesitate to kill you myself. Did I make myself clear?”

“Yes, my lord.” Remus answered with a gulp.

“Good. Then I will take my leave.” He stood up and went to the door, but then turned around again. “And Mr. Lupin, you should contemplate the idea to join Harry’s Ravens. He could use another experienced fighter. Harry, I’ve cancelled your lessons until the new year. You can use the time, to show Mr. Lupin around and take him shopping. I won’t tolerate a teacher in shabby robes. It sets a bad example. Have a nice evening, gentlemen.” And he was gone, leaving behind a stunned room.

After a while, Remus cleared his throat. “Well, that was something else.” Harry giggled and Sirius grinned while Regulus snorted. “Never would I’ve thought, that the Dark Lord would be the better option and turn out a philanthrope.”

At Remus still flabbergasted expression, Harry finally lost it and laughed with tears in his eyes. “I told you he was different.” He gasped out, after he’d calmed down a bit. “And he’s right, you know. I would like you in the ranks of my Ravens.” He added more seriously.

Remus nodded. “I would’ve to kill, wouldn’t I?” He asked sceptically.

Harry sighed. “Yes. You would’ve to perform the full set of Unforgivables in front of all Ravens and Death Eaters on a victim of your choosing or some random muggle-vermin.”

“What muggles do you take?” Remus asked carefully.

At Harry’s a bit helpless look, Regulus answered. “Usually rapists, child-abusers, murderers. People, the world doesn’t need. Or, like Harry, a muggle who personally wronged you.”

“I see. Let me think about it, Harry.” Remus pleaded. “It’s not a question if I want to join your Ravens, I do, but I’m not sure, if I can just torture and kill a person.”

Sirius looked contemplative. “Would it help, if you saw beforehand what the person had done to deserve their fate?”

Remus thought about it. “Yes, I think so. I can’t just kill an innocent.”

“Thought so, but believe me, they aren’t innocent at all.” Sirius said and smiled at him.

“So, you’ll do it? Join, I mean?” Harry asked hopefully. He hadn’t had much contact with Remus before, outside of classes, but he knew, he was important to Sirius and from the tales his godfather had told him, Remus should’ve been someone akin to an uncle to him. Perhaps, he would become family with time.

“Yes, I will, if I get to see the misdeeds of the intended victim and deem the punishment appropriate.” Remus answered and gave him a tentative smile.

“Then it is agreed. I will inform Marvolo about our agreement. Perhaps he can initiate you on New Years Eve.” Harry beamed and stood up. “I will send the potion for the next moon up. It should be taken three days before the full moon rises.” He looked at his watch. “So, in an hour.” He looked a bit sheepish at Remus.

“You’ve got the moon-cycle on your watch?” Remus asked incredulously.

“Dad commissioned it, of course, the moon cycle is on it.” Harry grinned. “I’ll leave you now to work a bit on my runes-project until dinner is served. Regulus, you coming?” Regulus stood as well. “Wanna play with the slave again after dinner?” Harry asked him, as he stretched his back.

Regulus shrugged. “Why not. You coming too?” He asked his brother.

“Not tonight. Remus and I have much to discuss.” Sirius answered and looked at Harry. “Does Remus get discount at the service-point?”

Harry grinned. “All Ravens play with it for free, you know this.” He winked at Remus. “After initiation, you can use it as much as you like, I’ll add you to the no-payment-list.” At Remus questioning look, Harry laughed. “Sirius will explain it to you. Have a nice evening, you two.” Harry grinned and left with Regulus in tow.

Chapter 18

Chapter Summary

Hello together. Thank you all for reading and for the kudos. I would like to know what you think of the story so far. Am I too fast pacing, am I too slow? What do you think of the plot? Sometimes, it's hard to not meander from the storyline as I had planned it too far or lose myself in too much details. I would really appreciate a bit of feedback on this. Usually, I'm not someone to beg for reviews, but sometimes I ask myself, if you like it nonetheless. And if you don't like it? What don't you like, where can I do better?

Trigger-warning: Mentioning of child abuse, punishment of a child abuser -> it's brief, just one paragraph, but if you'd like to skip it, stop at "Remus stepped down..." and start reading at the next paragraph
public nuditidy, slave auction

Chapter 18

Malfoy Manor, December 31st 1997

Hermione Granger stepped out of the fireplace and into the receiving room of Malfoy Manor feeling proud of herself. She'd managed to seduce Draco to kiss her and invite her to this ball just before the Christmas holidays started and even received the beautiful diamond earrings she was wearing today for Yule, as Draco called it. She couldn't help being flattered by his attention. He was handsome, intelligent and even sweet with her, when they were alone. All right, he was still a right bastard to Ron and had flaunted their new relationship right in his face, but he'd asked her out on the last Hogsmeade weekend before Christmas and had made their dating public knowledge right that day, as was custom in his circles. At least, that was, what he told her, but she had no reason to not believe him. She'd even admitted to herself, that she'd developed a big crush on him even with his arrogant behaviour outside their rooms. She just assumed, that it was expected of him.

Draco greeted her with a charming smile and kissed her knuckles. “Welcome to my home, darling.” Then he took her hand and turned to his parents, who stood behind him. “Mother, father, may I introduce you to my girlfriend, Hermione Granger.”

Lucius sneered. “Miss Granger, a pleasure, I’m sure. Welcome to Malfoy Manor.” He said in a condescending tone and inclined his head slightly.

“Pleased to meet you, Mister Malfoy.” Hermione had to bite her lips to keep herself from making an uncouth remark herself. She would be on her best behaviour tonight and not embarrass Draco again.

“Good evening, Miss Granger. It is always nice to meet new friends of Draco’s.” Mrs. Malfoy greeted her with a cool smile. “Girlfriend, you said, Darling?” She asked in a teasing tone and raised her eyebrow.

Draco blushed slightly, but didn’t let go of Hermione’s hand, for what she was grateful. “Yes, mother. I asked Hermione out before Yule. I’m sure, I told you about this.”

Narcissa’s smile didn’t waver. “Of course, Darling. I’m just teasing. Well, welcome to our home, Miss Granger, I wish you an enjoyable evening.”

Hermione blushed slightly and smiled. “Thank you. It was a pleasure meeting you.”

Just as they turned to the door, the floo flared again and Hermione looked behind her. She froze, when Sirius Black and Harold Peverell stepped elegantly out of the floo. They were greeted warmly and with real smiles, then they came to them. At Peverell’s cold gaze, Hermione shrunk a little. “Hello Draco. Why did you bring that?” He asked with a look of disgust at her and Hermione blushed in anger.

“None of this, Harry, it is impolite to insult your cousin’s choice in date.” Sirius reprimanded gently. “Hello, Miss Granger.” Sirius greeted her without even a hint of a smile and a cold tone.

“Hello, Sirius.” She answered with a meek smile, which froze on her face at the cold look on his face.

“You’ve lost the right to call me by my first name a long time ago, Miss Granger. Excuse us, Draco.” Sirius said coldly and left with Peverell in tow. Hermione closed her eyes ashamed. She had done it again.

Draco looked furious at her. “I told you, to mind your manners. Would you please not embarrass me in front of my guests.” He hissed at her.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t know…” Hermione started, but trailed of. This was humiliating, especially as he was right and she knew it. She’d read some books about manners and etiquette in preparation, but she’d always called Sirius by his first name. It had just slipped her mind, that she wasn’t supposed to address him this informal. He never officially offered her the use of his first name, she realized in this moment embarrassed.

Draco sighed. “I know, darling, but please, if you’re unsure, don’t just assume. Even if you’ve met them before, if you don’t have explicit permission, use their last name.” He gave her a light kiss. “Social gatherings like these are important for making contacts and you want to leave a good impression, don’t you?” She nodded and he smiled at her. “It will be alright, I’m at your side and try to guide you through the ropes. But you’ve got to listen to me and if you’re unsure about something, ask me or keep your mouth shut to not embarrass yourself.”

She sighed. This would be a horrible evening and she already missed the cosy party her parents attended every year. “Alright, but don’t leave me alone, please.” She knew, she sounded whiny, but couldn’t help it. It seemed that Draco was her only lifeline in this world she knew next to nothing about. She was way out of her depth, but she wanted the contacts to the ministry Dumbledore had promised her and she would get them. She just had to learn fast how to navigate herself in this sort of environment and hoped, that Draco would really guide her.

“I won’t.” Then he paused and furrowed his forehead. “Well, I’ll have to after dinner, but not for long.”

“What? Why?” Hermione asked slightly panicked. How was she supposed to know how to behave here without him? The books hadn’t been that helpful and she suspected, that the authors weren’t writing down everything, assuming most of the things were common knowledge.

“It is custom, that wizards stay in the ballroom to talk business for two hours, while witches go to the conservatory to talk about women things. I actually don’t know, about what women talk in those gatherings, but don’t worry, I’ve asked my mother to help you.” Draco gave her sheepish smile and she assumed, that it was custom

knowledge in his circles and had slipped his mind to mention it to her.

“But what am I supposed to talk about?” Hermione asked desperately. She wasn’t prepared for this and she wasn’t so sure, that she wanted to be part of this society. She also didn’t get the impression, that Draco’s mother would be very helpful. Narcissa was, after all, a blood purist herself and would certainly not be very happy with Draco’s choice to date her.

“As I said, I don’t know, but if you don’t have anything to contribute to the conversations, just hold your mouth shut and smile. It will be okay, you’ll see. You’re a bright young witch and you’ll charm them all.” He winked at her and Hermione blushed at his compliments. He just knew, how to make her feel better. It wasn’t a wonder, that she actually was falling for him. He was smart and charming to her and very sweet. Draco bent down, gave her a light kiss on the lips, then guided her to the ballroom. It was beautifully decorated with crystal sculptures, candles in silver candelabras and white flowers everywhere. Men in brightly coloured dress robes and women in exquisite ball-gowns decorated with precious gems and wearing expansive jewellery stood around in low conversations and Hermione had never felt this out of place ever before.

Draco guided her to his friends and Hermione felt severely underdressed. She’d aimed for simple and elegant with a long, flowing periwinkle dress similar to the one she wore at the Yule ball three years ago and a crystal teardrop on a gold chain matching her earrings. She had felt very mature, beautiful and elegant. Her mother had said so as well and her father had tearfully complemented her for her excellent taste. Compared to the others, she didn’t feel beautiful and elegant any longer, but shabby and clumsy. Her dress wasn’t of the expensive looking material the others wore and the teardrop necklace was just crystal, not diamond. Daphne Greengrass had also opted for simple and elegant, but she pulled it off way better than Hermione could. The others joked and laughed with Peverell and ignored her completely.

Draco once or twice tried to include her into the conversation, but nobody cared, what she had to say and just ignored her comments. In the end, she just clung to his arm and she was grateful when the bell signalled, that dinner would be served soon. She followed Draco to the family-table and discovered with mounting horror, that she was seated right across from Sirius and Peverell. She swallowed hard, but held her head high. She was here as Draco’s girlfriend and she wouldn’t let these two ruin her evening. Nonetheless a feeling of dread settled in

her stomach and not for the first time, she asked herself, if this was worth it. When the first course was served, she looked helpless over all the cutlery laid out and glanced at Draco. This was going to be a long evening.

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Harry internally laughed at Hermione's uncomfortable expression but outwardly ignored her completely. He played up his position in the Malfoy family and let her feel, that she didn't belong here. The conversation was simple and the food was served in multiple courses. Hermione had obviously problems with choosing the right cutlery and Harry had much fun as he asked her scandalized and loudly to draw the attention of the nearby tables, if she really intended to eat the entry, a piece of salmon with caviar on a crusty bread, with the salad-fork. With a shaking head, he explained to her the right fork like to a toddler, but a slight kick under the table stopped him, to embarrass her a bit more. All through dinner, he made teasing comments about peasants and muggles and entertained the whole table with tales of his youth, when he managed to get back at his cousin. Of course, he never mentioned names, but it was amusing to watch Hermione's face getting darker and darker and he could practically see her biting her tongue and holding back. It seemed as if she had accepted the fact, that nobody wanted to hear her opinion. Not even Draco tried to include her in the conversation anymore, even if he played the perfect gentleman.

After dinner, the women left the ballroom and Hermione was firmly guided out of the room by Narcissa. When the door closed, Draco exclaimed: "Finally. I can't believe, she actually showed up in that. It's embarrassing!"

Harry laughed. "Just be glad, that everybody here knows, that you're under orders to charm her. Otherwise, I really would've suspected you being under mind-altering substances." Then he grinned. "What do you think, has it dawned on her already, that she won't be able to make the important connections for her future, which were promised to her?"

"Probably not." Theo said with a grin. "But we'll all have to dance with her to be polite." The boy's all groaned and nobody envied

Draco. He would be her main dance partner, because she was his date, but his friends would've to keep up appearance and ask her to dance too.

Harry grimaced. "Not me, I've already made it clear, that she doesn't exist for me." He was glad, that he would be able, to skip this dance and he was actually hoping, to persuade Marvolo or Severus to dance with him. The two men in question looked delectable this evening and he was determined to get them at the dancefloor at least once.

"Lucky you. I'll have to dance with her every time she'll be without partner." Draco complained in a whiny tone and they all laughed at his expense. It wasn't that Hermione was ugly, on the contrary, but her attitude didn't make her very likeable. Harry still asked himself, how he could stay friends with her for four years without going barmy. Desperation, he guessed. He had just been lonely and desperate for friends, so he'd put up with it. He should've taken Draco up on his offer in first year. His life would've been better. Or not. Dumbledore would never have tolerated such a friendship and certainly found a way to drive them apart.

When Marvolo stood up and took his place on a raised platform, the room quieted down. Harry pushed his darker thoughts away and concentrated on the man at the dais. "Friends, today I have two boons for you. Welcome with me the newest member of the Ravens. Remus Lupin." Remus stepped next to him and the house elves brought in an older man around fifty with a fat, round potbelly and oily hair. "Mr. Lupin, the floor is yours."

Remus stepped down from the dais and looked around. "This muggle gets off on the suffering of children. He raped and tortured nine boys and girls from age ten to fourteen to death." He said and raised his wand. "Now, he gets, what he deserves." He silently cast an Imperius and the man took off his clothes and started to punch himself. After several broken bones, he grabbed his cock and balls, ripped them off and started to eat them, while bleeding on the floor. Harry had to look away or risked losing his dinner. Then Remus cast the Cruciatus and held it for ten minutes, stopped and started it again. At last, he said: "This is too good for scum like you." And a green light left his wand. The house elves quickly cleaned the mess up and Remus turned, took off his robes and shirt and knelt in front of Marvolo.

Marvolo laid his wand at Remus chest right above his heart and a dog and a fawn was burned in his skin. Harry had already added a howling wolf to his array over his own heart and would be able to call

Remus by touching it. “You did well, Mr. Lupin, welcome to the ranks.” After Remus had redressed and taken his place at Sirius’ side, Marvolo addressed the room. “And now, friends, to the second boon. Our New-Year’s-Eve-auction of a new slave. She was caught breaking into this manor to spy on us and she refused to leave with a vow to never antagonize us again. Not even for her unborn child. And as her decline of my offer labelled her a threat to our organization and our goals for a better future, it was decided to sell her to the highest bidder. The proceeds from this auction will be put in a trust vault for the child to receive at its eleventh birthday to fund an education, so don’t be stingy.” The men laughed and Tonks was brought in, naked, collared and in chains. “Harold, come up here and help me note every bid. We start at 500 Galleons.”

Harry went on the dais and watched the action. The bids raised by the hundreds, then by the fifties. He turned her around, to give the men a good view of her backside and then turned her back to fondle her tits for all to see how firm they were and to get an impression of their size. The bidding tapered off at 5000 Galleons and Harry stepped closer to Marvolo and whispered in his ear. “She’s a metamorphmagus!” He stepped back with a grin.

“And you’re telling me this just now?” Marvolo growled. He cleared his throat and said loudly. “Well, Polonius, I have to disappoint you. As a minimum of 7000 Galleons are needed for a Hogwarts-education, I’ve decided to give up a bid myself. 10000 Galleons.” He said and looked in the crowed. The men gasped and looked shocked at their lord. They hadn’t anticipated him to give up a bis himself.

Polonius Parkinson took it with grace and shook his head with a smile. “Sorry, my lord, but that’s too much even for a delectable slave like this.” The room laughed and jeered while Tonks blushed furiously.

Marvolo inclined his head. “Sold. Perhaps I should’ve mentioned, that this one is a metamorphmagus?” He grinned at the faces. “Well, next time then. But don’t be too disappointed, you’ll get your chance to test her out. She will make Harold’s slave competition in the entrance hall in Slytherin Castle after she gave birth! Her earnings will go in the child’s vault as well.” Then he addressed Remus. “Mr. Lupin, congratulations, your child will get a high-class education and a good starting capital.”

“Thank you, my Lord. I’m most grateful.” Remus beamed.

“Of course, the necessary precautions will be taken to protect the child in her, before she’s used.” Marvolo grinned. “And now, gentlemen, I think, it’s time to bring the ladies back in.” He got thunderous applause and the doors were opened, after Tonks was led back to the dungeons. Marvolo stepped from the dais and waved at Harry and Severus to follow him to a corner, where he cast a silencing charm. “Would you like to join me in breaking her in?” He asked the other two.

The eyes of both lit up and they smirked. “With pleasure, my lord.” Severus said silkily.

“I would like that.” Harry agreed as well. “How long do we have to stay, to not be impolite?” Harry asked innocently and batted his lashes at Marvolo.

“Until midnight, of course.” Severus said drily, stating the obvious.

Marvolo grinned at Harry’s enthusiasm. “I won’t break her in tonight. I want time for it and Severus has to cast the necessary spells and give her the protection potion an hour in advance.” Harry pouted. “Tomorrow will be soon enough and you’ll have the day free. Be at my quarters at noon.” He gave Harry a teasing smile, broke the silencing charm and went in the direction of the punch bowl.

Harry sighed and looked at his watch. Still two hours to go until midnight. “Then would you do me the honour of a dance, Severus?” He asked with a pounding heart. He knew, it was a risk, but he couldn’t resist and looked hopeful at Severus.

Who sighed defeated. “Of course, but just one. I don’t like dancing very much.” He offered his arm to Harry and led him to the dance floor. Harry let himself be led gracefully over the dance floor and relished the feeling of Severus strong arms around him. When they came near Draco and Hermione, he gave Severus a wink and suddenly stuck out his foot when Draco had her in an open turn. Hermione stumbled over his foot and tumbled to the floor. “As clumsy as ever, Miss Granger.” Severus drawled and smirked condescendingly at her. Draco, the gentleman, helped her up.

“You tripped me!” She accused Harry and glared at him.

“Don’t blame others for your mistake, Miss Granger. You came in my space.” Harry said coldly and looked down his nose. This was much fun. He could practically feel the anger and frustration radiating off of her.

“Just like in school. Clumsy and making a scene.” Severus added and twirled Harry out of his arm gracefully before he pulled him back and turned with him. “You should teach your girlfriend how to behave at gatherings like this, Draco.” He reprimanded the young man lightly and continued to lead Harry over the dancefloor.

Draco, with two red spots high on his cheeks, all but dragged her from the dance floor before she could say something else, guided her to a corner with a thunderous expression, erected a silencing bubble and reprimanded her for all to see. Harry grinned at Severus. “That was brilliant. I so love it when you put someone in their place.” At Severus’ smirk, he added hastily. “As long as it isn’t me, that is.”

The rest of the evening went by in a flurry of dancing with various people, even Marvolo granted him one, good conversations and a few drinks. Harry was careful to not indulge too much in the red, sweet wine. He hadn’t forgotten his hangover after his initiation and had no desire, to repeat the experience anytime soon. And he was sure, that this time, Severus wouldn’t give him a potion to make him feel better.

Before he knew it, it was time to go to the gardens. The Malfoys had bought a big array of the best fireworks they could find and Harry noted with amusement, that a good amount came from the Weasley twins. He still liked the twins and they were geniuses when it came to pranks and fireworks. Sadly, he hadn’t had time yet, to check out their store, but he would do it after his graduation at the latest. He even contemplated to tell them the truth. They had been on his side all along and deserved to know, what had happened to him. He wasn’t sure, how they would react to their parents and sister being slaves, but hoped, that they at least would give him a chance. They were the only ones, he truly missed from his old life.

Harry noticed Hermione firmly plastered at Draco’s side and not looking very happy. The evening hadn’t gone the way she’d imagined, obviously. He’d seen her a few times in passing, standing meekly at Draco’s side, while he conversed with different important people and even if he introduced her, she hadn’t had much to contribute to the conversations. After the disaster at the dance floor, nobody was obligated to ask her to a dance any more and more than one of his friends had thanked Harry for this.

When midnight struck, he found himself next to Severus and he gave him a light kiss on the cheek. He blushed when Severus looked at him astonished. With only a moment of hesitation, Severus bent down a bit and gave him a kiss on the cheek as well. Harry gave him a blinding

smile, which Severus answered with a light lift of his lips. Harry knew, that he made clear with this, that he liked Severus, as it was custom to kiss the person you wanted to spend time with in the next year. They were approached by Marvolo and both shocked, when the man gave each of them a kiss on the cheek. They shared an astonished look, then smirked and gave him both a kiss on the cheek from both sides. Marvolo all but fled to Lucius side and strung up a conversation with him after this. Harry and Severus laughed and watched the firework together with everyone else.

Chapter 19

Chapter Notes

Trigger-warnings: Caning, bestiality (snake), object insertion, body control, forced boot licking, rape

If you don't like to read it, pleas skip to the change in POV marked with ~*~*~*~

Thank you all for reading and the kudos and to those who already left feedback. :-)

Chapter 19

Slytherin Castle, January 19th 1998

The next day found Harry nervously at Marvolo's door and contemplating if he should go in or claim a hangover and flee again. Last night, he was elated, that his advances weren't entirely unwelcome, but now he was questioning, if the two men were really interested or had just been polite. The door opened before he came to a decision. "Come in, Harold, we're waiting for you." Marvolo beckoned him in and Harry looked around. Tonks was hanging from the ceiling with her legs spread and her feet fastened to the floor. "Come, lunch is served. Ignore the slave, let's eat first." Marvolo smirked and led him to the dining table in the corner.

They sat down at the table which had enough space for four and started at their lunch. "Did you already do the protections on the baby?" Harry asked interested between bites. He was still impressed. He'd seen Molly yesterday with a big baby-belly and knew, that Draco and Lucius were using her regularly rather hard, but the baby was growing and healthy according to the spells.

"Yes, of course. Severus was an hour early and we set everything up for a fun afternoon with her. Of course, we still should be careful with the belly, but everything else is fair game." Marvolo grinned and laid down his cutlery. He obviously was finished, even if he hadn't eaten much.

“I…I have a collar with a rune-sequence (1) I developed and wanted to test…” Harry started and took the last bite of his lunch. He didn’t feel particularly hungry himself and had finished relatively fast. He was a bit nervous to present his work to these two.

“Oh, your project?” Severus asked interested. He’d heard Regulus gush about Harry’s talent with runes often enough, Harry knew and it wasn’t the first time he showed interest in his work.

After swallowing and laying down his cutlery, Harry answered: “Yes. It’s meant to let a slave’s body being controlled without their consent but with their full awareness, much like the Imperius but without the side-effect of the glazed eyes or the strain on their magic. And without the chance of throwing it off. Regulus thinks, that, if it works as intended, it would be a great asset for healers and I should present it at my NEWTs.” He wasn’t sure if it was working correctly, but he needed to test it to work out eventual kinks.

Marvolo nodded. “That sounds actually pretty good. We’ll test it on her later.” He smiled at his companions. “Shall we start?”

Severus smirked. “What do you have in mind?” He was obviously as eager as Harry was.

Marvolo stood up and walked to an array of implements and all sorts of utensils for their fun and took up a thin metal rod with the length of a cane. It was flexible, it seems, but no too much. “I thought, we start with this beauty. I wanted to test it on the belly, but alas this isn’t the best idea, I thought the thighs would do.” The other two nodded eagerly and watched as Marvolo swung the rod and it landed at both thighs near the crotch. It cut deep in and flexed out again leaving behind a thin cut instead of a welt and Tonks screamed. He repeated it five times going down with every hit. “Nice. Wanna try?” Marvolo smirked and held up the rod.

Harry had forgone the robe in anticipation of the afternoon and now shed his shirt as well. “With pleasure.” He said and took the rod. He swung it two times to get a feeling, then hit the slave on the back of the thighs. She thrashed in her bonds and screamed again. He also took five hits before he was satisfied, Tonks thrashing in her bonds and screaming loudly all the while. “Huh, that’s really nice. Look how thin the cuts are. Just a bit of blood.” Harry inspected the thin welts curiously, arousal already stirring in him. “Severus, you want to try it too?”

The potion master took the implement and took two probing swings as Harry had done. Then he smirked at the girl and held the rod between her spread legs. He flicked his wrist and the rod started to swing against the insides of her thighs. He put a bit more strength behind it and Tonks started to squirm and whimper, much to the amusement of the men. Harry admired Severus' control over the rod and wished the man would take off his shirt. Then Severus flicked his wrist upwards harshly and hit her pussy hard. The scream she let out was ear-splitting. "Very nice. We should try it on her feet. She won't need them in the near future anyway." Harry grinned. Severus had always the best ideas.

Marvolo laughed and nodded. "You're right." He flicked his wand and the chains at her feet lengthened and fastened themselves to the ceiling letting her look at the ceiling. Now she was hanging with spread legs and her feet in the air. She'd the right hight to comfortably hit her feet or fuck her.

"Oh, that's nice. I've forgone my morning-blowjob and could use a bit of relief." Harry said and let his trousers drop. Stepping out of them, he asked. "Do you mind?"

"By all means, be my guest. Severus and I will work on her feet while you fuck her." Harry could feel both their gazes on his ass when he stepped between her thighs and blushed a bit. He had seen them naked now a few times and showed himself to them too, but suddenly it was something else. Only the three of them playing and they were both still clothed while he was starkers. It made him feel self-conscious and embarrassed. He pushed it down as best he could and fondled Tonks tits to mask his slightly flagging erection. She squirmed when he twisted her nipples and screamed as the other two started to flay her feet. This was bringing his cock back at attention, so he lined up and thrust in the dry cunt. With every hit her cunt clenched deliciously around his cock and she thrashed, basically riding his cock on her own. "Very good, slut, keep going." He cheered her on and heard the other two laughing. After a few minutes he grabbed her hips and fucked her hard and fast. It didn't take long for him to come and he spilled deep inside her with a moan. "Well, she's a good fuck, at least." He grinned when he stepped back and cum splattered out of her cunt onto the floor.

"Good to hear." Severus gave her now bloody feet a last hit and laid the rod aside.

The chain was lowered again and when her feet made contact with

the rough floor she screamed again and her knees buckled. Harry could only imagine the pain of this. He raised an eyebrow in interest, when Marvolo cast a Serpensortia and a harmless, but long and thick python appeared. “I thought, we should introduce her to my personal kink. Snakes are such lovely animals, don’t you think?” He grinned at them and said to the snake: *~Hello, beautiful. I’m sorry to have disturbed your nap. Would you mind to explore a dark and warm cavern for me? It’s a bit tight, but I promise you some fat mice if you explore it for me.~*

~Speaker, will you bring me back, if I do this for you?~ The snake hissed back and swayed her head.

~Of course, I’ll bring you back after I gave you your reward.~ Marvolo winked at Harry and the snake was silent for a minute. Tonks looked wearily at the snake and it seemed as if she guessed, what would happen soon when she started to shake.

~Where is this cave? I’ll do this for you this one time.~ The snake finally agreed.

Marvolo manipulated the chains so, that the slave had to bent over, which had the added benefit of putting more pressure at her feet and she whimpered. Her arsehole was on display and he showed the snake where to go. The probing tongue against the hole let Tonks shiver. *~I know, it’s tight, but you’ll fit, believe me.~* The snake pushed at her entrance and with a bit of help from Marvolo, it slithered in slowly.

Harry and Severus had sat down on the sofa and were watching the show, while Marvolo coaxed the snake in and Tonks was openly crying. “I didn’t know this was one of your kinks.” Harry commented casually. It was interesting to watch but didn’t do much for him. He liked the girl’s tears, but that was all what got him interested.

“Only on slaves or women. It’s so much fun to see them fucked by animals. Snakes, dogs, I would like to see a thestral or horse mount a woman one day, but we’d have to find a way to protect them from dying of inner bleedings before this can happen.” Marvolo hissed something to the snake and continued. “Perhaps Sirius would be willing to fuck one of the sluts in his Animagus form one day for our amusement.”

“That would be actually quite fun.” Harry mused. Dogs would probably be better than snakes. “I can see the appeal. Being fucked

like a bitch in heat… Yes, fitting for the sluts. I think, I'll talk to Sirius sometime soon." Then he grinned. "I'm actually working on a few rune-sequences. One of them will enhance the endurance, another will work as a healing rune to detect and heal inner bleedings on itself, but these I can't present in my NEWTs. I also have one nearly completed to empty the bladder and bowls and clean the guts. Ready to be fucked without needing a cleansing spell." Harry told them enthusiastically while the snake slithered in further. He loved to talk runes. Who would've thought just three years ago, that he had a real talent in them. Tonks started to scream as soon as the snake was fully in. "What now?" Harry asked astonished at the interruption.

Severus laughed. "I think the snake is curling up in her." They watched her squirm and scream and begging them to take it out for a while until Severus got bored. "I think we should start a new game." Harry had to agree with him. This was a bit boring even if the begging was nice.

Marvolo coaxed the snake out again, summoned three mice for her and sent her back where she came from. "I think it is time to test the collar, Harry."

Harry grinned and with Marvolo's permission, fastened the collar around Tonks' neck. Then tapped the rune. He was really excited about the testing. "Shall we start with her metamorphmagus abilities?" They discussed briefly, what they wanted her to change and Harry gave the commands. "Lengthen your hair to your waist, make your tits bigger until I say stop." He waited until they had doubled in size and resembled ripe grapefruits. "Stop, for now, let them sag a bit. Yes, good. Widen your hips, make your ass bigger. Stop, good, now tighten yourself again." He looked at the other two. "What do you think?"

"Size the tits a cup up, then I'm satisfied." Severus drawled and his eyes glittered. The possibilities with this collar were indeed spectacular. "If you get all runes, you're working on, to work as fine as this one seems to work, you could sell them, you know?"

"Well, that's a big IF." Harry very much doubted, that he would complete all runes any time soon, but with this praise as motivation, he would try even harder. He wanted to impress the two men at his side after all. Then her turned his attention back to Tonks. "Now crawl to Severus and lick his boots, Nymph." Harry shrugged at the amused looks of the other men and sat down in an armchair. He liked it, when women licked boots a lot and felt his cock fill out again. He should

probably be worried, that he liked her pain and humiliation this much, but at the moment, he didn't care.

"Nymph?" Marvolo asked curiously while he watched Tonks getting to work without hesitation.

"She hates her name, but honestly, Nymphadora is a mouth full, so I thought Nymph would do. If you don't like it, I can call her slut, but if we are in a room with more than one slave, I thought it's going to be a bit confusing which slut I mean." Harry explained and continued to watch her lick Severus boots clean.

"Nymph it is then." Marvolo grinned and gave her a kick. She didn't interrupt her licking. "Good work with the collar. We should test it with a harder task." He conjured a beaters bat and stuck it to the floor. "Go and fuck your arse on the bat, Nymph." She stopped her licking at once and crawled to the bat, then stood up and, with fear in her eyes, worked the bat without lube or consideration in her arse. She screamed and tears ran down her cheeks when her arsehole teared profusely. Blood eased the way and slowly coated the bat, but she didn't stop and started to fuck herself on it immediately after getting it fully in. "Fascinating. It doesn't affect her facial expression."

"It's designed to pick up on intend. You told her to go and fuck herself on the bat, but she actual did crawl to it and then stood up to fuck herself." Harry nodded and watched her sodomize her bleeding arse. It was a nice view. The pain filled face, the swinging tits, the quivering thighs.

"We should hand her a broom to complete the experience of being a Quidditch whore." Severus smirked and conjured a household broom with a thick, but short handle. "Fuck your cunt with this while you ride the bat." He grinned cruelly and handed her the broom. Without pausing, she shoved it in her cunt and fucked herself with it while simultaneously riding the bat.

They all leaned back and watched the show while stroking their hard cocks. A while later, Marvolo stood up, let his trousers vanish and stepped to the table. He took some nipple clamps and weights and stepped in front of Nymph. "Pause for a moment." She stopped immediately in a sheer impossible angle and he fastened the clamps with sharp teeth on her nipples, then added the weights. She screamed as the clamps bit in the tender flesh and the weights pulled them down. "You may continue." Marvolo said benevolently and sat back down.

“Nice decoration.” Harry commented as he watched the weighs swing with every up and down.

Severus stood up, opened his fly to let his cock spring free and stepped to her. “Suck me while you continue and make it good!” She opened her mouth and every time she went down, she choked on his cock. Harry watched in fascination how she handled all three tasks at once and couldn’t help but think, that he would also like a taste of Severus’ cock. He also suspected, that she wouldn’t be able to do it all at once without the collar. It didn’t take very long for Severus to spill himself in her mouth. “Acceptable.” He drawled while he tugged himself in much to Harry’s disappointment.

“She needs training in this?” Marvolo asked as he stood up to let himself suck off by her. Harry admired the firm arse presented to him while Tonks chocked on the cock.

“Yes, that much is clear. Not very much experience in pleasuring a man, I assume.” Her cheeks were already burning from the exertion but she went nearly purple at Severus’ words.

“Poor Remus. We should let him have a go at her like he really likes it. I can’t imagine that she was able to satisfy him.” Harry said casually.

“And how would you know that?” Marvolo asked with a raised eyebrow and a slightly dangerous undertone while he inserted his cock in the slave’s mouth.

Harry blushed. “He sleeps in Sirius’ rooms and his bedroom isn’t exactly soundproof. They seemed to never have heard about silencing charms and they regularly break mine…” He grumbled at the amused looks of the other two.

Marvolo didn’t take long to spill himself in her too and when he was done, he asked Harry: “You want to paint her?”

“Gladly.” Harry was rock hard. Marvolo hard and naked getting sucked off by a slave had him nearly spill himself. He quickly stepped to Nymph. “Open up, slut.” He shoved his cock in and relished the sight and feeling of her choking on his cock. When his orgasm approached, he pulled out and came all over her face and tits. After he’d caught his breath, his stomach rumbled and he blushed.

“It’s dinnertime. Get cleaned up and dressed, then join me in the dining room, please.” Marvolo said and eyed his slave. “She can

continue until I return, I think." He'd added a similar cage in the entrance area like Harry had and conjured a water dispenser in the form of a cock. "And if she's thirsty, she'll have to practice with this. It will release the water after a real man would be satisfied. This should teach her, don't you think?"

Harry laughed. "That it should." He answered and vanished in the bathroom. He quickly cleaned up and dressed, then met the other two, already dressed, in the living room. "That was a fun evening. We should do something like this more often." He said and together they left the still riding slave in the room and went to dinner.

~*~*~*~

Two weeks later, Draco watched Hermione trying to be seductive by playing with her blouse buttons during a study session and showing off her cleavage. It was tiring to play the love-struck idiot, but he had to remind himself, that this was a mission from his lord. New Years Eve had been amusing and embarrassing at the same time. He still couldn't believe, that she'd committed one faux pas after the other. At least, after her stint on the dance floor, she'd behaved like a proper girl should and kept her mouth shut. He'd been, of course, the perfect gentleman, and kept her at his side. He'd even given her a kiss at midnight, when all he'd want was to force her on her knees and show her where she really belonged. He swore to himself, that one day, he would. But sadly, this day wasn't today.

"Are you even listening to me?" Hermione huffed and Draco turned his attention back to her. She had been prattling on about something in Potions and he was bored out of his mind. It wasn't as if he didn't like the subject, but he surely didn't need her to lecture him about the ingredients of their latest project.

"Of course, and I think you're right about this." Of course, she was right, she was practically reciting the definition of the book, but it was always good to let her think she'd told him something he didn't know. Her pleased expression proved him right and he sighed internally. He'd been grovelling the past week to make up for the disaster New Years Eve had been for her. Not that he cared, but he still had his orders. "How about we take a break, before we move on to Charms?"

She furrowed her brows and fiddled with the button of her blouse again, obviously not wanting to stop in her revision, but still trying to

be seductive. “But…”

“Oh, come on, Hermione, we’ve been revising for hours. A break will do us both some good.” Draco interrupted her, before she could start with her arguments about NEWT year. He’d heard it all at least five times and didn’t need to hear it another time.

“Oh, alright, but only a short one or I’ll be behind in my study schedule.” She huffed and shuffled closer to him, then let her hand wander over his arms. “What did you have in mind for a break?”

Fucking you into submission, he thought acidly, but said aloud: “We could just hear some music and cuddle on the sofa, if you like?” He hoped she would agree, at least that way, he could grope her a bit. She had a nice body and he was trying to persuade her, to let him fuck her.

Hermione smiled at him. “That sounds like a good plan.” She waved her wand to activate the radio and some romantic music started to play. Draco internally rolled his eyes, when she cuddled up to him and rested her head on his chest. “You know, I don’t mind breaks like this.”

Draco let his hand wander over her back, but stopped right above her arse. He didn’t want to scare her away, but he did want some enjoyment out of this whole play-acting the smitten teenager. “Me too.”

“Next weekend is a Hogsmeade one, shall we go to Tomes and Scrolls and then take a break at Madame Puddifoots?” Draco was astonished to hear the hopeful lilt in Hermione’s voice. He hadn’t thought she would be one of those girls to actually want to go to that place.

He hid his grimace in her hair and sighed. “I’m sorry, I can’t. I promised Harry to meet with him and go over his runes project together.” He sounded sorry, but he certainly wasn’t. He couldn’t wait to see, what Harry had been working on. They had decided over Yule, that Draco would be his test-subject for the presentation and he was looking forward to it.

Hermione huffed and sat up straight angrily. “Why are you hanging around with this bigot?” She snarled and her eyes blazed with fury.

Draco looked at her confused, astonished over this aggressive reaction. “He is my cousin and one of my best friends. We’ve been close for years. Why do you hate him so much?” Oh, he knew just fine, why,

but honestly, she should just get over herself.

“Are you serious? He is an absolute asshole, treats me like dirt, insults me every chance he gets and embarrassed me at the ball! How can you even stand this freak?” She ranted furiously and stood up to pace in front of him.

“Hermione, darling, we spoke about this already.” He was so tired of these conversations. “He is family and family always come first. You know this. Yes, he insulted you and I’m truly sorry, that you both got off on the wrong foot, but please, you have to understand. He had a hard life before he came to us and you triggered all the wrong points. You were condescending and imperious, you wanted to belittle him and show off how much better you were. Not your best traits, you have to admit!” Draco started to get angry himself. He knew, he should placate her, but he couldn’t just take this nonsense of hers. “And honestly, if you think about it, you started it. You invited yourself along the first time you met him and then insulted him. He is a sweet and caring boy, but he was already miffed and you just had to poke him further. And your behaviour to Potter didn’t endear him to you in the first place. He deeply regretted to never had a chance at actually meeting his cousin…”

“You’re doing it again. You take his side over mine!” She interrupted him rudely, but he could see, that his words had an effect on her. He just didn’t know, in which direction this would go.

Draco groaned. “Hermione, be reasonable! You know, I’m right. And I know what you said to Potter and tried to do after he was sent to Azkaban. Sirius told us.”

She paled and then flushed at his words. “He had no right…”

“No, you had no right!” Draco growled, but took a deep breath to calm himself. “I know, you regret it. You made a mistake, I don’t blame you. Come here.” He stretched out his arms and she came to him hesitatingly and sat down in his lap. “Please, you don’t have to like Harry.” He rubbed over her back, this was going easier than he imagined when the argument broke out. Usually, she would stand by her point, but he wouldn’t complain. He had no desire to fight with her today. “Can you at least try to get along with him? For me?”

She sniffled, but nodded. “He’s rude to me, but I will behave, if he will.”

“Alright. I will talk to him. Can’t have my cousin keep insulting my

girlfriend, can I?" He smirked at her and then kissed her lightly. She grinned back and deepened the kiss. After a long make-out session, they returned to their studies.

A few days later, Draco sat in Harry's living room and complained: "The frigid cow still doesn't let me in her pants!"

Harry laughed. "She won't until you ask to marry her. She once told me, that she wanted to stay a virgin until her wedding night."

Draco looked taken aback. "You mean, she won't so much as blow me? This is horrible! I deserve some reward for putting up with her!" That wasn't fair. She had at least a nice body and he wanted to fuck her hard and make her come on his cock so he could taunt her later with it.

Harry just shrugged. "Well, then you've got to up your game or wait until we have her where we want her. On the slave market." He winked at him and stretched his back.

"Do you think, I could get both, Weasel and Hermione, as slaves?" Draco mused if this wouldn't be too much to handle. Sure, it would be fun, but did he really want them constantly in his vicinity?

"I doubt it. Your parents already have Arthur and Molly, you getting Ron would therefore make sense. But Hermione too? I think the others would accuse us of favouritism." Harry looked apologetic at him.

"True, but honestly, I would be content to just borrow her from her future owner. But I want Weasel. It will be so much fun to torment him." Draco grinned and imagined a broken Ron licking his boots. His cock started to fill and he hastily shoved the image away.

Harry smirked at him knowingly. "First, we've to get them alive. But let us not worry about this now. I don't have much time before I have to go back to the castle. Let's start with my project."

A few hours later, Draco returned to the castle in a good mood. He was fascinated by Harry's project and wished, that he had such a talent in runes. Back in the head boy's common room, he heard the shower running in the adjoining bathroom and knew, that Hermione was showering. With a sigh, he let himself fall onto the sofa and waited for her. Hopefully, she would give him a break from her attitude today, but he seriously doubted it.

(1) If you'd like to know, why Harry loves his runes so much, read "Altering Runes"

Chapter 20

Chapter Notes

No trigger-warnings for this one. :-)

Chapter 20

Slytherin Castle, April 18th 1998

"We have a problem, my lord." Severus said and paced the length of Marvolo's study.

Marvolo just looked calmly at Severus' pacing and waited. It wasn't every day, that the potion master showed this much nerves and he wanted to give him time to collect himself. After a few minutes, he had enough and sighed. "And what problem, Severus?"

"Dumbledore is suspicious." Severus said and continued his pacing with a worried frown.

Marvolo gave him an unimpressed look. "He's always suspicious, so what is new?"

That stopped Severus in his track and he took a seat in the chair standing before the desk. "He's starting to doubt your return. I know, this is, what we wanted, but… Auror Dawlish is the DADA-teacher two years in a row now. He's the first one to manage that in fifty years and Dumbledore thinks it's a sign, that the curse is wearing off. But he isn't sure. He's tasked the Order to capture one of your known or suspected followers, to interrogate them, but I don't know the exact target. He wouldn't tell me and I'm afraid, he doesn't trust me any longer. And… he realized, I didn't die, when Harry Potter did…" Severus tapered off and gave Marvolo a troubled look.

Marvolo looked sharp at him. "I didn't consider this either!" Marvolo looked slightly alarmed. "Harry could be his intended target. Or one of his friends. Or Sirius." Marvolo shook his head. "There're too many possible targets. And if Dumbledore doesn't trust you any longer, it will get dangerous for you very quickly." That was indeed alarming. They couldn't protect someone specific if they didn't know the

intended target. “I think, your time at the castle has finally come to an end, my friend.”

Severus nodded. “I know. But I can’t leave now. There is the possibility that I will be called for the interrogation to provide Veritaserum if they manage to capture one.” He sighed and looked contemplatively to the floor.

Marvolo hadn’t taken this into account either. Severus’ position was still valuable at the moment. Perhaps he was losing his touch. He should’ve thought of this himself. “And you would know, where the victim is and switch the potion for water. It is clear, taste- and odourless.” Marvolo mused. “We need a contingency plan, if you’re not called.”

They thought about it a few minutes in silence, then Severus suggested. “How about emergency portkeys for them all, the same you gave Harry for his birthday?”

Marvolo sighed. It was a good idea, but he was reluctant, to give them out to everyone. “That was meant to be special.” He’d wanted to give Harry something special just for him. He still didn’t know, where the young man had placed the piercing only that it was activated to be placed.

“I know, but they needn’t be so elaborate as his is and they’re inconspicuous enough, if placed in a nipple or an ear.” Severus answered.

Marvolo nodded. He knew all this, that were the reasons he gave it to Harry in the first place. But it still irked him, to give them out to anyone else. Severus would’ve been the only one, he’d wanted to gift one to. With a deep sigh, he agreed. “I will talk to him about it, so he knows, why this is important. You know, how he hates it, if important information is kept from him.” Severus nodded in agreement. Harry wouldn’t mind, of that Marvolo was sure. The young man was more concerned with the safety of his family and friends than with a special present meant for him alone going also to his Ravens. “I think it best, to give them out to Harry’s family and his Ravens. The others I can find via their mark and send help if needed.” Severus agreed, then Marvolo called a house elf and asked Harry’s whereabouts.

“Master Harold is in Diagon Alley with his friends to celebrate his graduation, Master Dark Lord.” The house elf answered. They were trained in proper grammar as their usual speech-pattern had grated on

Marvolo's nerves and he had instructed some of his followers to teach them. Marvolo frowned at the news. Harry hadn't mentioned anything at breakfast and he got a bad feeling about it. "Has he said anything to you, when he will be back?"

The house elf shook his head. "No, Master Dark Lord. But he has instructed us to feed the slave in the entrance hall lunch, so we suspect, he won't be here for lunch. He also said, that it was a spontaneous decision in case you were wondering about his whereabouts."

Marvolo nodded. That sounded like Harry. He just wished, the young man would inform him beforehand, so that he could set up some protections. "Are there some adults with him?" Technically, Harry was an adult himself, but Marvolo had difficulties to accept that sometimes. Not that he was incompetent like a child, but he was still very young. That was also the reason, why he hadn't tried to get into his pants yet. Though Harry made it hard to resist and Marvolo could feel his resolve crumble a bit more every time he saw Harry indulge in his darker desires.

"Masters Sirius, Remus and Regulus are with him." Good, at least some of the more experienced fighters were in Harry's vicinity. Marvolo dismissed the house elf and shared a worried glance with Severus. He couldn't shake the bad feeling.

At this moment, both their marks burned hot. They both stood up abruptly and shared a dark look. "Let's go!"

~*~*~*~

Harry was euphoric. He had completed his NEWTs yesterday after two weeks of gruelling tests and was now roaming Diagon Alley with his friends to celebrate his straight eight O's and the offer at taking a mastery in Runes. His friends would return to Hogwarts on Monday and take their tests in two weeks after returning to the school. The tests at the ministry for the homeschooled students were traditionally over the two weeks of Easter break to give them a head start to find a job before the Hogwarts students graduated.

Harry had presented his Runes-project in his practical test. A bracelet engraved with a set of runes of his own creation to control the body of

a patient against his will, but with their full awareness and a second set of runes to empty the bladder and bowls of a patient without a mess or taxing spells. Originally, he'd created the runes for his slave's collar, but Regulus had told him, that they would be a great asset for healers with unresponsive or uncooperative patients. So, he'd presented them on a bracelet, explained the creation-process and their meant use and the examiner was so excited about the idea, that he called the head-healer of St. Mungo's to present Harry's work to him. So, he had to present them again and was offered an apprenticeship at the hospital under a renowned healer and runes master. With his political responsibilities, he was even offered, to do it part time. It would take longer to complete the necessary hours until his master saw him fit for testing, but he would've time for his duties at the Wizengamot and to work on his personal projects. Harry wasn't sure yet, if he'd accept it, but he knew it was a great opportunity and not offered lightly. He begged time to think about it and to talk it through with his family until the end of the month.

But at the moment, he just wanted to celebrate with his Ravens. Even Regulus, Remus and Sirius had tagged along and after ice cream at Fortescue's they were now on their way to explore the Weasley twin's shop. Harry hadn't had an opportunity to check it out and he was looking forward to it. When they stepped into the shop, Harry's eyes watered. It was bright and colourful and absolutely overwhelming. Everywhere was colourful smoke, crying and screaming children and scolding parents. Roaring laughter came from a group of teenagers, cooing sounds from girls were heard from one of the windows and a mother tried to wrestle her three children out of the door. A shop assistant tried to wrangle a bunch of kids from an array of pranks meant for older children and people crammed around various displays. "Wow…" he said to himself, but Sirius next to him laughed.

"This is brilliant." He exclaimed with glittering eyes and an expression of a child in a candy shop. "A Marauders dream!"

"Thank you, Mr. Black. For this, you get a dispense of five percent!" Fred Weasley said behind them with a proud smile.

"How do you know of the Marauders?" George asked suspiciously and eyed Sirius with a raised eyebrow.

Harry laughed heartedly at this. "May I introduce you to Mr. Padfoot and Mr. Moony, gentlemen." He said pompously and pointed at Sirius and Remus.

“NO WAY!” They shouted in unisono and looked at them with wide eyes, admiration clearly written over their faces.

Remus and Sirius shared a look and Remus grinned. “We solemnly swear that we are up to no good.” He winked at the twins and Sirius laughed at their flabbergasted expression. Harry had a hard time not to giggle like a school girl.

“We’re unworthy! Totally unworthy!” The bowed again and again and made utter fools out of themselves.

“And you’re idiots!” Harry laughed. It was great to see them like this, joking and carefree. In this moment, he made his final decision regarding them.

“And who might you be, young friend?” Fred asked and mustered him with open curiosity.

Harry grinned and said lowly: “I tell you in a bit more private environment, if you don’t mind, Fred.” Astonished blue eyes met his and Fred stepped closer.

George stepped closer too and asked suspiciously in a low voice: “And why, pray tell, should we have a private conversation with a stranger?”

Harry looked around, nodded at Sirius and Remus and answered softly: “A flying car, bars on a window, a crazy house elf, an invisibility cloak and voila, mischief managed.” He looked at them sheepishly and just hoped, that this would go over well.

Their eyes widened again and they both grabbed one of his arms and frog-marched him into the backroom. “Harry! How…? Why…?” Fred stuttered and stopped, speechless.

“I need an oath of secrecy for the first part or a vow of secrecy and to not antagonize me or my alleys if you want the full story.” He said to the twins solemnly. He couldn’t risk everything only because he wanted these two in his life again. It was a hard bargain and if they refused, he would’ve to obliviate them of this knowledge, but he was prepared to take the risk.

They shared a look, nodded to each other and then said together: “The vow!”

Harry let them take the vow and told them the short version of

everything, but he didn't mention the rest of their family yet. There wasn't enough time now, but he would tell them the details sometime soon. It took him half an hour to give them the basics of the last almost three years and he ended with: "Well, that was it in short. But I would like to give you some pensieve memories and the more detailed version soon. Just tell me, when you have time and we'll arrange a meeting."

The twins looked overwhelmed. "That was an absolutely crazy story, but I believe you." George said after a while. "So, you're a Death Eater now?" He asked apprehensively.

"No, I'm equal to Marvolo and lead the younger generation. They're called The Ravens and are practically Death Eaters in training. After two years under my lead, they've to decide if they want to stay in my ranks or go to Marvolo's." Harry explained and realised his mistake just a moment later. He'd said too much and the twins had made the connection if he interpreted their contemplative expressions right.

"The Ravens…" Fred mused. "So that was you, who crashed Bill's wedding?" He asked suspiciously calm and with a dangerous glint in his eyes.

Harry gulped. That was delicate. "Yes, it was me and my people. It was our first raid and they'd all orders to capture known Order members and not to kill or injure anyone except in self-defence." He knew, this wasn't a good explanation or reasoning, but he couldn't come up with something better at the moment and it was the truth.

George looked contemplatively at him and asked: "What happened to our parents and sister?" He was clenching his fist and Harry knew, that he had to treat carefully, otherwise he would go out with a black eye or worse.

With a sigh, he answered quietly: "They are alive, if this is, what you're asking. We let Bill and Fleur go. They witnessed the interrogation of them. Your father was offered the same vow as you both have sworn just a few minutes ago. If he hadn't declined, he could've gone home with Bill and Fleur." Harry explained a bit of the interrogation and the reasons why Ginny and Molly were found guilty in their unofficial trial. "I will show you the memories, I promise. Please believe me, the verdict was justified." Harry knew, he was begging them to understand, but he couldn't help it. These two were the only real friends he'd made in school and it had hurt to leave them behind. Well, Neville was another, but he hadn't been this close with

him. The twins on the other hand had been more like big brothers. Always on his side and protecting him where they could.

“And Dad refused to go? Not even for the rest of us?” Fred asked incredulously. It was clear, that he had a hard time to believe this and that he was hurt by his father’s decision. Harry couldn’t blame him. He still couldn’t comprehend why Arthur had chosen Molly over his sons.

Harry shook his head sadly. “He was offered two times and he said, that he, though unknowingly, aided your mother and sister in their plot and deserved to be punished. There was nothing, I could do. It’s sad, but it was his decision, now he has to live with the consequences. I’m sorry.” And he really was. He just wished, Arthur had made a different decision if only for his sons’ sake. He himself had distanced himself from any feelings of companionship he once had for the man and viewed him only as a slave nowadays, but he knew, that this wouldn’t be the case for the twins.

Both redheads were quiet for a few minutes. “I want, no need, the full story and memories to see for myself. I can’t believe, Dad would be so stupid. What was the sentence?” Fred asked quietly.

Harry gulped again and took a step back. “I think they thought, we would kill them, but I… I didn’t want them dead.”

“Harry, what.was.the.sentence?” George asked dangerously through clenched teeth and took a threatening step in his direction.

“A live as slaves to their victim.” The twin’s eyes narrowed and, after a pause, he added meekly. “Ginny is mine and I gave your parents to… the Malfoy’s.”

SLAP

Harry held his stinging cheek and looked at the furious George. “To all the people… WHY THE MALFOY’S???” George yelled at him.

Harry fought the lump in his throat down. “Narcissa took care of me after the trial, she welcomed me into her family and treated me like her own son. Lucius too. They didn’t treat me like an unruly child, they cared about my well-being and my opinion, they gave me everything I needed and never got, not even from your parents. And they gave everything without ulterior motives and I wanted to pay them back! Your mother just wanted to marry me off to her daughter, stole money from me I didn’t even know I had and worse of all, she

pretended to care." He took a calming breath, his eyes stung, but he pushed the tears down. "Your father made his choice and a man, who cares more about his thieving wife and whore of a daughter than his five sons, I can't respect. I know you don't understand it and you don't want to hear it, but they got, what they deserved!" Harry wanted to say more, but he knew, that this would do more harm than good. He straightened his posture and looked George straight in the eyes. He wasn't sorry about their parent's fate and he wouldn't pretend to be. It was his decision and he would stand for it.

Fred was holding George back, who tried to lung at Harry again. He looked a lot calmer than his brother and Harry hoped, that at least Fred would understand where he was coming from. "I think it's better if you go now, Harry. I'll send you an OWL to arrange a meeting." George turned furiously at is brother, then shrugged his hands off and stormed up the stairs in the back without another glance. Harry sighed. He knew, that George was always more impulsive, but he hoped, that he would come around with time.

Harry nodded to Fred and turned to the door. "Speak with Bill, he was there. And just you know, we are men of our word. No harm will come to you as long as you don't interfere with our plans. I'll await your owl. Good day, Fred." Harry left the backroom with a heavy heart and searched for his friends. He needed a bit of cheering up. This talk had unsettled him more than he thought it would.

Sirius found him a few minutes later with a bright smile. "This shop is amazing." He gushed, but stopped short when he saw Harry's face. "Are you alright?" He looked Harry over in concern.

"I will be. It did go as well as I expected, but…" Harry trailed off and looked around a bit lost. This was not how he wanted this day to go and his good mood had evaporated.

"Not as good as you'd hoped. I understand." Sirius laid a comforting hand on his shoulder and stirred him in the direction of the door. "Let's go to the Leaky and have a drink." He signalled Remus and Regulus to follow them out of the shop. Harry was glad to leave the bright shop and leaned against his godfather. Sirius was always there for him when he needed him and he was thankful for the silent support.

Theodore saw them leave the shop and came after them. "You already done in there, Harry? As much as I hate to admit it, but this shop is brilliant." He grinned sheepishly, but stopped his gushing, when he

saw Harry's expression. They had become a bit closer over the years and started a tentative friendship. Theodore was quiet but funny and Harry loved his company and to talk about school with him. They even met up in the holidays in Hogsmeade to spend some time alone in quiet company. Sometimes, he got the feeling, that Theodore had a crush on him, but he'd never said anything and Harry was spared from letting him down gently.

At Theo's questioning look, Harry gave him a sad smile. "You and the others can stay here, if you like. We're just going to the Leaky Cauldron to have drink. We'll wait there for you." Harry just needed a moment to get his thoughts and disappointment under control. He couldn't blame the twins and Fred at least seemed to accept his story and the decisions made. Not all hope was lost.

"Wait a minute, I'll join you, but I'll let the others know." Theodore went back into the shop with a worried look over his shoulder. He came back moments later and together they made their way through the crowd. Diagon Alley was packed today, but Harry didn't know why. Probably, because the children would leave on Sunday to go back to school and the weather was nice. Harry didn't like crowded spaces and kept himself between Regulus and Sirius, while chatting with Theodore. Remus brought up the rear, while they tried to meander through the street without too much contact to other shoppers.

When they passed the crossroad to Knockturn Alley, he heard many sounds of apparition and turned to look around. It was unusual for people to apparate directly into the alleys, there were apparition points for that and it was dangerous. You could accidently land on someone and splint yourself or harm others in the process. A moment later he heard a melodious warning tone from his fir-wand and erected a shield just in time to reflect a stunner aimed at him. He managed to touch his mark and call for reinforcement before all hell broke loose.

Chapter 21

Chapter Notes

Trigger-warning: violence after the change in POV, but not really graphic this time

Chapter 21

Diagon Alley, April 18th 1998

Severus and Marvolo arrived at Diagon Alley just as the fight started in earnest. At least, Harry had called them right away and hadn't waited until it was too late. As soon as he saw various Order members, Severus ducked and pulled out a flask with Polyjuice Potion, took a swig and shielded himself until he was sure, that nobody would recognise him. He couldn't blow his cover with the Order, they needed to be ahead of them. *Well, that worked just fine, didn't it?* A sarcastic voice in his head said, which sounded suspiciously like Lily. He joined the fight with vigour and tried to distract them from Harry and Theodore until the others would arrive. It couldn't be long now.

A stunner missed him by only inches and he fired back a cutting curse. He wouldn't play nice today. There were just too many people who could get caught in the crossfire to draw this out longer than necessary. This ambush wasn't planned well in advance it seemed, but they'd grabbed the opportunity nonetheless. Harry had decided spontaneously to go celebrate at Diagon Alley or he would've mentioned it at breakfast, so it was reasonable to assume, that the Order had spotted him in the Alley and took advantage of him being relatively alone. They obviously hadn't anticipated such a vicious resistance nor the fast appearance of reinforcement.

Severus shot a burning hex at Hestia Jones and shielded against the stunner of Shaklebolt. At least the Order didn't fight to kill or at least, he hoped so. Jones had escaped his burning hex and tried to break his shield, but she'd always been mediocre in fighting, so Severus had no problem maintaining the shield until he got an opening to fire his next spell.

In his periphery he saw that Sirius was trying to protect Theodore but was bombarded with spells which shattered his shield and cut him down. Severus tried to get to him, but was, much to his frustration, still engaged with Jones. A moment later, Theodore went down as well and didn't get up again. Severus was finally able to get away from Jones with stunning her and fought his way to Sirius, but at that moment Harry was crying out when a bone-shattering curse hit his arm and Severus was on his side in seconds to shield him from more harm. Meanwhile, Harry was shooting out spells with his other hand and trying to get to Sirius and Theodore who were still on the ground.

On the other side of the street Severus could see Marvolo fighting five opponents at once. He was a formidable duellist and made it look as if he wasn't breaking a sweat at all. He took out two of the new Order members, Severus didn't know the names of and countered Moody's attacks just as vigorous. It was a sight to behold, but Severus had no time to admire the Dark Lord at the moment. Harry was fighting with his non-dominant hand and the fir-wand and still tried to get to Sirius. Regulus was on his other side and together they managed to take out three more. Remus was fighting Shaklebolt and Jones, who must've been revived by someone, and was shouting obscenities at them while firing curses. If the situation hadn't been so dire, Severus would've laughed at the creative insults Remus was shouting at his ex-friends. The werewolf was good, Severus had to give him that, but his two opponents were also good as they worked well together.

Swearing he tried to get them to Theodore and Sirius while simultaneously protecting Harry who fought recklessly to help his godfather. They were nearly there when, finally, Severus heard the telltale pop of the reinforcements arriving. "RETREAT!" He heard Moody shout and saw him firing swats of spells at them. Again he tried to reach Theodore, but wasn't fast enough. Jones bent down, took the young man's arm and apparated while Moody did the same with Sirius.

"NO!" He heard Harry shout and just reached for his arm to hold him back in time. The rest of the Order had managed to get away and take their injured with them. They left the two dead who were taken out by Marvolo and the Alley quieted down. "LET ME GO! SIRIUS!" Harry yelled and tried to free himself from Severus' hold. He was crying and Severus had to fight to keep the young man close to him.

Marvolo came to them, pulled Harry in his arms and touched Severus arm, then hissed something in parseltongue. They were whisked from Diagon Alley and appeared in Harry's rooms. Harry pushed Marvolo

away and yelled: “We’ve got to get them back! Why did you bring me home, we could’ve followed them!” Tears of anger and, what Severus assumed, frustration ran down the young man’s cheek and Severus laid a comforting hand on his shoulder. It hurt to see the otherwise so strong young man so distraught.

“And would’ve landed at their new headquarters and be shredded by their wards.” Severus told him quietly with a sad look. “Let me see your arm!” He said in an autorotative tone and hold out his hand, letting through a bit of his teacher-persona.

“That’s just a scratch. We have to find Sirius and Theo!” Harry was too agitated to think clearly and made his way to the door, but was intercepted by Marvolo. Severus just sighed and went mentally through his potion-kit.

“Harold! Calm down and let Severus look you over!” Marvolo told him sternly and held him in an iron grip on his good arm. “You can’t help them if you’re in such a state and we need a plan. They won’t kill them. They want to interrogate them!”

“But…” Harry suddenly broke down in tears. “I can’t lose him, Marvolo, I just can’t! Not him!” He cried and Marvolo gentled his grip and guided Harry to the sofa where he sat down and pulled Harry in his lap.

“Severus, please look him over!” Severus took out his wand and shot a diagnostic at the young man. The bone of the upper arm was shattered and Severus healed it as much as possible and immobilised it. He would’ve to give Harry a dose of skele grow, the damage was significant. Perhaps, they should all wear bracelets with healing-runes on them. He knew, Harry was working on them, but he didn’t know, if they were completed by now. But if, it would surely come in handy. He would talk about it to Harry in the next days. The boy would need a distraction anyway. When he was done with the healing, Severus stepped aside and watched the two at the sofa.

Marvolo was stroking Harry’s back and told him calmly: “You won’t lose them. I’ll call a meeting in the next hour and we’ll plan, how to get them back. I’ve got a good guess, where they are, but I can’t be sure.” Harry cried for minutes until he calmed down a bit all the while held in Marvolo’s arms. “Don’t worry, sweet boy, they’re both tough. They can withstand whatever is coming and as soon as we’ve confirmed their whereabouts, we will get them out and home again.” Marvolo continued his stroking until Harry was nearly asleep, then

gestured to Severus to give him the potion. He held the vial to the younger one's lips and told him to swallow, then lifted him up and brought him to bed.

Severus waited in the living room until Marvolo was back. "He's asleep." Severus nodded. That was good, Harry wouldn't feel the pain of the potion this way. "Find out where they are. I don't care, how, but find them!" Marvolo's voice was like steel and he looked hard at Severus.

Without hesitation Severus bowed. "Yes, my lord."

~*~*~*~

Sirius woke up in a dungeon cell with no window. His hands were bound above his head and he had a splitting headache. He let his senses wander, but couldn't hear anything beyond harsh breathing next to him. No footsteps, no talking, nothing that would give away where he was or who had imprisoned him, but at least the last he could guess. "Who's there?" He asked quietly.

"Theo. Sirius?" Came the equally quiet answer.

"Yes. Are you alright?" The boy sounded scared and Sirius felt pity for him. He was too young for this and shouldn't be here.

"Yes, they just stunned me." Theo answered. "Where are we?" Sirius could hear the chains rattling and knew, that Theo tried to free himself. He mentally slapped himself and tried to transform into padfoot, but it didn't work. They must've spelled the chains to prevent him from turning or they had put up anti-animagus wards.

"I've no clue. Keep calm, we'll find out soon enough. If they wanted us dead, we would be by now." Sirius knew, that he wasn't the best to comfort anyone, but at least he tried. He had to admit, that he was scared himself, but tried to not let his fear consume him. He just hoped, that they would be found soon.

"What do they want from us?" The boy next to him whimpered and rattled at his chains again.

"Stop that, you'll chafe yourself raw!" Sirius chided him mildly. It

wouldn't do him any good anyway, the chains were charmed unbreakable. "I guess they want information. About what, I've no idea. It isn't as if we are this interesting." He tried to give the boy a warning to not talk about anything related to Harry or Marvolo, without being too obvious and hoped he would get the clue.

He did. "They could've waited until after my NEWTs. I've so much revision to do, I don't have time for this nonsense. NEWTs are in two weeks!" Theo grumbled. "This day was planned as a break and to interrogate Harold about the questioning style…" Oh, the boy was good, Sirius had to give him that. These were good reasons for a get together and to anyone else than the Order, they would be convincing. But Sirius doubted, that they would believe him. He just hoped, that they would spare the boy from torture.

"Shall I question you until someone comes and we can clear this up? I did it for Harry and am still rather in the material." Sirius offered to distract the young man from his fear and himself as well. He was worried about Harry's reaction to this. The boy had lost so much in his short life and wouldn't cope well, if they killed him, so much he knew. At least, Marvolo and Severus would've an eye on him. He wasn't blind about his godson's attraction to the two men and he couldn't blame him. Severus, though not the most attractive, surely had a presence to himself and Marvolo was attractive and powerful. In the last years, Severus and himself had overcome their animosity and struck up something akin to a friendship. Even Remus, though only a few months at the castle, was integrated and forgiven by Severus. Sirius suspected, that the potion master did this to please Harry, but he wouldn't complain.

Remus would be worried too and Sirius just hoped he wouldn't do something stupid. He was confident in the assumption, that his brother would do everything in his power to calm Remus and find the two of them. Regulus had told him, that he had means to achieve his goals others could only dream of, but didn't go into details. Sirius had an inkling, that his brother was more dangerous than he let on, but had never asked. Some things were better if he didn't know them, that he had learned the hard way.

Theo's quiet answer brought him back to reality. "Yes please. You were really good at transfiguration, weren't you? We could start with that." Theo sounded relieved and so they started with the revision.

A few hours and three subjects later, they heard the telltale clonk of Alastor Moody's wooden peg and the door opened. Sirius blinked in

the sudden light when the candles flared alive at the walls and averted his eyes. He was suddenly glad, that Marvolo had never released him from his secrecy vow and he, even if he wanted, couldn't give away Harry's and Marvolo's secrets. He plastered a jovial smile on his face and said cheerily: "Alastor, old friend. How're you? You could've sent an invitation if you missed me so much. No need to kidnap me, you know. I never took you for the kinky sort…" A hard slap to his face interrupted him.

"Shut up, Black!" Moody growled. "Where is Voldemort?"

Sirius blinked. "Six feet under, I assume!" He answered nonchalantly and earned himself another slap.

"Is he at Malfoy Manor?"

"Not that I know of, but perhaps he hides under Lucius' bed? I've never been in his bedroom…" A kick to the ribs. Sirius tried to keep a straight face, but it was hard. This had hurt more than he wanted to admit. He didn't want to give this bastard the satisfaction at seeing him in pain.

"Where are the Weasley's?"

"You've still not found them? Perhaps they're on a long vacation? Molly always wanted to…" A punch to his face broke his nose and blood gushed out and down his face. Hopefully, it was a clean break, he quite liked his straight nose.

"Where is Remus Lupin?"

"Running with the werewolves you sent him to, I guess…" As if he ever would give up Remus' location. Another punch cost him a tooth which he spit to the floor together with the blood filling his mouth. Well, he would've to ask Severus for a tooth growing potion, when this was over.

"Where is Nymphadora Tonks?"

"Chasing after Remus like a bitch in heat…" A hard kick to the groin let him groan and curl up as much as he could. So much to not showing any pain. "Come on, man, no need for this, I'm not into pain..." Another kick to his stomach let him cough. It was getting harder to keep up the façade, this last kick certainly broke something vital, if he interpreted the harsh pain correctly.

“Who is Harold Peverell really?”

Sirius panted and his thoughts ran a mile a minute. He had to deflect from Harry as much as he could. Nobody would ever harm his godson again, if he had anything to say about it. “The son of Charles Potter, an orphan living with the Malfoys, a brilliant, sweet young man with a bright future. Choose whatever you want, it’s all true!” Another punch to the face broke his cheekbone and let his eye swell shut rapidly.

“Let’s see, if your young friend is a bit more inclined to speak.” Moody growled and went to Theo. He asked the young man the same questions and gave him the same treatment as Sirius, much to his horror.

“Let him be, Moody, he’s just a child!” Sirius yelled and fought against his bonds for the first time, but was ignored. He could do nothing to help the boy and as a rib snapped, the young man screamed. Sirius couldn’t quite believe, that they would resort to torture a young man not even out of school like this. Perhaps he was a bit hypocritic, but Theo didn’t deserve this treatment. He did nothing wrong and was clearly a victim of the circumstances.

“That’s quite enough, Alastor!” Came a new voice from the door and Albus Dumbledore sauntered into the cell. Without a word he vanished Sirius’ and Theo’s robes and looked them over. “Interesting tattoo. Why did you get it?” Albus asked in a mild tone and looked questioningly at Sirius.

“You know why and who it stands for, old man!” Sirius growled and glared at Albus with pure hatred. “What are you playing at, Albus? I’ve done nothing wrong and the boy is one of your students!”

Albus looked sadly at him. “Young Mr. Nott will have to answer our questions correctly or I’m afraid he’ll miss his NEWTs.” His tone was mild and he looked pityingly at Theo. Sirius didn’t buy the grandfatherly act for a minute and, by the looks of it, neither did Theo.

“He did answer your questions! What do you want to hear? We told you the truth!” Sirius yelled frustrated. They had to get out of here. Harry must be sick with worry by now and Albus obviously had lost the plot. That made him unpredictable and dangerous.

“I’m afraid, I don’t believe you. These tattoos…” Albus looked contemplatively at Theo. “Why a raven, Mr. Nott?”

Theo was blinking at Albus through the tears. “For my mother. She loved the birds and even named our home after them.” He whispered his answer with a pain-filled voice. “Please, Headmaster, let me go. I don’t know what you want from me. I told the Professor the truth! Please, I’ll swear an oath to tell nobody what happened here, but let me go!” Theo begged and more tears were running down his cheeks. Sirius couldn’t blame him and longed to pull him in his arms to comfort him. The boy was terrified and this was a high-stress-level situation. He guessed he was also playing at the good heart of Albus, but his affords were in vain.

Albus shook his head with a sad smile. “I’m afraid, I can’t do this, my boy. I just can’t believe that you’re telling me the truth.” He sighed with a disappointed expression. “We’ll leave you for a few days here to think about your life-choices and I hope you’ll come to the conclusion, that cooperating with us would benefit you too.” With that, Moody and Dumbledore turned to the door and left.

After the door fell shut and wards flared to life, the chains lengthened, so they could stand up and move around. Theo wanted to touch the tattoo, but Sirius held him back. “Don’t. We still don’t know where we are.” He didn’t want to go into detail just in case there were listening charms active.

Theo nodded in understanding. “It hurts.” He indicated at his cheekbone and Sirius was thankful, that they left the candles burning. He checked the damage and sighed.

“It’s broken, but I can’t do anything about it without a wand or potions. I’m sorry.” He looked the boy over more closely. Moody had done a number on him, but at least there was nothing life-threatening. Or so, he hoped. Theo had a big bruise over his stomach and Sirius just hoped, that he wasn’t bleeding internally.

Theo grimaced. “Not your fault.” Then he looked around and his cheeks coloured. “I need the loo…” At this moment, a bucket appeared in the corner.

Sirius sighed. This wasn’t ideal but better than nothing. “Go, I turn around until you’re done.” Two small cots with thin mattresses and threadbare blankets appeared at the wall with the chains together with a small side-table with a tray on it. “At least, they feed us and we don’t have to sleep at the floor.” Sirius said loudly over the splashing he could hear. He wanted to give the young man as much privacy as he could. Then he inspected the food. Cold meat, fresh bread and raw

vegetables together with a jug of water. Definitively better than what Marvolo fed their prisoners, but it would still hurt his still tender mouth.

“Oh…” Theo let out as the bucket emptied itself and a small table with a bowl of water appeared next to it. “That’s actually really nice.” He said, when he washed his hands.

Sirius grinned. “A big thank you at the lovely house elves who provide us with as much comfort as they can.” He heard a quiet giggle at that and a flannel and towel appeared together with a small piece of soap on the table with the bowl. A pain potion for each of them appeared next to the tray. “Wow, thank you. If I ever can do you anything good when I get out of here, then just tell me.” Sirius told the air and started at his dinner. He was chewing carefully and just hoped, the dinner wasn’t spiked with something. He was too hungry to ignore the food and they couldn’t be sure, if they would get fed regularly.

Theo sat down on his cot and started to eat as well. “What do you think, how long will they hold us in here?” He winced when a crust caught on the split in his lip, but wolved down his portion nonetheless.

With a sigh, Sirius answered. “I don’t know. Until we convince them that we tell the truth, I guess.” Sirius shrugged. “Let’s hope someone will find us soon.” He finished his meal and downed the potion, then grimaced at the taste. “Definitively Severus’ work.” He winked at Theo. “Only he brews them this disgusting.”

Theo laughed and downed his own potion, then shuddered. “True, but his potions are the most effective.”

With nothing else to do, they continued with Theo’s revision for a bit, then lay down. The candles lowered, but didn’t go out completely. Sirius thought about the interrogation with a sinking feeling of dread and closed his eyes. They didn’t believe them, even if they had no prove, that they could even suspect them of conspiring with Voldemort. They didn’t even have proof that Voldemort was really back. It wasn’t looking good, but at least, they had apparently a house elf on their side. Sirius wondered, if they could persuade the house elf to help them out of here, but he was afraid of scaring it away permanently. He had a feeling they would need more potions in the near future, if they wouldn’t be found soon. He just hoped, that they wouldn’t give them Veritaserum.

Chapter 22

Chapter Notes

Trigger-warning: Torture, burning, needles, figging, rape

I you don't want to read it, skip to the first change in POV and stop before the next one.

The boy's aren't nice in this one and they needed a stress reliever, so mind the warnings. If I missed a warning, please let me know.

Chapter 22

Hogwarts, May 8th 1998

Severus was stalking the halls of Hogwarts feigning patrolling. The last three weeks had been stressful. If he wasn't teaching, he was searching for Theodore and Sirius, reporting to the castle or brooding. Someone stole healing and pain potions from his private store. He suspected the house elves, what would indicate, that Theodore and Sirius were in the castle or somewhere on the grounds. He refilled the stolen potions every day, just in case they were saving the lives of the two missing and he'd already switched the Veritaserum with regular distilled water and placed it in the usual spot where Albus knew he kept his most rare or regulated potions. Later tonight he would return to Slytherin Castle like he had every weekend for the last almost three years to not make himself suspicious. It bugged him that he wasn't called on for an interrogation or to provide Veritaserum and he feared that his cover was blown.

It was driving them all spare, that nobody could even find a hint of the two. Harry was driving himself to the ground with scorching the country. Not one Order member had let slip something to Severus and he couldn't ask directly. He'd had a meeting with Albus at the start of the year and told him, that he was seeing someone, after he was directly asked. Albus told him of his suspicion that he wasn't honest with him and he'd made up a story about a lover on the spot to explain his deception and absence at once. Severus had been reasonably sure, that Albus had bought his story, but ever since this

day, he was rarely called to Order meetings. As Marvolo had opted two years ago to free his followers quietly, at least the more reasonable and less dangerous he hadn't got free by other means, and leave muggles as substitutes, Albus finally came to the conclusion, that Severus must be lying about his whereabouts every weekend and holiday. He also was already suspicious about the return of the Dark Lord at this time, but still convinced that Voldemort was at least out there.

Around a corner he saw suddenly a shadow move and followed, but when he arrived, there was nobody and the corridor was a dead end. He went to the wall and inspected it. There was a sconce with a candle, but nothing else than blank, rough stone. Severus let his hand glide over the wall, then mentally slapped himself and inspected the sconce. There was a leaf that seemed to point in the false direction, so he turned it back and the wall opened. Interesting. He disillusioned himself and stepped into the dark corridor behind the wall. When he was fully in, the wall closed of its own and he was surrounded by a faint grey light which seemed to come directly from the walls. He committed the relief marking the entrance from this side to memory and found the small indention which would open the door again. When he heard voices from down the corridor, he followed them. Suddenly he heard a scream and a female laugh, a slapping sound, another scream, another laugh. He quickened his pace and came to a door that stood ajar. The room behind was well lit and Severus breathing stopped at the sight. Two young women, Hanna Abbott and Cho Chang, were standing before a naked and chained to the wall Theodore Nott and laughing together. Sirius was equally chained and naked next to Theodore, but seemed rather dazed.

"Oh, come on, Theo, tell us what we want to know and we'll leave you be for tonight." Abbott said and grabbed the young man's cock and balls. When he didn't answer, she squeezed hard and started to twist the package. Severus winced at the sight alone.

"No, no, please don't! I did tell you everything I know. Please, don't do…Aaaah!" Theo screamed when she turned his genitals hard, then slapped them hard three times in quick succession.

"I don't believe you." She sing-songed and squeezed again with a wide grin. She obviously enjoyed this very much.

Severus had to remind himself not to interfere as the screams of the boy burned themselves in his memory, but he couldn't be seen, now that he had finally found them. Chang stepped to Sirius and set her

wand against his chest. It glowed and Sirius screamed. “Oh, handsome, did this hurt? So sorry.” She said in fake sympathy. “Tell us where the Weasleys are and this ends for tonight, I promise!”

Sirius shook his head. “I don’t know!” Severus had to admire his resolve.

“Wrong answer!” She held her wand against his cock. “Tell me or this will be next!” She threatened with a gleeful smile.

“Please don’t…” Sirius whispered frightfully. “I told you, I don’t know, please, stop!”

She grinned, winked at Abbott and let her wand glow again. Sirius screamed and thrashed in his chains while the girls laughed at his plight. Severus turned away from the scene before his stomach could rebel. He had heard and seen enough. He wondered, when these two bitches had joined the Order, he hadn’t known about this. Chang shouldn’t even be in the castle, she wasn’t a student anymore, but if she was an order member, Albus would’ve made sure, she had access. It must’ve been a recent development or the reason, why he wasn’t called as often as he used to be. He quickly left the corridor and started to make his way to his quarters. He had to get to Marvolo and quick. In a deserted hallway in the dungeons, he removed the disillusion and slowed down to his normal curt stride. It wouldn’t do to be seen hurrying through the castle. After a few more corridors he turned the corner where his quarters were located and nearly ran into Dumbledore. “Headmaster.” He greeted him with his usual drawl.

“Severus, my boy, I was looking for you.” Dumbledore said in this damn grandfatherly way he’d perfected years ago and Severus had to hide his grimace by turning to his door. He was still feeling queasy and the events he just witnessed were haunting him. Hopefully, he had gained a bit of colour back in his cheeks from the fast pace otherwise he wasn’t sure, if Dumbledore wouldn’t suspect anything.

“I just ended my patrol. Everything is quiet, no miscreants are out of bounds and even Peeves seems to behave tonight.” Severus reported as he would always do, showing nothing of his agitation. Years of spying had certainly taught him to mask his feelings.

“Very good. So, you were on your way to your weekend-residence?” Albus asked nosily.

“Obviously.” Severus drawled and eyed the old man. “Can I help you with something, Albus?”

“Actually yes. Would you mind to provide me with a vial of Veritaserum?” Dumbledore asked with a twinkle in his eyes.

Severus sighed and beckoned Dumbledore in his quarters. He went to the locked cabinet and opened it, then made a show of taking out the sealed vial from behind the others, dusted it off of the fake-dust he had put on it to make it look like it was there for some time and handed it to Dumbledore. “Is one vial sufficient or do I need to start another cauldron immediately?” He asked in his usual annoyed tone.

“One vial is plenty enough, thank you, Severus. I’ll return the rest to you, when I have my answers.” Dumbledore smiled indulgently.

“Remember, whoever you’ll drug with this, not more than five drops at a time. This potion is toxic in larger quantities.” Severus lectured and, just to be himself, added. “Are you sure you don’t want me to administer it? I am trained in it, as you know.”

“Yes, thank you, Severus, but that won’t be necessary. I’ll leave you to your weekend-plans. I’ll see you on Monday.” Dumbledore left quickly by his standards and Severus waited until the door was shut.

“Blinky!” A house elf plopped into existence. “Did you provide the… guests of the headmaster with healing and pain potions?” He asked sternly.

The small creature started to tremble and pulled on its ears worryingly. “Yes, master Snape.”

Before the elf could say or do anything else, he said: “Good. When they’re alone, provide them with everything they need. Burn paste for sure, pain reliever and a sleeping draught too. Don’t get caught. Care for them as good as you can without raising suspicion.”

The elf’s eyes widened with every word and it beamed at him. “Yes, master Snape.”

He gave it a small smile. “Thank you. When this is all over and if you wish, I’ll take you on as my personal elf.” The elf broke out in tears and thanked him for the honour of the offer, then took the listed potions, two nutrition potions and a bone mending draught and vanished.

Severus took his cloak and left for the castle gates. He’d have a report to make.

~*~*~*~

Harry was letting out his frustration on his slave. Every time he came back after another fruitless search, he would torture her for hours and then go to bed, just to repeat the routine the next day. Today wasn't an exception and at the moment, she was hanging from the ceiling with only her tiptoes touching the floor and he was burning her tits with small, round spots. He was sure, without the new collar he'd fastened around her neck before his NEWTs, she wouldn't be alive anymore. The collar was an experimental one which would set a default-body, heal inner bleedings and life-threatening injuries on its own and all injuries on command as well as could control her body without her consent but with her full awareness. He was actually pretty proud of it, but couldn't enjoy it as much as he would've liked with the situation as it was. But he was testing it thoroughly for sure in his wrath. He was just pressing his wand to her nipple and let it burn when a knock came at the door. "Enter!" He called out and turned his head, but left the wand where it was, still glowing with a hot tip.

Regulus opened the door, a small grin flittered over his pale features at the sight, but vanished fast. "Severus is back. He has news."

Harry took his wand and pocketed it to its holster. "Let's go!" He followed him out of the room, leaving Ginny hanging. She wouldn't go anywhere and the house elves had orders to bring her to her cage at midnight if he wasn't back by then. In a quick pace they went to Marvolo's study and entered without knocking. "Did you find them?" Harry asked the potion master excited without preamble when Remus entered the room.

Severus nodded gravely. "They're at Hogwarts in a hidden dungeon behind a wall at the third floor in the hallway of Drusilla the Docile." He took a deep breath. "I followed Hannah Abbott and found them that way. Harry, they're tortured, but a Hogwarts house elf is providing them with healing potions. As far as I can tell, since they were captured." He looked as stricken as Harry felt. "Dumbledore asked me to provide Veritaserum, but didn't tell me, who it was meant for. I'm afraid, he doesn't trust me any longer."

Harry nodded. They'd already suspected as much. "We've got to get

them out of there as fast as possible. But Hogwarts… How…?" He was at a loss. They would've to infiltrate or take over the castle.

"Do you still have the Marauder's map?" Remus asked contemplatively. Harry nodded and called a house elf to bring him his school trunk. He fished out the map and activated it. "Severus, where is this wall exactly?"

They all stepped around Marvolo's desk and looked at the map. "Here, around the corner of the one-eyes witch." Severus pointed to the right hallway and they could see Hannah Abbott and Cho Chang walk to the main staircase.

"There is a tunnel from Honeydukes directly to the statue. We obviously never found the hidden dungeon." Remus mused. "The question is: Silent rescue mission or open takeover?"

"Both." Marvolo had been silent until now. "We stage the takeover openly as a distraction and the rescue mission will be as quick as we can make it. We'll need every man we have. Afterwards we'll expose Dumbledore's misdeeds and claim a rescue of the head of house Black and a student in mortal peril."

"And getting rid of Dumbledore and his Order once and for all." Harry nodded. He liked that, but it was risky. If they lost, there would be a harsh political backlash.

"We'll need more people on the inside to open the doors and gates and secure the common rooms. We don't want the students involved in any fighting." Marvolo mused.

"The Ravens could open the doors. Draco is head-boy, he can seal the common rooms shut, starting with Gryffindor, then working his way down." Harry suggested. As head-boy, Draco had such authority, but he wouldn't probably be fast enough. "But he would've to take out Hermione first. She could unseal the common room."

"What about the teachers? The heads of houses can also unseal them. And they'll fight too." Remus asked with a frown.

"If we wait until Thursday, I can take them out. It's the last day of NEWTs and Minerva invites all teachers to celebrate afterward every year. I could spike a bottle of firewhiskey with a dreamless sleep and claim that I have a new relationship going well to make a toast. The potion would knock them out for eight hours straight." Severus smirked. "And it wouldn't be out of character if I'd do that grudgingly.

They all suspect anyway and nobody would be surprised when I come finally out to them."

Harry laughed at that, but quickly sobered. "That sounds like a very good idea. So, that's the teachers and Gryffindor taken care off, but I'm afraid, that Draco won't be fast enough to seal all common rooms in time. What about the rest?"

Marvolo nodded. "John can take on Ravenclaw, he's the second head of house for Slytherin since Severus is away from the castle every weekend. The Slytherins won't fight us either because their parents are with us or they have too much self-preservation to leave the safety. And the Ravens still in school can hinder every student who tries to leave from the inside until the entrances are sealed. I won't risk them if it can be helped." He looked determined at Harry. "No student should be harmed in school regardless of side and house."

They all nodded to this statement. "What if we miss some? There're always students out after curfew." Harry worried. He didn't want to injure children either.

"They will be stunned and brought into an empty classroom. But if they fight us, they will be portkeyed out to our dungeons. I'll provide the portkeys beforehand to everyone." Marvolo furrowed his brow. "The tunnels are good for the smaller attack groups but we still need someone to open the doors from the inside."

"Who do we have in the department of education?" Regulus asked suddenly.

"Bangles and Jiggles, why?" Marvolo answered puzzled.

"They could go to Hogwarts for the NEWTs. Last day, Arithmancy and Runes. If the original testers take ill, they could be the substitute and then just stay at the grounds to reminisce their Hogwarts days." Regulus grinned. "And if they leave just as curfew strikes, they could open the doors for us."

"Approved. Dumbledore and his Order of frying chickens. Suggestions?" Marvolo looked around demandingly, but nobody spoke up immediately.

"I'm sure they have a communication-system they didn't tell me about and he has some students in his ranks." Severus mused. "And someone has to take out Hagrid on the grounds."

Harry grimaced. “Do we have to kill him? I like him.” He really did. Hagrid was like an overgrown kid in the body of a seventy-year-old man and had never meant to do him any harm. Not intentionally anyway.

“He can be very dangerous, Harry.” Marvolo gave him a sympathetic look. “If we can help it, I don’t want to kill him either, but sleeping potions don’t work on half-giants.”

“Then we have to make sure he isn’t near the castle that night.” Remus sighed. “He loves drinking, gambling and his creatures. How do we get him to Diagon Alley?”

“McNair has a lot of interesting creatures in the cages of the ministry, some very dangerous, most of them cross-breads. I’ll let him organize an exhibition claiming an information campaign why cross breads are forbidden and sent Hagrid an invitation. He is the Care of Magical Creatures Professor and should be interested enough to attend.” Marvolo wrote a note and send it off to the owlery. “That’s Hagrid. If he doesn’t attend, Harry and fights against us…”

“I know.” Harry just hoped that Hagrid was interested enough to go.

“When Hagrid is gone, if he goes, someone could light his hut on fire. That should distract Dumbledore long enough to get in without him raising the wards and sending Hogwarts into lockdown.” Severus mused.

“One attack team should go through the Shrieking Shack. They’ll be on the grounds anyway and could easily light up the hut.” Remus nodded. “That leaves the Order.”

Marvolo sighed. “We’ll have to fight them as they come. We have no way of knowing their modus operandi in such a case. I’ll be on the team of the Shrieking Shack to fight Dumbledore, when he comes down.”

“I want do free Sirius and Theo. They’re my Ravens!” Harry stated firmly. He wouldn’t entrust this to anyone else. Sirius was his family and Theo was a friend. He had to do this himself.

“I’ll be with you. I won’t let my brother die on me now!” Regulus laid a hand on Harry’s shoulder and smiled reassuringly.

“The three of us, then. I won’t let him die either, now that I finally have him.” Remus nodded grimly. “And they’ll pay for everything

they did to him."

"Then it's settled. Next Thursday at nine p.m. we'll free them." Marvolo looked around in the determined faces.

"I wish, we could go earlier." Harry sighed but nodded.

Marvolo gave him a sad smile. "I know, Harry, but we need time to prepare and set the plan in motion. We will get them back and if we can, we'll get these two bitches, who tortured them, too. Alive and sound. We will interrogate them and give them to Sirius and Theodore. I think they will take great pleasure in their vengeance."

Harry smirked. "That they will. Alright. I'll go play with my slave a bit more to let off some steam. Anyone interested in joining?" He asked and grinned.

Regulus and Remus joined him and together, they left the study to the amused gazes of Marvolo and Severus.

~*~*~*~

Regulus was relieved but still tense. He'd asked his uncle for help with Sirius and had gotten the promise of reinforcement from an assassin-team, if needed. But he wasn't allowed to tell anyone about it and he could only call them in dire need. Alphard, or Diamond, had given him a device to break anti-portkey-wards to get Sirius out of that hell hole. Regulus new, this was against protocol, but Sirius was still family, even if Alphard was officially dead.

When they arrived at Harry's rooms Regulus had to chuckle at the sight that greeted them. The slave was still hanging from the ceiling with deep burn marks on her tits. "You didn't get very far, did you?" He asked amused and eyed the slave. She was, if he was honest, quite lovely and he'd used her a few times now. If Harry ever wanted to get rid of her, he wouldn't say no to taking her on as his own. Perhaps he should consider asking for his own slave the next time some were available. Preferable a virgin, it was so much fun popping a cherry and when they were inexperienced. The age wasn't an issue, there was Severus' potion for this and he could age the slave down to seventeen. He liked them young but certainly at a legal age. He wasn't a paedophile after all.

“No, I was interrupted. But that’s okay, we can start anew, if you like.” Harry said and brought the slave back to awareness with a sounding slap.

“Oh, you mean, you’ll heal her? The burns will scar for sure.” Remus said curiously and looked her over.

Harry grinned and tapped a rune on the collar. “Viola, a blank canvas to decorate anew.” He grinned.

Regulus whistled impressed. “It’s working seamlessly.” He was proud of Harry. The young man had come a long way in the last three years. “Well, what do we do with her today?”

Harry shrugged. “Whatever you want.”

With a malicious smirk, Regulus stepped closer and caressed her tits. “I have a few ideas I wanted to try…” At the curious looks of the other two, he conjured a bunch of needles. “I need a ginger root and a lemon, please.” Both appeared at the side-table next to an armchair. He took both and inspected it, then laid the lemon back and took out a knife. “Let’s start with the ginger, it needs a while to really work.” He winked and peeled the root, then cut off two smaller pieces and carved them to the right size. “Hold her legs up, please.” Intrigued, the other two held the legs up, spread them widely and watched as Regulus knelt down. “This one” he held up one of the smaller pieces “goes in her peehole like this.” And he shoved it hard in her pisshole, stretching it in the process. When it was in wholly, he took a needle and pierced it through both sides so that it would hold the ginger in. Ginny tried to fight it, but Remus and Harry held her in an iron grip. Regulus meanwhile had carved the next smaller piece in form and placed it at her clit, so it was under the hood and directly on the bundle of nerves. Again, he fixated it with a needle, then shoved the rest of the root, which was roughly five inches long and a bit thicker than Harry’s cock, in her cunt, then closed the labia around everything. Ginny was thrashing and screaming by now, but was still held still from the waist down. With a grin, Regulus conjured a thicker needle with a coarse yarn, made a knot at the end and started to sew the cunt shut.

“Nice idea.” Remus commented and adjusted his grip at the quivering thighs he was holding.

“I wanted to try this for a while now.” Regulus grinned and pulled the yarn taut, then made a knot at the end and stood up. “Looks good,

neatly sewed and tightly shut. Shall we decorate her some more, before we fuck her?"

With eager nods Harry and Remus conjured needles and yarn for themselves and got to work. Harry, predictably, started to sew her tits together, Remus decorated her ribcage while Regulus got back down to his knees and started to stitch a pattern in her inner thighs. All the while, Ginny screamed and begged to take the ginger out while thrashing in her bonds. The ginger must be burning like hell by now, Regulus mused and grinned. He liked it a lot when women were in pain. Probably one of the reasons he was still single, among others. He got off especially on their pain and degradation and loved to put them in their place. Preferrable with his fists letting them land at his feet when he was done.

When he was done with his stitching, approximately half an hour later, he stood up and conjured a pair of pliers. He took her jaw in one hand and opened her mouth forcefully, then pulled her tongue out with the pliers, took one of the longer needles and stuck it through her tongue. Now she couldn't pull it back in her mouth, shutting her up quite effectively. "That's better, her whining got tiring." Harry commented and fixed his work with a knot.

"I'm done here too. That looks quite nice." Remus looked her over appreciatively.

"I wanted to test, if the runes work in restoring nails." Harry said musingly. "And as you already conjured the pliers…" He grinned at Regulus. "Do you want to start?"

"I take the right hand, you two can do the rest. My knees need a break." Regulus started at her nails and after just two nails, Ginny passed out. Regulus looked at her sagged form. "We should work on that mind protecting rune, you started before this whole mess. We don't want to drive her insane either."

Harry nodded. "I've worked it out, I think. Should I add it and we see, what happens?" Remus and Regulus agreed and Harry fetched his engraving supplies and put the rune on the collar. It was meant to work passively and protect her mind from overloading, insanity and to keep her aware of the happenings without the possibility to retreat into her mind or a daydream. "Should we leave it here or do you want to go ahead with the nails." Harry finished the rune and looked curiously at Regulus.

Regulus smirked. “She screams so nicely. I want to finish at least the hands.”

“Let’s remove the nails on the hands and stuck needles under the ones on her feet.” Remus suggested with a cruel smile. He was obviously in a rather bloodthirsty mood.

After adjusting himself, Regulus revived Ginny and continued his work. Harry started at her other hand and told her casually. “You know, no more daydreams for you, slut. I’ve quite enough from your blanking when I play with you, that’s why, I added a new rune. It should also keep the passing out to a minimum. Ingenious, isn’t it?”

Remus laughed loudly at her face, when she realized what that meant for her. “Yes, Harry’s quite creative with runes. No decent into insanity either for you.” He fondled her sewed tits, then let his fingers wander over her closed cunt. “Does it hurt?” He asked in fake concern. “Poor thing, let’s see, if I can distract you from the burning in your cunt, hm?” He winked playfully at her and took a handful needles, then knelt down and grabbed her left foot. With a blinding smile, he drove one needle under the nail on her big toe. The high-pitched scream let them all wince and Remus seemed delighted by that reaction as he slowly inserted the next one.

Regulus was rock hard by the time they were done with her nails. “Alright, guys, enough playing. I want to fuck the slut!”

“Agreed.” Harry activated the body-control and removed the chains holding her up. “Crawl to the bed!” He commanded her, then yawned. “I’ll lay down and let her ride me, what about you?”

Regulus shot Remus a questioning look, who just shrugged. “Then I’ll do the fucking alongside you. We should leave the cunt shut, I think. Remus, you alright with the mouth?”

“Sure.” They walked to the bedroom where the slave knelt before the bed and Harry let himself fall onto it after he removed his clothes.

He lubed up his cock and shot a loosening charm at Ginny. If they wanted to fit in two cocks without hurting themselves, he’d give her a bit of a heads-up. “Come on, slut, take my cock in your ass.” She crawled on the bed, wincing and sobbing when the needles caught on the duvet, and positioned herself over him, then inserted his cock.

Regulus was naked in seconds and climbed on the bed too. Then he lubed his cock up as well and pushed it slowly in, letting himself and

Harry moan loudly. “Fuck, this is tight.” Ginny whimpered but was held in place by the command. After Regulus had bottomed out, Remus joined them. He took out the needle in her mouth and unceremoniously shoved his cock in. After they were all in, Regulus started thrusting slowly. Harry was playing with the sewed tits and Regulus sped up a bit. “Harry, stop the body control, I want her thrashing!” Harry did and returned to the tits, when Regulus kneaded first the thighs, then let his hand trail to the feet and twist at the needles. Ginny screamed around Remus’ cock and they all moaned when she started bucking to get away from then. Harry tightened his grip on the tits to hold her in place while Remus fisted her hair.

For a few minutes they all played with her body until Regulus slowly sped up his thrusts. He felt his orgasm approaching and lunged between her legs to massage the sewed cunt and, to his astonishment, she came with a loud moan around Remus’ cock. Her spasming around his cock set off his climax and he came just seconds before Harry spilled himself in her ass as well. Remus moaned and came all over her face, then sagged back. “I needed that. Thanks, guys.” He told them tiredly.

“Me too.” Regulus pulled out and saw that her hole had teared. “She did come on this, the little slut. Did she have permission, Harry?”

A cruel smile formed on the young man’s face. “No…” He answered slowly and pushed the girl to the ground. “Crawl to your cage, whore.” She did and they followed her with their eyes. “What do you have in mind?” He asked Regulus.

“Well, I didn’t use the lemon, did I?” He grinned and climbed from the bed. Harry heaved himself up and together, they made their way back to the living room. “As punishment I would suggest to leave her in this state until tomorrow evening. Place a note at the service point telling the customers that she is punished and to leave the cunt shut.” He took the lemon still laying on the side-table and cut it in half. “And for good measure a bit of this.” He squeezed the lemon over her arsehole and bloody fingers, then rubbed it over her pussy and tits and kicked her to the cage. “Sweet dreams, slut.”

Harry laughed loudly. “Wow, I come to you the next time she needs punishment. That’s for sure.” He closed the cage and fetched the bracelet he’d presented at his NEWTs. “I’m not that cruel.” He grinned and sealed it around her wrist, then tapped the rune to empty the bladder.

“You should add the runes to empty her to the collar.” Remus mused.

“I will, but am too tired to do it now.” He activated the body control again and ordered: “No pulling out the needles, the yarn and no licking the lemon juice!”

Regulus grinned and wished them a good night, then made his way to his own rooms. This was a great stress reliever. He would definitively ask Marvolo for his own slave.

Chapter 23

Chapter Notes

No trigger-warnings for this one.

Chapter 23

Hogwarts, May 14th 1998

Albus Dumbledore sat behind his desk and contemplated his actions over the last few weeks. He had quite the bad conscience. The interrogation of Sirius and young Mr. Nott had ceased nothing at all. They both wore no Dark Mark, even if the tattoos seemed suspicious, they had significant meaning to both of them and Albus knew, that tattoos were quite popular in the muggle world. At least with the younger generation. He sighed. His new recruits had also way too much fun interrogating the two prisoners and now he had the problem, that he couldn't just let them go. He could obliviate them, but a skilled legilimens could break his spell and would know, what had been done to them. Even under Veritaserum, they hadn't told him, what he hadn't already known, except Sirius' mastery in transfiguration, but that was only proof, that the serum was working.

He stood up and stepped to his phoenix. "What a mess. What shall I do now, Fawkes?" The firebird trilled sadly and gave him a reproachful look. "I know, I made a mistake, but how do I rectify it?" He'd almost given in when young Theodore had pleaded with him right at the beginning and in hindsight, he should've done exactly that. He felt pity with the young man, he'd been interrogated quite thoroughly and the girls had indeed been vicious with him as well as with Sirius, sometimes even more so. He couldn't blame them, the two men were delectable even in their suffering, but they didn't deserve it. Albus hated it, if innocents had to suffer, especially at his command, but sometimes it couldn't be helped. He really should let them go. At least the house elves had shown pity with them and provided healing potions, if he interpreted their fast healing correctly and he was thankful for that. He could've chided them, but he didn't want to. Even Severus hadn't said anything about missing potions.

Apropos Severus. The man had made quite the change over the last years. Sure, he was still surly and prickly and sarcastic as hell, but also more balanced and harder to anger. He'd even admitted to Albus, that he was seeing someone and Minerva had told him, that Severus would attend the yearly celebration in her quarters to make an announcement. Albus suspected, that he would tell his colleges finally about his relationship as it was long overdue. So yes, Severus had changed significantly. Ever since Harry Potter vanished. Albus wasn't quite as convinced anymore that the boy had died as he was two years ago. For one Severus was still alive and the vow he'd made, should've killed him, if the boy really had died. But, perhaps, the magic acknowledged that there had been nothing Severus could've done to prevent it. For another reason, the similarities between Harry and the Peverell-boy and the demeaning behaviour of the young man against Hermione were at least suspicious. Could it really be their Harry? Had he been rescued by Lucius and brainwashed to stand against Albus? But Peverell had no scars and seemingly a perfect eyesight and his backstory was waterproof, perhaps he was only grasping at straws.

He sighed again and looked out of his window over the grounds. The NEWTs were over, next week would start the OWLs and then another schoolyear would've been gone by. Poor Theodore had missed his NEWTs, but Albus came to the only logical conclusion, that he wouldn't need them any longer. The two men in Hogwarts' dungeon had to die. They were too much of a risk. As much as he regretted to do this, he had to protect his Order and at least Sirius had made his decision years ago. Young Theodore on the other hand… well, there always was collateral damage in wars.

He was drawn from his thoughts by a shining light from Hagrid's hut. He knew, that Hagrid wasn't home, he was at this surprising exhibition of the ministry. Albus had to admit, that it was a good idea to show the general public just how dangerous crossbreeds could be and had encouraged Hagrid to attend. Not only because he was the professor for Care of Magical Creatures and his students would benefit from this new insight, but also to caution Hagrid himself. He hadn't forgotten the blast-ended screwts. Frowning Albus looked closer, then hurried out of his office. There was something exceedingly wrong and he didn't want a possible fire to spread to the forest.

He all but ran through the castle, taking every secret passageway he knew and bypassed the entrance hall completely to get as fast as he could to the hut. When he arrived, there wasn't much he could do other than contain the roaring fire. Suddenly, he was surrounded by eight men wearing Death Eater masks. He triggered his enchanted

coin to alert the Order and an alarm sounded in the castle.

A lonely figure walked in his direction illuminated from the fire. “Hello, Albus.” Marvolo Slytherin said in an almost soft tone.

And at that moment, it clicked in Albus mind. He’d always suspected, of course, but now, he was sure. “Hello Tom.”

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Hermione woke up with a groan and shook her head dazedly. She looked around her bedroom and asked herself what was going on. She’d been making out with Draco as a private celebration to the end of their NEWTs and had even contemplated to finally give him at least a blow job. He had been wonderful the past months and had supported her in her frantic revision. He’d even gone with her to Madame Puddifoot’s Teahouse on Valentines Day and not met up with Peverell again. Now, that the stress was over, she could finally loosen up a bit and had taken great care of her body to be attractive for him. The evening had started out exactly as she had envisioned it. Draco had even brought a bottle of wine to toast to their graduation. But the wine had tasted strange and she hadn’t drunk much of it, vanishing the rest when he wasn’t looking. Soon after, she had started to feel dizzy and obviously passed out.

She furrowed her brow. Had Draco spiked the wine? But why? It took her a moment to get her bearings and she looked down. Good, he hadn’t raped her. She was still clothed and when she touched her pussy, there was nothing hurting. She shoved her fingers a bit deeper and could feel the barrier. She was still a virgin. Thank God. She couldn’t believe that she just assumed the worst of her boyfriend, but his behaviour today had been odd. Shaking her head, she made her way to the common room, but it was empty. Then she knocked on Draco’s door. No answer. Perhaps he wanted to go to this ridiculous party? But he could’ve just asked her. Then it hit her. She always complained when he wanted to spend time with his friends and not her and this was probably the reason why he hadn’t asked her.

She sighed. It was her own fault. Well, she wasn’t waiting here alone. She would make her way down to this party and drag her boyfriend back. It was after curfew anyway. Fuming, she made her way out of her rooms and down the corridor. Just when she was on the main

staircase, the alarm sounded. Hastily she changed direction and ran up to Gryffindor Tower to make sure, her fellow students weren't leaving it. It was the first time that she witnessed an alarm and it was terrifying her. Something dangerous must've invaded the school, when the headmaster deemed it necessary to actually sound an alarm. He'd never done this before.

When she arrived at the landing Parvati sprinted in her direction. "Fight at the portrait hole!" She gasped and ran past her. "I'm looking for help!"

Hermione looked after her, stunned. A brief moment, she contemplated to follow her, but then she turned and ran in the direction of Gryffindor Tower. When she rounded the last corner, the sight, which greeted her, made her furious and she sprang right into the fight.

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Harry, Regulus and Remus were standing in the tunnel behind the one-eyed witch and watched Hannah Abbott leave the corridor which was their destination. Harry itched to take her out now, but he knew, he had to wait a bit longer. He didn't want to botch this up, just to get his revenge. He would get her, if not today, then some other day. Sirius and Theo were his priorities today. They waited until she passed and went down the stairs. When the hallways were finally clear, they opened the passage and went to the wall hiding the dungeon. They wore their full garb including the battle robes, Remus was wearing Sirius' robes, and they made not a sound on their way. The portrait of Drusilla the Docile was thankfully empty and Remus opened the wall for them.

In the corridor behind the wall, Harry had a moment of disorientation, but Regulus grabbed his wrist and tugged him lightly. They went down the corridor and could hear voices in one room. The door stood ajar when they arrived at the room and Cho Chang was standing in front of Theo and Sirius taunting and groping them. When Harry made a step to move into the room, Regulus held him back. He scanned the door and dismantled some wards, then they moved quickly into the room. The girl didn't stand a chance and went down like a sack of potatoes. "Harry!" Sirius gasped.

“Wait a moment, we’ll free you.” Harry said and quickly undid the chains. He caught Sirius as he fell in his arms, sobbing. Harry struggled under the weight until Remus took over and pulled Sirius in his arms to kiss him.

“Thank Merlin!” Theo said when his chains fell back to the wall and he rubbed his wrists. He was in a bit better shape than Sirius but obviously very weak and greatly injured.

Regulus pulled out the portkeys Marvolo had provided and handed them to Sirius and Theo. “Narcissa is awaiting you. See you at home.”

“You’re not coming with us?” Theo asked astonished.

“No, we’re taking over tonight.” Harry answered and at Sirius’ protesting sound, he added. “And you’re in no shape to be of help. Where are your wands?”

“Dumbledore has them, I don’t know where.” Sirius said weakly and coughed. Blood stained his fingers when they came back from his mouth and he buried his head in Remus’ chest.

“Go!” Regulus urged them.

Sirius nodded, gave Remus a last kiss and swayed when he stepped out of his arm. He touched the portkey and with a “be careful” vanished a moment after Theo.

Regulus bent down, placed a portkey to their dungeons on Cho and activated it, then sighed in relieve. At that moment, they heard the alarm sound through Hogwarts. “So, Marvolo has found Dumbledore.” Regulus stated the obvious.

Harry took out the map to search for Draco and swore loudly. “Draco either wasn’t able to take her out or she feigned it. Let’s go, he’ll find trouble at Gryffindor Tower!”

They hurried through the corridors and soon arrived at the portrait outside of Gryffindor Tower where Draco was already severely injured and fighting against five Gryffindors alone. They jumped in the fight and Harry took out Lavender Brown while Remus took out Colin Creevey. When she saw her best friend fall, Parvati bolted around the corner and to the main-staircase. Nobody bothered to follow her. So much to the bravery of the lions. Dennis Creevey fired a curse at Remus and the fight was on again.

Hermione came around the same corner where Parvati had fled just moments ago and started firing curses. Harry was engaged in a fight with Ron. Regulus attacked Hermione, but a stray curse let Draco cry out and he went down at last. This small distraction nearly cost Harry his life, when Ron threw a blasting curse directly at his head. Only his red-oak-wand acting on its own saved him from being beheaded. "Harry, stop playing!" Regulus scolded him and threw a blood boiling curse at Hermione, which she dodged.

"You're one to talk!" Harry yelled back and fired another curse just to miss, then had to shield again.

Ron now constantly fired curse after curse at him and Harry wondered where he'd learned this, but his training in dodging kicked in. He could do this a long time by now and was waiting until Ron had tired himself out. He did want the red-head alive, he'd promised him to Draco after all. Ron was good, he had to give him that. John must be as efficient in school as he was with him, but Ron was still no match for him. Finally, there was an opening and Harry shot a bone-breaking curse at Ron's wand-arm and shattered it. The red-head cried out and let his wand fall then was sent into oblivion by a stunner.

Now it was only Hermione and Dennis and the three of them made quick work of the two students. Harry sent another bone-breaking curse at Hermione, followed by a cutting curse from Remus and Regulus took her out with a stunner. At Harry's astonished look, he just shrugged. "Thought, you'd want her alive too. Seemed a waste to kill her." He grinned, then placed a portkey on her and sent her to their dungeons.

Dennis had stopped fighting as soon as Hermione went down and looked at them fearfully. Regulus sighed and asked: "Are you going to be trouble or will you be a good boy and let yourself be taken to a classroom and sealed in?"

The boy was shaking like a leaf and threw a look at his unconscious brother. "Please, don't kill us." He pleaded in a scared tone. "We just came back from a party and Malfoy was sealing the entrance…"

Regulus sighed again. "We have no desire to kill children, boy. That your friends?"

Dennis shook his head. "My brother and his girlfriend. Please, we were only defending ourselves…"

"Give me your wand!" Regulus stretched out his hand and Dennis

handed over his wand with shaking hands, then was taken by the upper arm. “I’ll take this one to the next classroom. I’ll be back in a minute, wait for me!” And he dragged a slightly struggling Dennis away.

“Wait, please, my brother!” Dennis cried out in tears, but Regulus dragged him along relentlessly.

“Your brother will be interrogated and if he isn’t one of Dumbledores lackeys, he will be back by tomorrow evening. Now stop struggling or you will go with him to interrogation!” Regulus threatened and stopped when the struggling got harder.

“I won’t leave him, please, no…” Dennis cried and strained against Regulus’ hold.

Harry, finally fed up, stunned him. “Let’s portkey them out, we don’t have time for this nonsense!” He put a portkey on Dennis and activated it, then did the same with Lavender and Colin.

Remus meanwhile had Draco stabilised for transportation. Harry knelt beside him and looked him over, then Harry said softly: “That’s too much damage for me.” He looked forlornly at Remus, who handed him another portkey. This time, an emergency on. Harry nodded thankfully and placed the portkey on Draco’s chest. “Your mother’s waiting at the castle.” He told the blonde who nodded with pain filled eyes. “See you later.” Harry said and activated the portkey.

A moment later, Remus took out the map. “Let’s see, what the others are doing.”

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Severus was sitting amongst his colleges and pretended to sip at a glass of fire-whiskey. He’d spiked the bottle with a dreamless sleep potion and now was waiting for the effect to kick in. He’d told them, as planned, that he was seeing a young man and that that was the reason for his absence on weekends. They’d congratulated him and Filius had, as predicted, insisted on a toast to the flourishing relationship and that Severus had finally found a partner. They were actually happy for him and he felt a twinge of sadness that the story wasn’t true. He wished, that he could make advances at Harry, but

was aware that he was way too old and too ugly for the handsome young man, even if he often got the feeling, that Harry was flirting with him. And then there was this kiss on the cheek on New Years Eve as well as the appreciative looks the young men let wander over his body every time they played with a slave. But that was wishful thinking and he knew it. He sighed, he shouldn't be disappointed, but he couldn't help it.

As they'd ingested the whiskey all at the same time the effect also took place nearly at the same time and soon all the teachers in Minerva's living room were fast asleep except for him and John. Severus vanished the bottle of whiskey and the glasses as not to leave evidence behind and took out a new, half full bottle and conjured new glasses completely with residue and smudges. Then he quickly modified their memories to remember a few more glasses than they'd actually had. He didn't want his colleges to blame him, somehow, he cared about their opinion, then turned to John. "Now quick, I take Ravenclaw, you Hufflepuff and Slytherin." He told the ex-Auror and they left the room to their designated entrances. Severus encountered two Ravenclaws, both seventh years, on his way and escorted them to Ravenclaw tower. They obviously didn't take into account in their plan, that the students would also celebrate the last day of NEWTs as the two he found were quite intoxicated. A mistake that could cost them dearly. When the students were in, he sealed the entrance and made his way to the main-staircase to look for more stray students. At that moment, the alarm sounded and he swore.

Luna Lovegood ran directly into him. "Oh, Professor, I'm sorry. I was in a bit of a hurry." She smiled and looked around distracted. Sometimes, Severus asked himself, if the girl had had an accident as a child, but now wasn't the time to muse about her.

Severus looked sternly down on her. "It is past curfew, Miss Lovegood and I'm afraid, I just sealed the entrance to your common room."

"Oh, that's alright, Professor, I don't mind staying in a classroom. Would you seal me in please? This alarm indicates danger." She said dreamily and looked innocently at him.

"Very well, follow me. Are there more students out of bounds?" He asked her sternly in his best professor voice. If he already had a non-suspecting student at his hand, he could use her for information and damage control.

"Oh, yes, there was a party on the second floor. We just forgot the

time and were a bit late. But most should've been punctual." She twirled a lock around her finger and trotted after him docilly.

Severus rolled his eyes heavenwards. Of course, there were more students out than they had anticipated. Just their luck. "In here, Miss Lovegood. And stay here, I'm letting you out when the danger is over!"

"Thank you for protecting us, Professor. And for not deducting points. That's quite nice of you." She smiled dreamily at him and went into the room without argument.

"Yes… well, I've been young once myself." He said awkwardly. He hadn't considered that not taking points and handing out detentions was out of character for him. Well, nothing to be done about that now. He sealed the door and made his way to the second floor. On his way he encountered three more students, all highly intoxicated, and sealed them in another classroom. Of course, the brats knew, that the teachers were celebrating themselves and were using the lack of supervision to get wasted.

Annoyed with the delay, he finally made it to the empty entrance hall and caught sight of a bunch of students just leaving for the grounds. Severus made to follow them when John caught up with him. "Hufflepuff and Slytherin are secured. I caught around ten students near their respective common rooms and sealed them in classrooms in the dungeons." He reported a bit breathless.

"Hopefully not in a potion classroom." Severus said snidely.

"I'm not that stupid, thanks." John answered with a grin.

"Some students left for the grounds, let's go." Severus regretted, that they didn't go with the plan of larger and more groups after all. Marvolo had, after thinking it over, insisted, that there only be three teams. Harry and his group, the Ravens already staying in the castle and Marvolo with a team of ten. The others were standing on stand by and waited to be called if needed. Marvolo was of the opinion that with the teachers out of the picture and the students secured in the common rooms, these three teams would be enough. He didn't want a big battle at Hogwarts and with nobody able to call the aurors, he actually might be right in his assumption.

Out on the grounds, they found Harry, Regulus and Remus together with the five Ravens still living in the castle and the two Death Eaters from the department of education who'd opened the main doors gates

just in case reinforcement was needed. “The castle is secure, but the Order is on the grounds.” Harry informed him curtly, while waving the map. “We should help Marvolo. Let’s go!”

They ran in the direction of the still burning hut and spell fire they could see and jumped right into the fight. Several students mostly from Gryffindor and Hufflepuff but also two Ravenclaws had joined the Order and, to Severus annoyance, he caught sight of Parkinson and Greengrass fighting on their side. He would speak with Geoffrey and Polonius, when this was over. The girls had no place to be here. They were meant to calm down and supervise the younger years in the common room.

He shielded Pansy in time to not get hit with a bone-breaking curse fired by one of the Patil-sisters when he heard Marvolo cry out and his blood ran cold.

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Marvolo smirked when he heard the alarm. “Don’t worry, Albus, we’re not here to harm the school or the students. We just want back what you’ve stolen.” His grip on his wand tightened, but he didn’t attack yet. He wanted to buy as much time as he could in the hopes, that Harry got his godfather out. He was confident, that he could take Dumbledore down, but just in case, he wanted Harry safe.

“I don’t know, what you’re talking about, Tom. You shouldn’t have come here.” Dumbledore sounded honestly puzzled. Perhaps he really believed, that Sirius and Theodore didn’t belong to him.

“Oh Albus, you didn’t manage to break them?” Marvolo taunted. “I’m proud of Sirius. And disappointed in you.” He saw Dumbledore’s jaw clench and his eyes flash. Gotcha. His mark on his chest heated up for a moment, the sign, that Harry was done with his task.

“Well played, Tom.” Dumbledore complemented him. “And here I was regretting that I’ll have to kill them.”

Marvolo’s eyes widened just a fraction. He hadn’t thought that the old man would go this far. Seems as if they’d come just in time. If he had lost Sirius and Theo in such a manner, it would’ve destroyed Harry. “The only one who must die tonight is you, Albus!” Marvolo said

through clenched teeth.

“We’ll see, my boy.” Dumbledore said and started the duel.

Marvolo shielded the first curse and went in the offensive. He attacked Dumbledore with one curse after another, giving the other no time to attack himself and driving him further to the burning hut with every curse. In his periphery he noticed that others had joined the fight and his Death Eaters were fighting their own fights, but he ignored it. He had to concentrate on Dumbledore and mustn’t underestimate the old man. They were quite evenly matched.

Dumbledore managed to start attacking him when Harry arrived and he was distracted just for a second, but it was enough for the headmaster. Marvolo dodged the first two curses and was suddenly on the defence coming nearer to the burning hut with every dodge and turn. And then it happened. The hut crashed in itself and a burning piece of wood embedded itself in his side. Gritting his teeth, he ignored the pain and shot a fire-whip at Dumbledore which was met with a wall of water. Through the mist he saw the bone-breaking curse too late and cried out as his left leg was shattered and he fell down. He shot curses from the ground but couldn’t stand up again.

Suddenly Dumbledore was attacked from two sides. Severus had joined him from the left and Harry had taken out his opponent and came from the right. Together they attacked from three sides and Dumbledore held himself admirably, Marvolo had to give him that. But Harry and Severus together were a sight to behold. Young, vibrant, powerful, they were the picture of dark heroes. Severus shot his trademark Sectumsempra when Harry shattered Dumbledores shield with a powerful Expilliarmus which let Dumbledore’s wand fly in his outstretched hand and Marvolo finished it from the ground with an Avada Kedavra.

When Dumbledore fell there was a moment of utter silence and the world seemed suspended in time. Nobody moved for long moments, but then the shout of “RETREATE!” from Moody spurred the Order members into action. Moody grabbed two of the students and vanished as well as Shaklebolt, Vance and Jones. All of them students in tow. None of the Death Eaters and Ravens made a move to stop them. They would get them some other time.

Harry was at his side and inspected the injuries, then shook his head. “I don’t know, what to do.” He looked a bit helpless at Marvolo who smiled at the young man, touched at the concern he could see in

Harry's eyes.

"Give me a minute and we can go home, Harry." At the boy's nod, Marvolo addressed his surrounding men. "Everyone injured go back to the castle for treatment. Severus, John, call the ministry, our people! Give an official statement of the happenings here. Make it believable and sound good for us! And tell them, that Theodore and Sirius will come to them, when they've recovered for a statement. And bring McGonagall to a cell. She was his greatest supporter and surely is an Order member herself."

The two addressed bowed and started up to the castle with a "Yes, my lord." Then he turned to the remaining Death Eaters. "Lucius, report!"

"Three Order members dead here, five in a cell at Slytherin Castle, at least six injured, but fled. I counted at least eight students who fled with the rest of the Order, but didn't recognise all of them. The Longbottom brat was among them along with the remaining two Gryffindor male seventh years. I don't know where Weasley is." Lucius reported emotionless.

"He's in our dungeon alongside Granger, the Creevey-brothers and Lavender Brown. They attacked Draco when he sealed the tower entrance." Harry answered. "Who's dead?"

"Daedalus Diggle, Elphias Dodge and Percival Weasley." Lucius answered after a look around. "Shall we clean them up?"

"No, leave them here. They will be disgraced publicly. I'll give an Interview tomorrow and tell the press what happened. Contact Pius, he shall come in the morning at nine to my office. Anyone dead on our side?" Marvolo asked and grimaced.

"No, my lord. Avery and Runcorn were injured and sent back for treatment, but the rest only have a few scratches." Lucius looked relieved at that and searched the ground with his eyes, probably looking for Draco.

"Good. Tell Rita to hold back and only report Dumbledore's death. A short statement that this was a rescue-mission and everything else will be reported after an investigation." Marvolo was panting, when he ended his instructions.

Lucius bowed. "Yes, my lord."

With a weak smile, Marvolo turned to Harry and touched his cheek

lovingly. The young man looked a bit lost. “Help me to get home? I think, Narcissa’s expertise is needed.” Obviously grateful for the distraction, Harry helped him up and together they disappeared to the castle.

Chapter 24

Chapter Notes

Trigger-warnings: Public humiliation, implied child abuse, public nudidity, slave auction
Not very graphic, but still in the chapter. ;-)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 24

Slytherin Castle, May 29th 1997

The last two weeks had been hard for Harry. Sirius and Theo had to be put in a healing sleep, their injuries multiple and sever, in Sirius' case even life-threatening. Harry had spent every free minute at his bedside next to Remus until Marvolo dragged him off to distract him. He hadn't had the nerves or energy to play with his slave or do anything else but complete his collars, eat and sleep all the while keeping watch over Sirius.

The interrogations of the prisoners had taken place mostly without Harry. The only one he had witnessed was McGonagall and it had devasted him. He'd screamed himself hoarse afterwards, had beaten Petunia nearly to death only to be stopped by Severus and then cried in the man's arms until he fell asleep. The memory still let his blood boil and his fists clench.

It had been four days since they'd freed Sirius and Harry stood stone-faced at Marvolo's side and watched the proceedings rather detached. Marvolo forced five drops of Severus' best Veritaserum down her throat and after the test-questions, the interrogation began.

"Are you a member of the so-called Order of the Phoenix?"

"Yes."

"Did you have missions?"

"Yes."

“Starting after the Potter’s death, which missions did you have?”

“Spying at the Dursleys until Albus arrived with Harry. Checking if Harry Potter is alive but not interfere on his treatment once a year on his birthday. Making sure, that Harry was reintroduced to the wizarding world by Hagrid. Furthering the animosity between houses by being lenient with my lions by sever infractions but appearing unbiased meanwhile. Ignoring Harry’s plight and encouraging him to not trust adults and going into dangerous situations himself to test his abilities. Keeping him happy enough to not run away, while mostly isolating him from his peers. Watching out for potential new recruits. Encouraging Miss Granger to stay friends with Harry and awarding her an unnatural amount of time to ask her questions in my free time. Making sure that Harry and Ronald not fail their exams but also aren’t under the best.”

“Were you successful?”

“Yes.”

“What did you do to get to your goals.”

“I sat a whole day at the Dursleys house as a cat and watched them. I went back every year to check on Harry Potter. I told Hagrid, that I hadn’t the time to drag the boy down and sent him to do it. I gave all houses the same number of points but never gave my lions more than one day detention while it was always a whole week with other houses. I pretended to not believe Harry, if he asked for help and sent him away if he approached me regarding a class- or peer-problem. I bought him a broom and got him on the Quidditch team, but threatened regularly to take him off the team if he did any mischief. I did nothing when the school shunned him and ignored him myself when this was the case. I also encouraged the other teachers to do the same by claiming that the boy needed to learn his lesson. If a student showed a great animosity against the Dark Arts or Death Eaters, I approached them or informed Albus, who would try to recruit them. Listening to Miss Grangers worries and giving her advice, answering all her questions and hinting at the questions she should await in the exams, then ordering her to make sure the boys did learn these things too. But also to make sure to be better than them as to not arouse suspicion.”

“Did you know of the abuse of Harry Potter?”

“Yes.”

“Did you do anything to help him?”

“No.”

“Why not?”

“I had my orders from Albus. The boy was to be kept docile and downtrodden. He had to sacrifice himself for the greater good anyway.”

“So, you didn’t care?”

“Not really. I felt pity for him about the beatings and the starving. Other than that. No.”

At this point Harry had left the cell and gone to fetch the public slave. Today he needed Petunia as a substitute and as a woman who should’ve loved him as well. He was furious, hurt and sad. He’d trusted the old woman, had seen her as one of the only ones who’d really looked out for him and to whom he could go if he ever really needed help. To have it thrown at him like this, cut deep and he wasn’t sure if he could ever trust a woman again. Narcissa was the only exception to this. She’d proven herself to him more than once. And of course, his mother. But she was dead and couldn’t help him anymore. Other than these two, every other woman in his life had disappointed and hurt him and he would never forgive this. When he arrived at the entrance hall, Petunia shrunk back at his thunderous expression. She’d all reason to, she would suffer greatly and she knew it.

The trials of the Order members and students captured at Hogwarts were five days after the interrogation of McGonagall and they were all found guilty. The only one Harry felt a bit of pity for were the Creevey-brothers as they were so young and greatly influenced by the headmaster and their head of house, but he’d squashed the feeling. They’d made their bed, now they had to lie in it. They were all sentenced to life as a slave. Who would get them would be announced at the victory party today which would begin in half an hour.

Marvolo had been busy the whole two weeks with the interrogations, organising a new headmaster for Hogwarts and the political backlash Dumbledore’s death had caused. Dodge and Diggle had also been on the Wizengamot and the light fraction had suffered a great loss. The public had cried out when the result of the investigation had been published in the paper and broadcasted over the radio. Cries for a second investigation had only ceased when the case files had been published as well. Now, slowly, the wizarding world was calming down as no Dark Lord or other evil ascended from the ashes of Dumbledore’s death and life went on as it always had been.

Hogwarts had gotten Thoros Nott as new headmaster and after the OWLs were over, the schoolyear had ended early. They would

restructure the school over the summer.

At the moment, Harry was on his way to meet Sirius, Remus and Theo in the entrance hall. They would go together to the victory party and Harry was excited to see, who would end up with a new slave. Some of them would be given as reward, the rest would be auctioned off. They would fund more teachers for Hogwarts with this and perhaps caretakers for an orphanage. It depended on how much the slaves would bring in. Theo had been offered a slave of his own, but he'd declined with the words: "I want that bitch, Abbott, as soon as possible and then I'll pay her back tenfold."

Harry could understand that and would do everything he could, to get Theo his revenge. He was just glad, that Sirius and Theo had made a full recovery and had sworn to himself, that he would never something like that happen to them again. When the bell rang and the doors to the great hall opened, they went in together. Laughing, Harry pointed out the slaves lined up naked on their knees before the podium. "Look how scared they are. But seeing McGonagall naked is a bit off-putting." He scrunched up his face and shuddered exaggeratingly.

Remus laughed with him. "Yeah, but Severus already said he would give the de-aging potion for free to anyone who bought her."

"Better is, who would want the dry prune otherwise?" Sirius said and shuddered too. They could see the slaves blush at their words. Well, they weren't exactly quiet and had wandered into earshot of them.

Harry sauntered up to Hermione. "Now you finally know your place, Mudblood." He dragged up a glob of snot and spat it directly in her face, then returned laughing to his friends. A look back showed him that she was fighting against her bonds. *Good luck with that*, he thought. The bindings were spelled to keep them in place and they would do just that. All she would do, was chafing herself raw. With satisfaction he noted, that his spit ran down her face and she couldn't wipe it away.

A moment later Marvolo came in the hall and the men quieted down. The first part of the party was men only, after the auction, the ladies would join them. Harry went to the side of the podium and waited patiently. He would assist in getting the slaves up one by one, presenting them to the audience and groping them in the process to his heart's content. "Friends. Welcome to our little celebration of the death of Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore." Cheering went up

but quieted down quickly. “Let’s start with the rewards. Harry, please bring up Cho Chang.” Harry went to get her and fondled her tits and ass gleefully while he dragged her up. Then he turned her one time so the all could get a good look at her. “This young woman has tortured one of our own nearly to death. That’s why she is given as a slave to her victim. Sirius, you held you mouth shut under great pain and thread of your life. Please come and take your reward.”

Sirius sauntered up the stage, put a collar, that Harry had provided for him, around her neck and sealed it with a drop of blood. He grabbed her by her hair and said: “Welcome to hell, bitch!” Then dragged her under the crowd’s jeering from the stage and went to Remus. Cho knelt at his feet, held in place with an iron grip of Sirius hand in her hair.

“The next one injured greatly one of Harry’s friends when he tried to keep the children of Hogwarts safe by sealing the entrance to the Gryffindor Tower. Ronald Weasley, a spawn of the most traitorous family in our society is given to his victim as a slave for live. Draco, come and claim your prize.”

Harry had dragged Ron to the stage and turned him like he did with Cho. Ron had struggled and wiggled until Harry’d grabbed his cock and manoeuvred him through it. Draco just grinned and took over from Harry by dragging Ron away by his cock.

“Now we come to the rewards. The first goes to Severus Snape for aiding me in dire need and providing us all with the most ingenious potions and of course, for his service as spy in the last twenty years. Severus, thank you for your services. Please choose a reward.” Marvolo gave him a benevolent smile when Severus came forward and smirked when he chose Hermione.

“Thank you, my lord. Your gift is greatly appreciated.” Severus bowed and sank his hands in Hermione’s mane. “Crawl, like the animal you are, slut.” He drawled, held her head at his waist’s hight and dragged her back to his place next to Lucius.

“The last reward goes to Regulus Black. For his aid in rescuing two of our own, his aid in the fight against the Order and for his help in bringing me back to old glory. Without him, we wouldn’t stand here tonight to celebrate our accomplishments. We have won only a battle, but we’ve come a great step closer to our goal. Regulus, choose your prize and thank you for your service.”

Regulus stepped forward and Harry knew exactly who he would choose. He gave his honorary uncle a wink when he dragged Lavender Brown with him back to Sirius and Remus. Lavender had been as stupid as she was beautiful. She'd had the chance to renounce the order and swear a vow, but she'd refused, claiming she would rather die than live in a world where the Dark Lord reigned. The same was it for the Creevey-brothers and now they had to bear the consequences of their foolish decision. The only concession Harry gave them was, that they hadn't known that they would end up as slaves.

"And now, friends, the last eight will be auctioned off to the highest bidder. Remember that we'll fund new teachers and perhaps an orphanage with the money they'll bring in. So, don't be stingy. And remember, slaves aren't that often on offer." Marvolo smirked and beckoned Harry to bring the first one up. He chose Colin as he'd never really liked the little pest with his ever-present camera. "Good choice. The boy's name is Colin Creevey, age seventeen, healthy, not the brightest, muggle-born, Gryffindor, has completed his OWLs and would've completed his sixth year if he hadn't chosen to stay loyal to Dumbledore. We start with one hundred Galleons."

While the auction took place Harry turned Colin around, let him bent over, spread his cheeks to show off his arsehole, then fondled his cock and balls until he stood at half-mast, then opened his mouth to show his healthy teeth and the length of his tongue. The bids stopped at 3850 Galleons and Blaise came up to collect his purchase. He dragged the boy to his best friend, Ernie McMillan. The two had hit it off after their initiation and were inseparable since then, much to everyone's astonishment.

When Harry brought Dennis to the stage, he was honestly a little sad, that the boy hadn't taken the vow. He'd hoped at least the younger brother would take the out and save his own hide. Well, now he'd pay for his foolishness his whole life. Pity. "This is Dennis Creevey, brother to the slave before, sixteen years old, healthy, as dumb as his brother, also muggle-born, Gryffindor, has completed his fourth year and would've taken his OWLs this year if he'd been a bit cleverer than his brother. We also start with a bid of one hundred."

Harry gave the boy the same treatment as Colin but where Colin was only at half-mast, Dennis spurted a full erection when he was done. The bids went also higher and Harry suspected because of his age and obvious arousal at being displayed in such a demeaning manner. The boy was the born submissive it seemed and there were a lot of perverted older men in the audience. Surprisingly, Ernie McMillan got

the prize for 7950 Galleons. When Ernie sauntered to the stage to get his purchase, he gave Dennis a malicious grin, let his erection bob up and down with a slap and lead him to his place next to Blaise. Dennis had to remain standing and was fondled by Ernie to keep up his erection much to the amusement of Blaise.

With great satisfaction Harry dragged McGonagall to the stage. He'd fit her with one of his special collars which would be resealed by the winner of the auction. "Now I have a treat for you. We all know her, most of us have suffered under her tutelage and her unfair punishments for all but Gryffindor house. Minerva McGonagall, half-blood, age 62, healthy as one can be at her age, head of Gryffindor house until recently, Animaga, Master of transfiguration. Her most prominent victim was Harry Potter, but Harold has graciously agreed to auction her off." Marvolo inclined his head and there was a round of polite applause from the audience. "I know, she's old and not much to look at, but Severus has, as a boon, provided enough de-aging potion to get her body back to age twenty. If you want her seventeen, ask and pay Severus for the last three drops. The potion won't replenish her magic and so she will die at her natural age, but her body will be twenty years old and she'll be fertile."

While Marvolo spoke, Harry couldn't resist to humiliate the old woman and show off her body in the crudest way he could. He'd jiggled her hanging tits, wiggled her wrinkly thighs then turned her around and bent her over to show off her sagging ass. He'd spread her cheeks and showed the crowd her puny cunt too. Now, Severus came and ordered her to drink the potion. As the collar had the body-control-rune activated, she drank it without fuss but her cheeks were red with embarrassment. Her body transformed back to a young woman. Harry had to admit, that she was now rather beautiful with full tits, a flat stomach and a perky arse. Her hair was a dark chestnut brown and her face was free of wrinkles.

"She has still a good hundred or more years to go and Harry has provided one of his special collars to keep her under control. If you want to know more about these collars, come the day after tomorrow to his presentation. There you'll also be able to modify the bodies of your slaves with special potions provided by Severus and decorations from Lucius." He paused to let the information sink in. "Now, let's see, what this now young slut brings in. As she's highly qualified, of better breeding as the other two and is able to carry children, we start with one thousand Galleons."

When the bids went up, Harry showed her off again and whispered in

her ear: “You should’ve shown mercy to a little boy, now you’ll never know mercy again.” The bids went up and up and only tapered off at 16.350 Galleons. Probably because everyone wanted revenge on her or because she was an Animaga. She cost a fortune, but the Lestrange-brothers didn’t hurt for gold.

Rudolphus came up and groped her for all to see. “Hello kitty, we’ll have much fun together.” He grinned and pulled her to his chest, then resealed the collar with a drop of his blood. “Thanks for the collar, Harold.”

“You’re welcome. If you ever want company, I wouldn’t mind to test her out. I’d even bring my own slave along.” Harry grinned and let his gaze wander over the naked woman.

“I’ll owl you, but I will bring her along on Monday evening.” He grinned and went to his brother with Minerva in tow.

After that came the last five Order-members Harry didn’t know, who were auctioned off to various Death Eaters. They brought each between 2500 and 4000 Galleons to the vault for the orphanage and Harry was satisfied with the evening.

“I thank you all for your generosity. The money will be enough to fund the school and an orphanage. Now, let’s bring the slaves back to their cells and let the ladies in. You can all play with them later.” Marvolo grinned and watched as the slaves were given to the guards to bring them back to the dungeons. Then the doors opened and the women and children came in and the party could start.

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Severus was elated. He was finally free from teaching duties and could experiment and brew to his heart’s content all day long. He’d received the official recognition for his affords, he’d longed for his whole life and had gotten a new slave, he could use whenever he wanted. That he’d had free choice and Hermione was still there, was just the cherry on the cake. He’d always found her attitude annoying and now he could punish her as much as he wanted. He could feel himself harden at the thought alone but he pushed his desire down. He would wait until Harry’s presentation of the collars and then he would fuck her. Or watch her being used by others and test out one of the other slaves,

he wasn't sure yet.

He'd been rather shocked at Minerva's verdict, until he'd seen the memory of her interrogation. Anger and hurt had warred in him as well as worry about Harry. He'd seen the young man storm off and now he knew why. Severus had felt betrayed by her more than he'd felt by Albus. She'd known about his vow to protect Harry, had pretended to care about him and the young man and had set them both up for failure. When he'd found Harry torturing Petunia nearly to death, he'd pulled the boy in his arms and Harry had finally broken down in tears. That had fuelled his wrath to a boiling mess inside him and every sympathy he might've felt for the old woman had died in him. Now, she was just another slave. A toy, to be played with and to be shared with others or rented out.

At the moment, he was standing with Rudolphus and Rabastan. They'd discussed a meeting among friends and agreed to bring their slaves along. When he saw Harry and Marvolo standing together, he excused himself and joined the other two. "That was quite the show." He smirked at both of them.

Harry grinned. "Oh yes and they brought in a small fortune. I hope, my presentation will go as smooth as this auction." Harry looked nervous at the thought. Severus knew, he'd worked on these collars relentlessly.

"I'm sure, it will be a sounding success. The collars work well and the others will test them further. You'll have them ready for public release in no time." Severus tried to smooth the young man's nerves. "Now, that the times will be a bit calmer, you'll have time to work on them more. Are you taking the apprenticeship you were offered?"

"Yes, I'll start in September, but I will make it part-time, so I'll have time for other projects as well." Harry grinned, then furrowed his brow. "Did you complete your project yet?"

"About that." Severus hesitated. "I have combined the Elixir of Life with my de-aging potion. Now, it replenishes the magic in proportion to the reduced age of the body. In essence you stay young, magically strong and your life won't end until you stop taking it and then aged up to your natural end. (1)" Severus explained. He'd worked on this ever since Regulus provided the documentation and was finally finished. His greatest problem was, that the Elixir of Life would renew the natural magic of a wizard which held every magical being alive. His de-aging potion was based on the same principal of renewing the

cells of a body to a specific age. He'd experimented a long time to find the right combination to accomplish both results at the same time. It was now basically the fountain of youth. "I would need to test it."

Marvolo gave him a knowing smirk. "Why don't you test it now? On yourself?" He suggested with a wink.

Severus blushed. He'd hoped for this suggestion. Marvolo was extremely stingy with the Elixir and Harry, Severus, Regulus and Sirius were the only ones who knew about it. He hadn't dared to suggest it himself, but he'd wanted to. Harry and Marvolo were both young, Marvolo had the physical age of twenty-five, Harry was not even eighteen yet. He'd felt old and unattractive next to the two handsome men. He couldn't have taken the de-aging potion until he left the school as to not arouse suspicion, but now he was free. "If you're sure, my lord."

Harry grinned and Marvolo raised an eyebrow. "This uncertainty is exceedingly not like you, Severus, so stop it. Take the potion and let us see the result. I'm intrigued, I've to admit. You're thirty-eight, right?" Severus nodded. "Fourteen drops should be sufficient, I think." He erected a privacy ward which would obscure them from prying eyes and a table to place the necessary items. "Here you are. Go on."

With slightly shaking hands, Severus pulled out the potion-vial and let fourteen drops fall from a dropper in an empty vial especially enchanted to get every last drop out again without leaving any residue. With a deep breath, he swallowed the potion. A warm feeling ran through his veins and when he looked at his hands, they glowed in a soft golden light. He could see the slight wrinkles smooth out, could feel the ache in his back and knees fade into nothingness and his face becoming smoother. Even his eyesight was as good as it had once been. It had lessened in the last few years a bit and he'd encountered difficulties in reading small texts. He felt rejuvenated, full of live and vibrant. He felt young again.

"Wow…" Severus heard Harry breath next to him, then the young man sidled up to him. "Hello handsome." A deep blush formed on Severus cheeks, but he was also pleased by this reaction. Perhaps, now he could try to woo Harry nonetheless and with a bit of luck, his advances wouldn't be unwelcome. Only time could tell.

(1) If you’re interested in the theory please read “Additional reading”
Chapter 10

Chapter End Notes

> For those who read the "Additional Reading": Chapter 7 "Altering Potions 2" was somehow stuck in my drafts. I've rectified it, if you're still interested.

Epilogue

Chapter Notes

> And here we are. I decided to put the last chapter up today too. It is rather short, I know, but this was it in part one.
>
> Thank you all for reading and for leaving kudos. It was a pleasure so far. :D Please tell me, if you liked the story, what you liked, what not and what you wish to read in the coming parts.
>
> As my mother-in-law is coming to visit us for the next week, I won't be able to post the interlude until next Thursday. I've already completed the interlude and will post it in the same intervall as this story. There won't be much plot in this interlude, but I will let Harry present his collars, modify the bodies of some slaves and, of course, they will test them out. ;-) It will be marked as PWP and I will give you a summary of the plot contained at the beginning of book 2.
>
> Book 2 will take a bit more time. I've already written 7 chapters but it isn't nearly finished yet. It is planned out, but I just haven't had time yet to write it all out. When I'm done, I will start posting it as I'm not comfortable to start posting unfinished works, because I would feel pressured to write as fast as possible and I'm afraid to miss the line or keep on track with the plot as planned. Sadly, I can't give you a time frame for book 2, my private life has taken a turn to the worse and I'm under a lot of stress at the moment.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Epilogue

Ministry of Magic, May 31st 1997

A group of six men in dark robes with the cowl up were waiting in a large, circular room with an archway with a fluttering veil in the middle, when a similar cloaked man stepped through the door. Regulus had been called after their victory party and was now here to give his report and to get new orders. He nodded at his uncle.

“Welcome back, Mercury, you’ve done well.”

“Thank you. What do the seers tell?” Regulus was curious as how the plan would continue. He had only been told about stage one.

“The stars are aligned. It is time to lead the wizarding world into a new age of prosperity.” Diamond answered, cryptic as always.

Regulus rolled his eyes internally. Why couldn’t his uncle give him a straight answer once in a while? “My new mission?”

“You’ll aid the Dark one, the Master and the Prince.” Diamond smirked.

Regulus eyes widened. There hadn’t been a Master in centuries. The last one, as far as he knew, had been Merlin himself and he hadn’t wanted the title. He contemplated who his uncle was referring to, as the Knut dropped and his mouth fell open. “Harry?”

Diamond just inclined his head. “You’ll aid them in their personal live as well.”

“I shall play matchmaker?” Regulus asked offended. He was an assassin of the Death Chamber not a cupid of the Love Room.

“You just have to give the right advice at the right time when asked the right questions.” Diamond looked amused and Regulus wanted to yell at his uncle, but he couldn’t. At least not now. It would be undignified in this hallow hall. Later then. After he’d calmed down a bit and let off some steam.

“They dance around each other for years now anyway.” He commented drily. It was sickening to watch and he had a bet with Sirius going, when one of them would finally make the first move.

“Then you’ll only have to give them a nudge, I assume. Your orders are clear?” Diamond asked and his lips twitched.

Regulus sighed. He hated to interfere in other people’s private life. “Yes, sir.”

“Then go. And give your brother my regards.” Diamond smirked at him with twinkling eyes.

Regulus just rolled his eyes. Of course, Alphard couldn’t resist to tease him. Bastard. He left the ministry and made his way to the castle. He

had a triad to bring on the way. Oh joy.

-The End of part one-

Chapter End Notes

> If you would like to be alerted when the next parts go online, just subscribe to the story or the series. I will put an announcement of book 2 as an added chapter in this one for everyone who doesn't want to subscribe to the series. So, if you liked it, stay tuned and stay safe. :-)

Alert for Book 2

Hello everyone,

Here is the promised alert for book two. If you haven't already, I recommend reading Chapters 1 and 2 of "Body-altering Choices" to stay informed about the changes in appearance and the functions of the collars.

I have already posted the prologue and the first chapter of "World-altering Choices".

Enjoy!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!